Collier's

NOVEMBER 3, 1945 TEN CENTS

HE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VERNON GRANT

SHOWDOWN ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

WHAT'S BEHIND THE SEAWAY BATTLE

BY CAREY LONGMIRE

NOBODY HATES THE UMPIRE—YET

SCHWELLENBACH IS ON TH

BY RICHARD L. NEUB

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Nov. 3 - 1945

THE CHELSEA PHARMACY
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Two teaspoonfuls in water
3 times a day.
Dr. WHITE
HELSEA PHARMACY
11/1/45
capsules morning
evening.
Dr. WHITE
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Glass PROTECTS. When prescriptions are in glass, tightly sealed caps (that RE-seal!) lock out harmful moisture.

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When you buy prescriptions in truthful Duraglas bottles and vials, you know their potency is *safeguarded.* The Duraglas bottle lets you see what's inside, before you take it from the shelf. The tight screw-capped vial locks out destructive moisture—even in the steamiest bathroom. And you know that neutral, impervious *glass* leaves contents strictly alone.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas containers provide ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

"And you a college man!"

UNCLE TED: So what, whippersnapper? Didn't I brush my teeth? Didn't I use Ipana? Didn't I?

NED: Yes, but—you brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

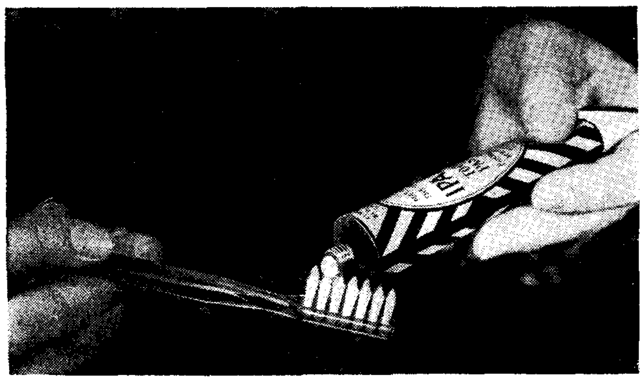
TED: Gums? Gums? And what, pray, have gums to do with the case?

NED: Okay, Unk, you asked for it. Even us third graders are taught that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they need to keep firm and healthy. And sound teeth call for healthy gums.

TED: So...massage gums for my teeth's sake, hmm? Well, that makes sense. Now, maybe you can tell me what to do for this "pink" on my tooth brush.

NED: That, Uncle Ted. I didn't *have* to learn in school. "Pink tooth brush" is a sign to see your dentist . . . *right away!*

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush" WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



Product of Bristol-Myers

AMERICA'S TEACHERS appreciate the importance of gum massage in care of the teeth. That's why massage is being taught in literally *thousands* of schoolrooms throughout the land today.

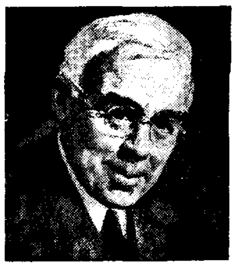
Not only that! A national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and thus protect your teeth.

When you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, remember that it's a warning signal from your gums to *see your dentist.* As so many do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to protect the health of the gums . . . by speeding up circulation in lazy tissues. So it's not surprising that a nationwide survey shows that *over twice as many dentists use Ipana for their own teeth as any other dentifrice!*

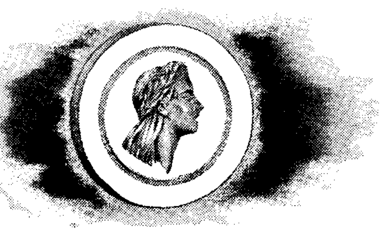
on the Receiving End

BY PAUL PEREGRINE



MR. PEREGRINE, whose column appears in this space from time to time, was for 20 years a radio dealer. He calls 'em as he sees 'em.

WELL, ME and the advertising dept. of RCA Victor have finally caught up with each other! I told you, way back in the October 6th issue of this magazine, that I was going to have something to say about cats . . . But I've changed my mind because the cat (and the cutest kittens you ever saw!) are in this same November 3rd issue with me! But wait a minute before you go turning pages looking for *them,* I've got some news about the new RCA Victor sets which the advertising dept. didn't have when they went to press . . . Scoop for Peregrine!



HERE'S A DRAWING of the volume-control knob from one of the new, postwar RCA Victor sets, now rolling off the production line. As far as I know, this is the *first time* it has ever been shown to readers of a magazine.

And the story behind that young lady's head . . . Boy! What a story it is! Just one more proof that—

"There's Something in Heredity . . ."

HERE'S ALL I can tell you at the present time. The acoustical system of which that head is the symbol, is exclusive with RCA Victor. It will mean beautiful, singing tone for musical reception and extraordinary fidelity throughout the whole range of sound. The system will be *an integral part of every RCA Victor set.* When the story *does* break—you can take my word for it—it will make radio history. You'll be the first to agree that—

"There's Something in Heredity . . ."

AND NOW, a word of thanks to my public. I hope all of you who were nice enough to write to me and enclose 10¢ for a reproduction of the collies have received yours by now. I sort of thought I would sit down and write each of you an individual letter when the first requests started to come in . . . Then they began to come in by the hundreds . . . Then they passed a thousand. I gave up the idea of writing to each of you in person. But I *refused* to resort to a form letter. Hoping you think I did right and hoping you'll look for this column in the December 1st issue of Collier's, I remain—

Yours for Better Listenin'

Paul Peregrine

Advertisement

Collier's

FOR NOVEMBER 3, 1945

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FRANK D. MORRIS	*Pacific Fleet*			HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	ELIZABETH BOUTELLE	*Fiction*

this week

FICTION

PAGE

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED By WILLIAM A. KRAUSS 15
One way to win a man's heart is to lose your pet hound.

GIVE US TOMORROW By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING 16
The Serial Story. The second of four parts.

DARK WATER By HARRY SYLVESTER 20
A man's sure to learn more than strokes from a girl swimming teacher.

THE HARVESTERS By HYATT DOWNING 24
Father wanted to go back to the farm—and Mother gave him his way.

THE LAST TRY By BETSEY BARTON 50
She sacrificed the glory of war nursing to fight the battle against pain for a child.

AH LOVE! AH ME! By MAX STEELE 82
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

NOBODY HATES THE UMPIRE—YET By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER 11
Even though Lew Schwellenbach is arbiter of the toughest management-labor brawl in the nation's history.

SHOWDOWN ON THE ST. LAWRENCE By CAREY LONGMIRE 12
Pros and cons of the project for a water highway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic.

PUERTO RICO GROWS UP By FRANK GERVASI 14
Soon it may vote to be a republic—with Uncle Sam holding the bag.

OUR NEW FRONTIER WITH RUSSIA By OWEN LATTIMORE 18
A treaty that lays the foundation for friendly settlement of Chinese–U. S.–Soviet problems in the Far East.

IT TASTES EXPENSIVE By AMY PORTER 21
But it's not—if you follow these recipes from a Stork Club chef.

DON'T DO THAT! By HENRY L. JACKSON 22
What to do and what to wear—and vice versa—when you go hunting.

CORNFIELD ROCKETS By FRANK DUFRESNE 22
The pheasants' generous contribution to the nation's meat supply.

STRICTLY SKYHAPPY By LIEUT. COL. COREY FORD and MAJ. ALASTAIR MAC BAIN 26
An incident on Luzon—involving Air Commandos and a turkey.

HOW TO READ A MIND By THE GREAT ZADMA as told to JULE MANNIX 40
Secrets gleaned from the mental wizard of an old-time carny show.

BELLE ON HER TOES By JIM MARSHALL 86
Mia Slavenska learned the terpsichorean art from the masters.

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 8

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 63

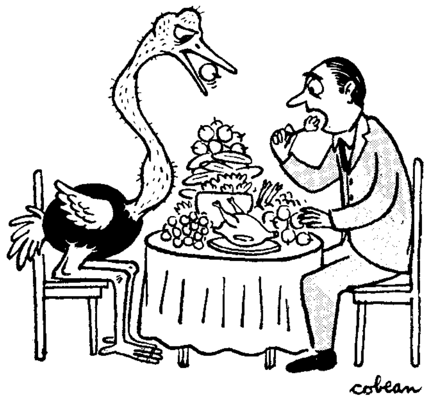
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 96

EDITORIALS: *Time to Talk Industrial Peace* • *Atomic Bomb Biography* • *Last Long Loan Mile* 98

COVER By *VERNON GRANT*

any week

NATURALLY we don't know how you feel about it, but we're glad that Professor Myers is back. It's a sign that America is returning to her normal way of life and has given up the idea of finding a foreign policy. Professor Myers is still, as far as we know, Rocking-Chair Champion of the World, having rocked for ninety-two consecutive hours in 1932 without cushions. Anyway, he has notified us that he's back and will rock any man or woman in the world for a side bet of $125. Well do we remember seeing the professor demonstrate rocking in Madison Square Garden. He was an even greater attraction than the LaRose Sisters, claimants of gum-chewing championship, and Ludwig Consumo, the eating champion who once "et an ostrich to a draw," and Frozen Phil Douglass, the hot-coffee drinking champion. Mr. Douglass drank thirty-seven cups of scalding coffee at a sitting. Anyway, we're glad Professor Myers has returned. Splendid fellow!



AS THE result of Freling Foster's plug for the late Lew Stone's Wonders of Winsted, Connecticut—the modest cow which refused to be milked by a man, the trout that wore a monocle, the tree that produced baked apples, and so on—many tut-tutting letters are arriving. Pfc. George O'Donnell of Washington, D. C., for example, says that he has discovered beefsteak seeds which produce bushes bearing porterhouses and sirloins with sauce *bernaise,* and the Honorable George Watson, mayor of Romantic Alta, is now tapping a grove of bourbon pine and bottling same. Incidentally, the fiftieth anniversary of the first appearance of the Wild Man of Winstead has just been held at the Lew Stone Memorial Bridge spanning Sucker Brook. The governor was supposed to send a telegram but sent a cop instead. The Wild Man's son spoke briefly. He is now the proprietor of an open-air haberdashery.

FROM the Knoxville, Tennessee, Journal: "Geraldine Gray, Negro, who was

(Continued on page 38)

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There's a *NEW* TOUCH, a *NEW* ACTION in the *NEW* REMINGTON—the sweetest running typewriter you've ever used! Developed by Remington Rand research, perfected by Remington Rand engineers, it puts at your fingertips a Personal Touch more sensitive, more uniform, an action that's faster, more streamlined than ever before conceived. A new touch that's instantly changeable to your desire—a new action, swifter than the fastest flying fingers...here are the two features most wanted by every typist, and built into a typewriter as only Remington Rand craftsmen know how to build them. No wonder more Remingtons have been sold than any other make! No wonder Remington Rand is the FIRST name in typewriters! See for yourself... phone your nearby Remington Rand office or representative...today!

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ACK THE VICTORY LOAN DRIVE
Remington Rand
THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS

Air Express speeds the delivery-day of
YOUR NEW REFRIGERATOR

The day is here when industry is getting back into the production of consumer goods on schedule. And Air Express is greatly speeding the program.

War plants now engaged in making refrigerators or autos, for example, require new tools, dies, critical machinery and parts. Via Air Express, such material is obtained in a matter of hours—delivery speed that can gain days and weeks of conversion time.

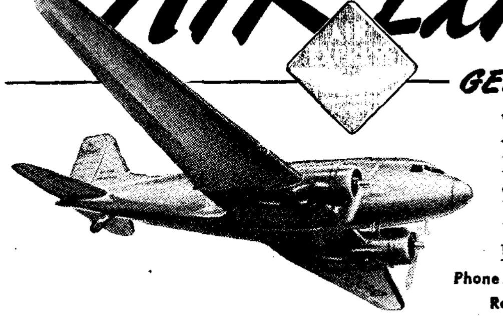
[illegible] Business [illegible]

When time means man-hours saved, production gained, a customer made—Air Express "*earns* its weight in gold," as thousands of firms, large and small, have learned.

Shipments travel at a speed of three miles a minute between principal U. S. towns and cities, with cost including special pick-up and delivery. Same-day delivery between many airport towns and cities. Rapid air-rail service to 23,000 off-airline points in the United States. Service direct by air to and from foreign countries.

AIR MILES	2 lbs.	5 lbs.	10 lbs.	25 lbs.
250	$1.04	$1.25	$1.57	$2.63
500	$1.11	$1.52	$2.19	$4.38
1000	$1.26	$2.19	$3.74	$8.75
2500	$1.68	$4.20	$8.40	$21.00

AIR EXPRESS
GETS THERE FIRST

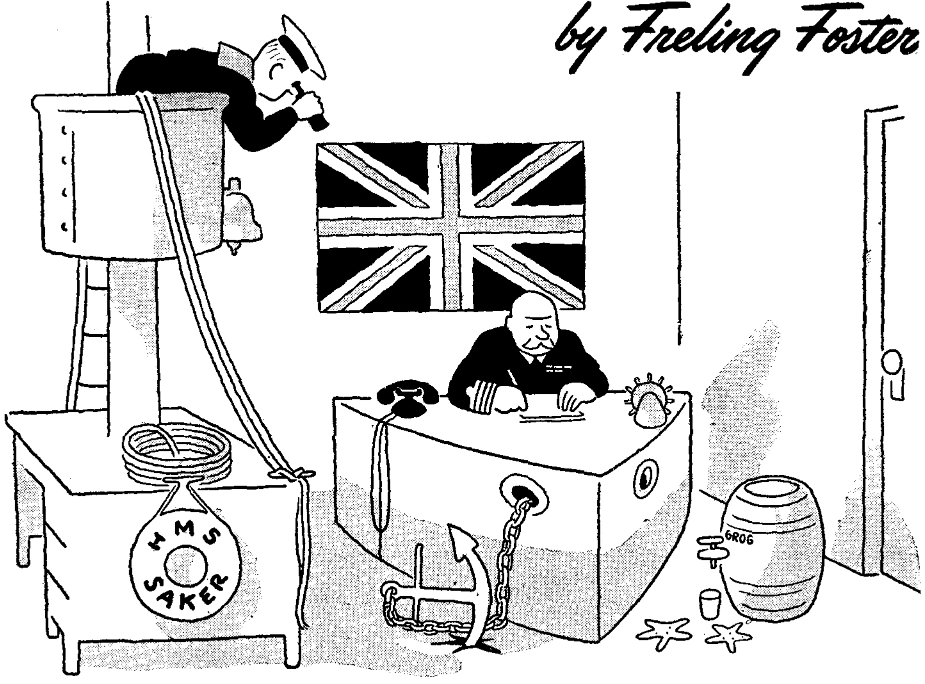


Write Today for interesting "Map of Postwar Town" picturing advantages of Air Express to community, business and industry. Air Express Division, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17. Or ask for it at any Airline or Express Office.

Phone AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY
Representing the AIRLINES of the United States

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster



CHON DAY

For many years, the British Navy has officially classed, commissioned and named all its land establishments around the world as though they were seagoing vessels. Thus today, for example, one of its airports in England is named H.M.S. Kestrel; the South Atlantic island of Tristan da Cunha, a weather and radio station, is called H.M.S. Atlantic Isle; and the headquarters of the British Naval Liaison Officer in New York City is known as H.M.S. Saker.

In 1865, in London, soon after William Booth had founded the Salvation Army and started out to save souls in one of the city's worst slums, he learned that cornet music far surpassed human voices in attracting a crowd and winning its respect. As a result, music has always played such an important part in the Salvation Army that today it has at least 12,000 brass bands in 73 countries, 1,500 of which are in the United States; and their playing of hymns takes up 60 per cent of the time devoted to religious services by the organization.

As virtually every Hindu in India has a horoscope and rarely makes a move without first consulting it, families are very careful to record the exact time each child is born. The stars and planets are never still, and consequently a mistake of a minute or two, so say the astrologers, can make a horoscope so inaccurate it may ruin the infant's future. To guard against such a tragedy, some families employ an extra physician whose sole duty is to stand by and operate a stop watch.

Prior to the 20th century, soccer was virtually confined to England where it originated and has been played for more than 900 years. But in the past four decades, the game has spread to 55 countries and become, in several of them, almost as popular as it is in England. For example, soccer is today the national sport of Russia where some 200,000 teams are in league competition.

Raising the pitch of a sound is a curious trick performed by an echo under certain conditions, such as exist in the Gap of Dunloe near Killarney, Ireland. Notes of a bugle, in this mountain pass, return an octave higher and provide a harmonious accompaniment to a simple tune played on this instrument.—*By William C. Irwin, Van, Pennsylvania.*

Because tapestries are woven from the back, the weavers have to watch the progress of their work in a mirror facing the front of the fabric. . . . The United States had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in 1866, or eight years before it had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Under the laws of one state or another, a wife in an action for divorce or legal separation may be granted alimony, although she is the guilty party; subsequent misconduct does not deprive her of the right to these payments; and she may continue to receive them even after remarriage to a man who is unable to support her in the manner in which she has been living as a divorcee. Furthermore, under federal law, a woman is still entitled to all back alimony after her ex-husband has gone through bankruptcy and is discharged from paying his other debts.—*By William Phillips, Trenton, Tenn.*

Until about 1900, natives of the Gilbert Islands, unlike all others in the South Pacific, employed a safe and sane method of warfare. When a dispute arose between two villages over hunting rights or stolen women, the matter was settled by a battle in which each village was represented by its brawniest warrior who would be dressed in his community's one suit of "armor," made for the purpose from coconut fiber and dried fish skin.

American medical schools are deeply concerned today over the scarcity of unclaimed bodies available for dissection. The number has decreased steadily for many years, owing to wartime prosperity and Social Security payments which cover funerals. Moreover, despite the importance of dissection in medical education, a person cannot legally will his body to an institution for this purpose in most states, his wish being carried out only if no objection is raised by the next of kin.

Among all the words that designate relationship, the most loosely used has always been "cousin." During colonial days, when the term was applied far more indiscriminately than today, an individual would employ it to refer to such a relative as an aunt, a niece or a grandson. Many also misused the word in their wills, a practice which has since caused much confusion among American genealogists.

The courts of many states have held that a person does not acquire a valid title to money won at gambling and, therefore, a loser who recovers it from the winner "by means of force or fear" is not guilty of robbery.—*By Jennie Breault, Tacoma, Wash.*

To replenish their larders and relieve the monotony of long periods of prayer, the monks in the Konlaling Monastery in Tibet often loot villages and hold up caravans.

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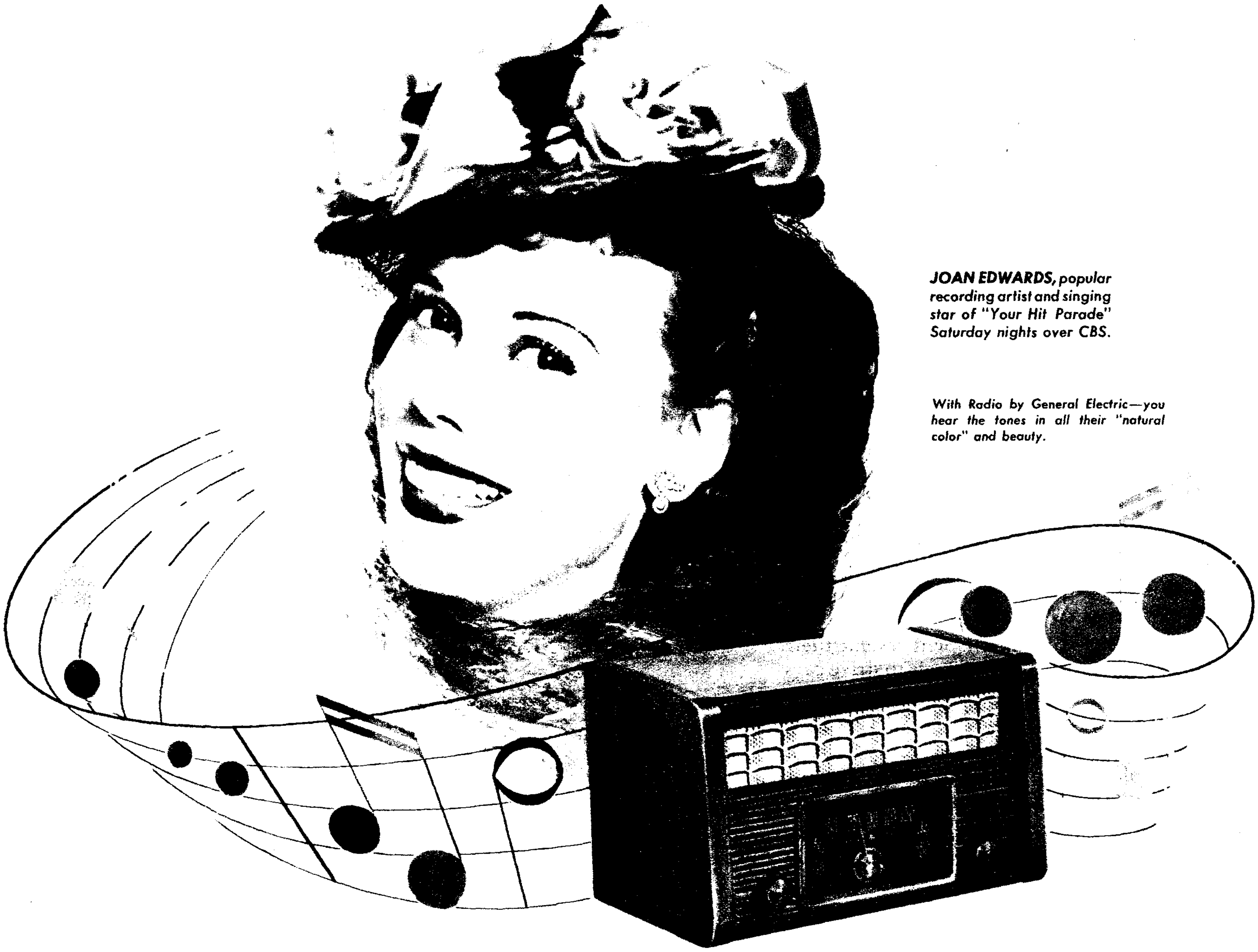

***JOAN EDWARDS,** popular recording artist and singing star of "Your Hit Parade" Saturday nights over CBS.*

With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.

Very soon now—you'll hear Joan Edwards in General Electric natural color tone

Before long you can enjoy a breath-taking experience. On the new General Electric radios, you'll hear Joan Edwards and all your favorite programs with a beauty of tone you never thought possible.

Glorious New Beauty of Tone

There's magic in these General Electric radios. You'll hear the miracle of "natural color tone" . . . every precious shading and note, as fully rounded, as vibrantly alive as though the artists stood within the very room. You'll discover new depths in the basses—new brilliance in flutes and violins—a new and satisfying fullness in every voice and instrument.

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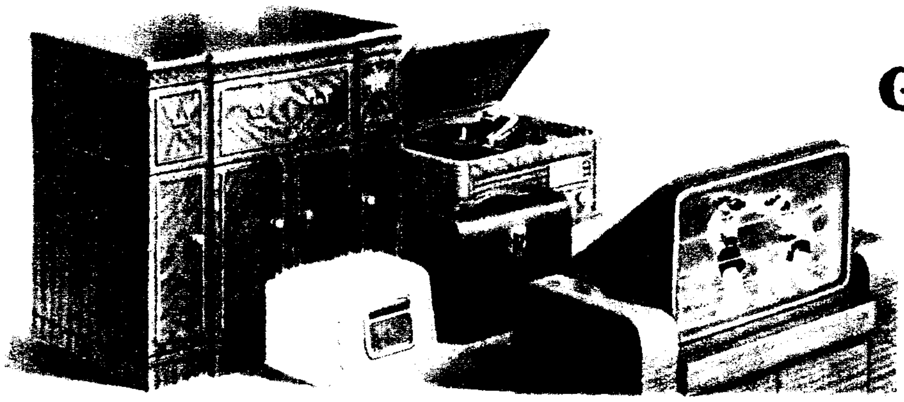
In these revolutionary new General Electric radios, new electronic discoveries—new G-E developments—usher in a new era—set new high standards of program reception. And these magnificent instruments for your home will be featured in superb cabinets, designed and built by master craftsmen.

Whether you want a radio or radio-phonograph—an attractive table model or a fine period console—you'll find the coming General Electric radios surpass your greatest expectations. See your General Electric dealer today. If his first shipment of these great radios hasn't arrived, it will be there soon. Get your order in early. He'll have many different models—all at attractive prices.

Everything in Radio and Television

Coming also are the revolutionary self-charging G-E portables, radio-phonographs with the amazing new G-E Electronic reproducer that reveals new beauty in recorded music, General Electric FM, unbelievably free from static, fading, and station interference . . . and G-E television receivers with pictures large enough for the most spacious living room. You'll want a General Electric because you want the finest.



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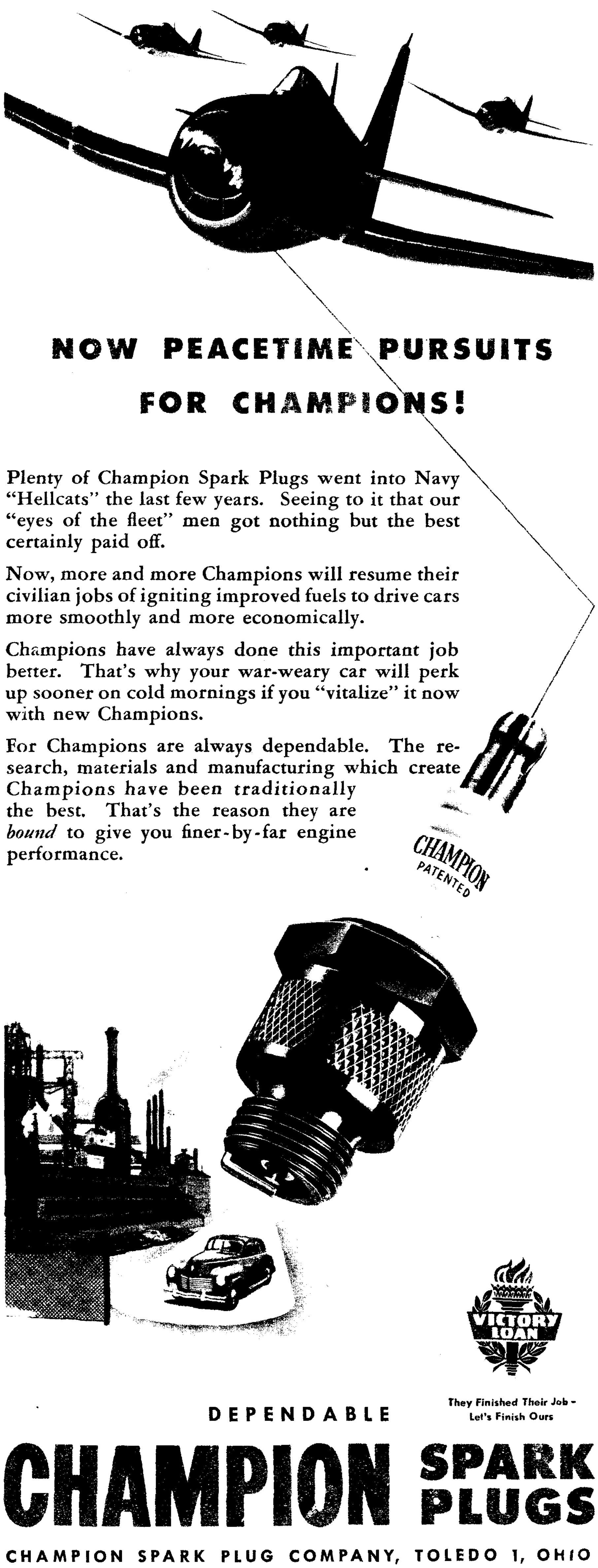


NOW PEACETIME PURSUITS FOR CHAMPIONS!

Plenty of Champion Spark Plugs went into Navy "Hellcats" the last few years. Seeing to it that our "eyes of the fleet" men got nothing but the best certainly paid off.

Now, more and more Champions will resume their civilian jobs of igniting improved fuels to drive cars more smoothly and more economically.

Champions have always done this important job better. That's why your war-weary car will perk up sooner on cold mornings if you "vitalize" it now with new Champions.

For Champions are always dependable. The research, materials and manufacturing which create Champions have been traditionally the best. That's the reason they are *bound* to give you finer-by-far engine performance.

They Finished Their Job - Let's Finish Ours

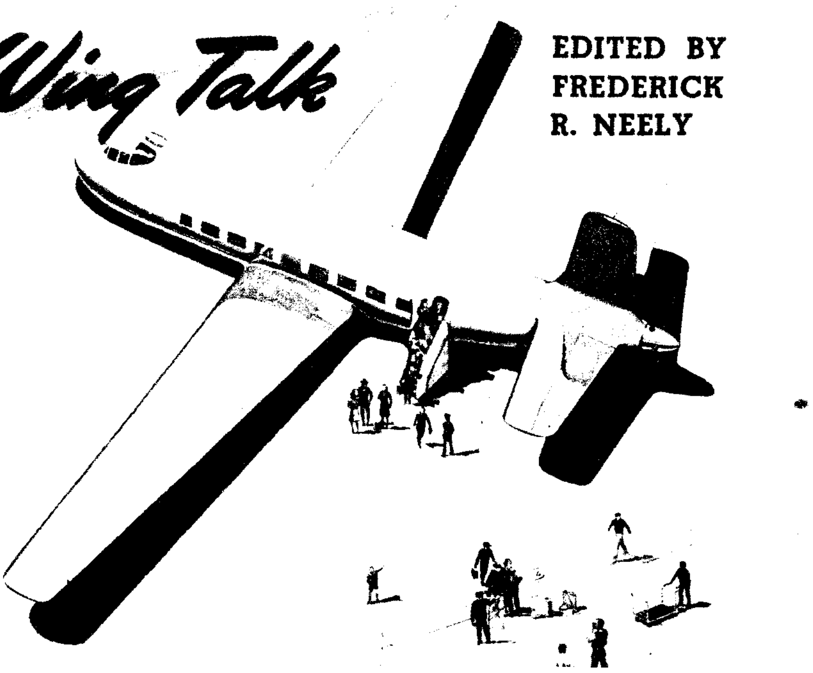
DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



HARRY NUSE

The 48-passenger DC-8 has the engines up front, propellers in the rear

DONALD W. DOUGLAS is a shrewd Scotsman and a very successful builder of airplanes in peace and war. He is best known for his DC-3 commercial airliner, which not only has been standard equipment on 95 per cent of the world's airlines for more than a decade, but is a generic term for passenger air transport. Yet the Douglas name plate adorns other great aircraft, from the Army World Cruisers (first around the world) to the big four-engined DC-4s made famous during the war by the Army Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service.

Key to Don Douglas' success has been conservative designing, engineering and production. His DC-4 and bigger DC-6 and DC-7 adhere pretty closely to the DC-3 in general appearance. Hangar fliers always maintained you'd never find Don Douglas doing anything screwy; he'd leave that to more audacious outfits like Bell, Curtiss-Wright, Lockheed and Northrop, who have built and flown some very unconventional aircraft. He was content with his time-proven and also war-proven basic designs and he'd have none of the fantastic stuff.

But more than a year ago we got wind of an experimental Douglas bomber that had, unlike all other Douglas multiengined aircraft, no engines in the wings, and no propellers in the same familiar location. Fact was, we didn't know where the engines were, but when our eyes roamed down the fuselage, they popped at seeing propellers sticking out of the tail, as on a torpedo.

Conventional airplane folk, too, were shocked a short time ago when they learned that the new Douglas DC-8, announced as the successor to the DC-3, was a commercial development of the experimental bomber and that it will be powered with two liquid-cooled engines buried beneath the pilot's compartment and *60 feet away* from the propellers, which are located on the tail. Yes, two 60-foot drive shafts will connect the two Allison engines, each developing 1,600 take-off power with the two Curtiss electric props that push the ship through the air.

These same people were just as shocked early in 1940 when Bell Aircraft announced its Airacobra fighter with the Allison engine behind the pilot and the propeller 10 feet away, out in the nose, and connected by a drive shaft. All sorts of unhappy consequences were in store for this combination. Why, the drive shaft would whip! It would vibrate! It would—uh—why it just *can't work!* And the General Motors engineers who designed the shaft and the attachments, from the crank shaft of the Allison engine to the propeller gear box in the nose, now say that more than 12,000 Bell airplanes embodying the 10-foot shaft were flown with never a failure of extension shaft, gear box or bearings.

Regardless of your views on the 60-foot extension shafts, which, after running beneath the cabin floor for its entire length, take an upward sweep to the propeller gear box in the tail, the full weight of the Douglas Company, General Motors and the Curtiss-Wright Propeller Division is behind the combination. That means that cautious Mr. Douglas and his equally conservative engineering vice-president, Arthur E. Raymond, and his brilliant aerodynamicist, Doctor Bailey Oswald, have had ample time to study the experimental bomber in test flights and arrive at the confident conclusion that the DC-8 is their choice to succeed the DC-3.

And for these reasons: the DC-8 will cruise more than 60 miles an hour faster; will carry 48, or more than twice as many passengers, and will reduce the 1.3-cents-per-passenger-mile operating cost of the DC-3 by one half. If Mr. Douglas' airplane will do these three things, then it is a sure-fire money-maker for the airlines, an item which pretty well dominates all other advantages a plane builder may claim for his product. The DC-8 is scheduled to fly in the fall of next year.

Passengers should like the DC-8, because it cuts down the cabin noise; gives unrestricted vision from windows now looking out upon engine nacelles; eliminates the unpleasant sight of exhaust smoke, flame and sparks, and provides the comforting assurance that the engines are always accessible in flight for minor repair work by the flight engineer. He can shut one down and change plugs, if necessary. The other engine will continue to drive the other half of the dual counterrotating propeller, while that part of the prop geared to the shutdown engine is feathered and brought to a stop.

THE six propeller blades also can be used as brakes. While in flight, they are "pushers" but they can be turned electrically in their hubs into "tractors" and help reduce the landing run. This reverse thrust, or aerodynamic braking, is a feature of the Consolidated-Vultee B-32 four-engine bomber which was reported in Wing Talk for September 8th. Eagle-eyed Mr. J. C. Brown, of Closter, New Jersey, caught something therein that whizzed by us. Our associate, G.W., said the blades make a 180-degree turn in their sockets when shifted to reverse thrust. 'Tain't so, a Curtiss propeller engineer having advised us that we were just about 135 degrees off. He claims that the turn of the blade in the hub from landing position to reverse thrust is about 45 degrees.

The DC-8 has had the official name of Sky Bus hung onto it, because it is intended for relatively short hauls, and the unofficial and probably more lasting moniker of Mixmaster. This is said to have been the offhand observation of Benny Howard, renowned airline, racing and test pilot when he first saw the egg-beater effect in the tail while having in mind the Skymaster and Globemaster names already attached to the DC-4 and DC-7. Benny, who lost a foot in a racing plane crash years ago, does odd jobs for Mr. Douglas such as making the first test flight of the 108-passenger DC-7.

While the DC-8 is the Douglas nomination for successor to the DC-3, it does not lie entirely with the world's largest aircraft company to make it final by saying so. Boeing, Consolidated-Vultee, Curtiss-Wright and Martin each has a candidate to replace the old work horse of the airways and we'll tell you about them next week. ★★★

Bob Patterson

How can you be sure of a home free and clear?

WHEN you have a house and a mortgage, the three most beautiful words in the English language are these: *"Free and clear."*

You roll the magic phrase on your tongue. You test the sound of it on your ears. And you roll up your sleeves and go to work to make it a reality.

But back in your mind there's a gnawing worry: "Suppose something happens to me before the mortgage is paid? What would my wife do? Isn't there any way I can be sure my mortgage will be paid off even though my family must go on without me?"

This is a worry that's easy to be rid of. The first step is a talk with your John Hancock agent. He'll be glad to show you how you can use life insurance to guarantee that your mortgage will be paid off in full in case you should die unexpectedly.

A house that's "free and clear" is but one of the many good things in life that life insurance helps make secure.

You'll get more value from every life insurance dollar if you plan each purchase carefully with the experienced help of your John Hancock agent. This man is specially trained to fit the many values of life insurance to your own personal needs. With his help you can gradually build a plan that will be one of your most valuable assets.

Why not have a talk with your John Hancock agent soon?

An 80-year-old mutual life insurance company serving over 7,500,000 policyholders.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 3, 1945

NOBODY HATES THE UMPIRE—YET

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Lew Schwellenbach, whose job it is to keep the peace between management and labor, has succeeded in pulling all government-labor agencies under his wing. This story tells what he's liable to do with them

THE Senate was due to adjourn the next day. A bill to extend the life of the NRA was pending; its passage was of top urgency to the New Deal forces. Bull-throated Huey P. Long, late Kingfish from Louisiana, was making one of his famed filibusters.

The senator had been on his feet for twelve hours, and his voice was wearing thin. Other senators listened in heavy silence as Huey droned on, interrupted occasionally by quorum calls. Legislation was piling up in the hopper like newspapers off a high-speed rotary press. In the last bench, a group of freshman senators crouched over their desks, staring with fixed enmity at the Kingfish. Their glares made Long slightly nervous, but that was all an ancient unwritten Senate rule is that freshman senators take a back seat in proceedings on the floor; and most senior senators were hesitant to interfere out of respect for Huey's reprisals—he had sworn that he would go into the states of Senate opponents and campaign against them with all the demagogic fervency of his homespun oratory and his share-the-wealth doctrines.

So Huey continued to read from the Pittsburgh telephone directory and to recite recipes for fried oysters and cornpone with no great fear of interference. But in the back of the chamber one of the fledgling senators—a big bearlike man in loose-fitting clothes—rose to his feet.

"Does the senator from Louisiana realize," asked Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach, "that those of us who are new members of the Senate and who have sat back here in the last row and seen every effort on the part of Congress to do something for the people of this country blocked and stifled by the senator from Louisiana are going to sit in the Senate tonight and tomorrow and all this week and from now on until something is done to stop the senator from Louisiana from controlling this Senate? I submit that question to the senator from Louisiana."

All eyes swung toward the rear. Reporters in the press gallery hurriedly scribbled bulletins. Even Huey was astounded. He glared malevolently, then continued with the filibuster.

The Big Man Kept Objecting

A few minutes later he asked the clerk to read extracts from pending bills. Unanimous consent of the other senators was needed.

The big man was on his feet again. "I object," said Lew Schwellenbach.

Huey requested a quorum call. Again unanimous consent was needed.

"I object," repeated Lew Schwellenbach.

Huey had to continue talking. With the reading clerk spelling him off with quorum calls and excerpts from pending bills, Huey could have succeeded easily in continuing his filibuster until adjournment. But each time he asked for this assistance, Lew Schwellenbach's booming "I object" came from the rear.

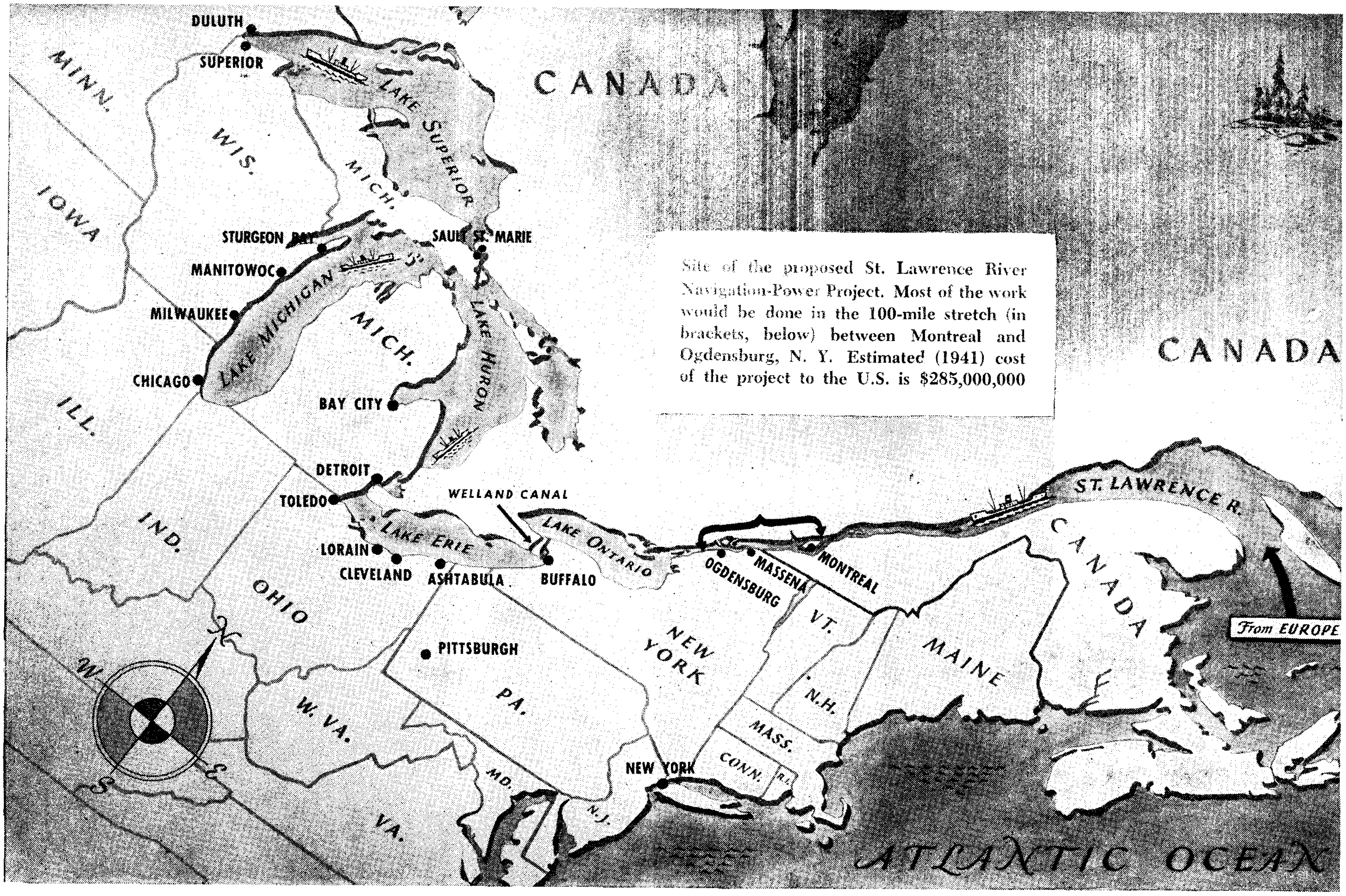
Other freshman senators crowded around the burly Westerner. Soon the "I object" was a noisy, defiant "We object!" Maloney of Connecticut, Truman of Missouri, Minton of Indiana and Radcliffe of Maryland were adding their voices to the protest. Huey eyed them angrily. He tried to continue. But after another hour and a half he was licked. The NRA bill was adopted.

It was the first such defeat for the Kingfish, and his fury was something to see. But he also showed a grudging admiration for the untried senator he had not been able to intimidate, as have most of the political opponents of the first new Secretary of Labor the country has had since 1933.

This episode characterizes the new Secretary. Although he had delivered 134 speeches for Al Smith in the State of Washington in 1928, he took the floor of the Senate four times to challenge Smith's speeches before the American Liberty League.

A Hearst paper is one of the most powerful publications in Schwellenbach's home state, but Lew once filled The Congressional Record with sixteen solid pages of denunciation of William Randolpn Hearst. And when another senator, Ed Burke of Nebraska, delivered a speech backing John N. Garner for President, Schwellenbach added in his deep resonant voice, "You may put me down for the opposite of everything that the senator from Nebraska has said." Yet despite this statement, Lew and Garner were frequent companions in the Vice-Presidential box at the American League ball park in Washington. *(Continued on page 26)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT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DETROIT
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LAKE ERIE
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CLEVELAND
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ATLANTIC OCEAN

Site of the proposed St. Lawrence River Navigation-Power Project. Most of the work would be done in the 100-mile stretch (in brackets, below) between Montreal and Ogdensburg, N. Y. Estimated (1941) cost of the project to the U.S. is $285,000,000

ACME

Leader of pro-Seaway Congressmen is Senator George Aiken of Vermont. The project, he says, will save his state $3,000,000 a year in power charges

SHOWDOWN ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

BY CAREY LONGMIRE

Americans are getting a noisy lesson in home-grown power politics as the battle over the St. Lawrence Seaway Project enters its most furious stage

GEORGE DAVID AIKEN is a *mild*-mannered, bespectacled Vermont farmer with an unruly gray thatch of hair, who possesses in full the Yankee predilection for getting every penny's worth on the dollar. Mr. Aiken is also a United States senator. His mild appearance is a deception. To hear his soft-voiced comments from the Senate floor on an average day, you would never suspect that in his heart he bears a flaming anger.

Mr. Aiken is a passionate crusader against what he considers a shameless injustice; he is massing every weapon in his command in hope of final triumph. His chief aim in Washington is to see enacted into law a project which he swears should have been built decades ago.

That project is the St. Lawrence Seaway, a public-power and navigation scheme to open the rich interior of the continent to deep-sea shipping. The Seaway, as all the world knows, was also enthusiastically favored by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Unlike the late President, the senator from Vermont is a Republican, yet he considers it a rank swindle of the American people that the United States and Canada have so far been barred from harnessing this gigantic resource and putting it to work.

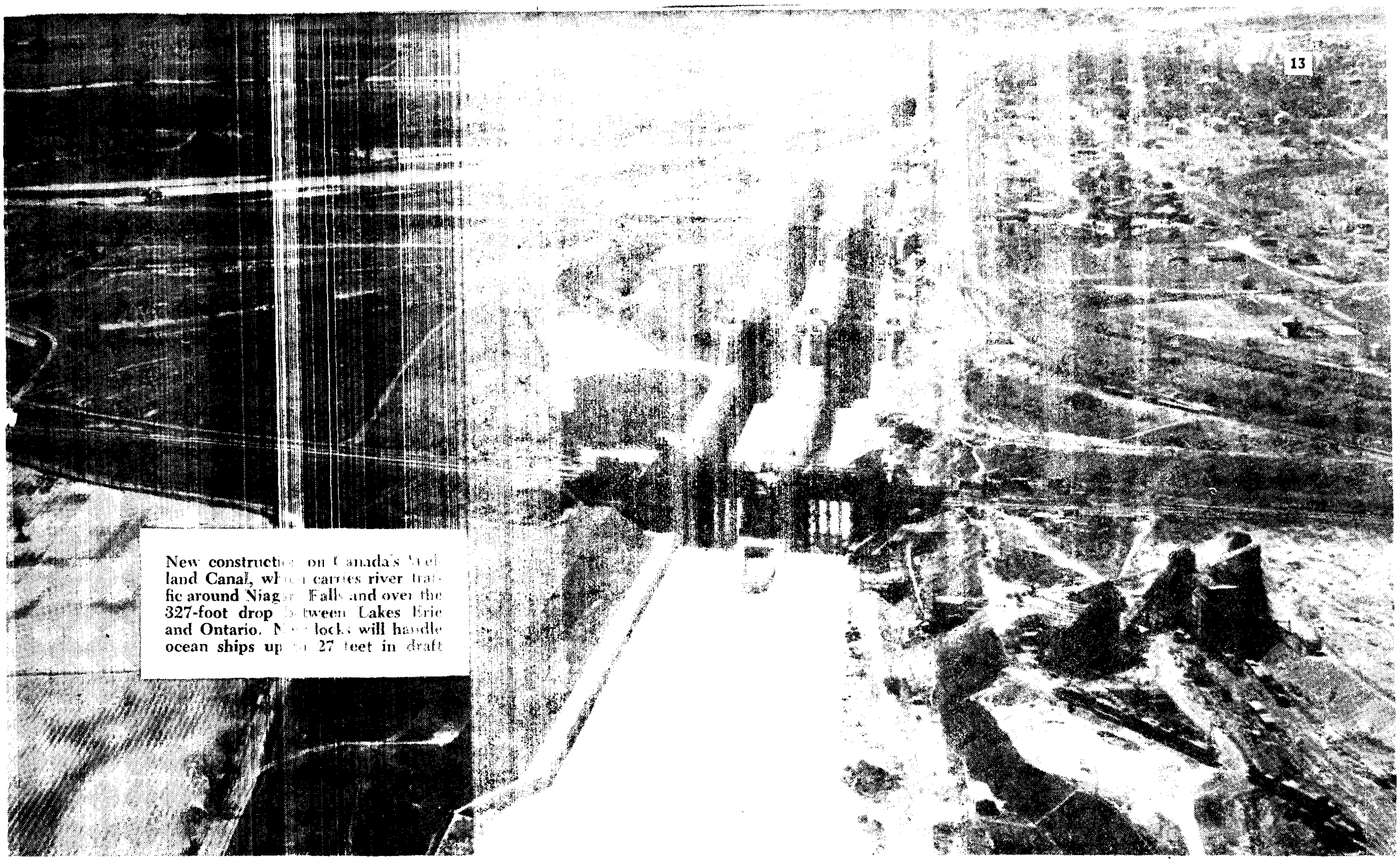
That word gigantic is no misnomer. The Seaway, its backers declare, would carry more *shipping than either Suez or Panama*, and would bring the benefits of low-cost transportation to 50,000,000 persons. Cleveland, Milwaukee and other Great Lakes cities would become bustling ports virtually on the ocean. The currents of the St. Lawrence are so mighty—the river is eighty miles wide at one point near its mouth—that they would turn out three times the electric power of Russia's Dnieper dam.

Julius H. Barnes, a former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, says flatly, "Here is the greatest unused natural resource of America."

If all this be true, then what has held up the project?

Put this question to George Aiken, and his normally easy voice crackles with anger. Powerful rail and utility interests, plus some of their bankers and other allies, he asserts, have blocked the Seaway recommendations of half a dozen successive Presidents. If the St. Lawrence's turbines were there now, he

MAP BY GEORGE ANNAND



New construction on Canada's Welland Canal, which carries river traffic around Niagara Falls and over the 327-foot drop between Lakes Erie and Ontario. New locks will handle ocean ships up to 27 feet in draft

CANADIAN AIR [illegible] GALLOWAY

vigorously declaims, Vermont alone would be saving one half the money it now pays for electricity—or about $3,000,000 a year.

The Honorable John Rankin, of [illegible] Mississippi, one of the senator's allies in the Seaway battle, is a congressman who carries in a number of lush enthusiasms, one of which, since he lives in a territory enriched by the Tennessee Valley Authority, is publicly owned power. He contributes the information that big New York State would save $153,000,000 on its power and light bill if the rushing waters of the St. Lawrence were harnessed and the power distributed at the same rates as those prevailing in public-owned Ontario.

"That net annual overcharge of $153,000,000," proclaims the Honorable Jawn from Tupelo, "would amount to more in three years than the entire cost to the United States of the St. Lawrence development."

Others are not quite so optimistic, but the New York State Power Authority, obviously conservative, says the state's consumers would save at least $25,000,000 a year.

The Army engineers' estimate in 1941 on the Seaway's cost to the United States, incidentally, was $285,000,000, of which New York State would put up $93,000,000 in return for controlling the power distribution. Canada will match the United States total contribution, but the Canadians have already done much of their share of the work. As long ago as 1916, for instance, they built the Welland Ship Canal, by-passing Niagara Falls between Lakes Erie and Ontario, a vital link in the ship channel from the Great Lakes to the sea.

Some congressmen who abhor the idea of public ownership protest that cheap TVA and St. Lawrence power may wreck the nation's private utilities. Mr. Rankin snorts in reply that it's about time the private companies quit what he considers their fantastic overcharging.

"In Tupelo," he says, "after we got TVA power, the consumption of electricity in the average home jumped five times. Why, we even heat our houses with it. And they say the South is backward!"

The engineers, for their part, declare that St. Lawrence power [illegible] the cheapest in North America [illegible] one mill per kilowatt hour to [illegible] James C. Bonbright, chairman of the New York State Power Authority, has said that every hour's delay means a $1,000 loss in wasted energy. The Seaway's one dam would produce 2,200,000 horsepower of electricity, half for the United States and half for Canada—a greater total than all the TVA dams combined at the start of the war.

All this favorable testimony—and we have hardly even touched on the navigation end as yet—has brought forth many attempts to put the Seaway into law, starting as far back as 1919, when Congress ordered an investigation of the possibilities. People were talking about a deep channel from the upper Great Lakes to the sea, however, even before the turn of the century

President Coolidge recommended the project. During the Hoover administration, Canada and the United States agreed on an international treaty to build the Seaway, but Congress did not ratify the treaty. In 1934, President Roosevelt again sent the treaty to Congress, where it won a simple majority of votes but not the necessary two-thirds.

Evading the Two-Thirds Rule

In 1941 Mr. Roosevelt tried a new tactic. Through the State Department, an Executive Agreement was negotiated with Canada, requiring only a simple majority in both houses of Congress. But Pearl Harbor put a sudden halt to the project.

Chiefs of the Army and Navy and virtually every Cabinet member argued strongly in 1941 for the Seaway, nevertheless, as a war measure, although it would take four years to build.

The Navy was anxious to use the big shipbuilding capacity on the Great Lakes, and production men like William S. Knudsen wanted more billions of kilowatts for mushrooming war plants.

Since 1941, a hot argument has been going on over a legalistic Constitutional point. Can an international project like this be built by a simple agreement, or is a full-scale treaty, needing the approval of two thirds of the Senate, required?

Senator Aiken regards much of this kind of talk as pure obstructionism. The way the pro-agreement men see it, the Seaway is simply a measure to promote commerce, and Congress is Constitutionally given the power to regulate commerce, at home and abroad. But all this just gives you a small idea of the difficulties involved in damming and dredging the St. Lawrence.

These obstacles may finally be settled only because in the long run a job-producing works project like the Seaway catches the eye of Congress and the nation, now that the war is over, and the stringent priorities on manpower and materials are very much a thing of the past.

President Truman is a pro-Seaway man, too. Governor Dewey of New York is also on record as a Seaway supporter, although he insists that New York State must handle the distribution of St. Lawrence power—a view which has led to argument with some other Seaway backers, who want to see the power handled by a regional authority on the order of TVA. At any rate, Governor Dewey told the New York legislature this year that if the federal government keeps on refusing to do anything about it, New York ought to go ahead with the project herself. At the spot where the main Seaway works are envisioned, near Massena, New York, the St. Lawrence forms the boundary between New York and Ontario.

The low-cost power advantages are only one of the selling points quoted by the Seaway advocates. The project would, they insist, open up the world's markets to the Middle West.

The grain growers of the Dakotas, the automobile makers of Detroit, the dairy farmers of Wisconsin are violent partisans of the Seaway because it would give their goods access by ship to the open sea.

The interior of America wants more and cheaper transportation to the seaboards, and to world markets. This obviously causes certain railroad men to look upon the Seaway with a bitter and hostile eye, since the railroads, trucks and barge lines now have a transportation monopoly to and from the Middle West and will fight for their privileges.

The Seaway, in effect, would give the United States a brand-new fourth seacoast. Its proponents say it would open a 2,500-mile highway for deep-sea ships from the Atlantic to the heart of the continent, by simply dredging and deepening a hundred miles or so of the International Rapids in the St. Lawrence near Montreal.

The Great Lakes, the five greatest inland seas on earth, are now landlocked, except for a fourteen-foot channel in the river out to the Atlantic—far too shallow for most ocean-going ships.

Forty-Eight Miles to Be Dredged

All that must be done, says Senator Aiken, is to deepen the channel to twenty-seven or twenty-nine feet. To be specific, there are forty-eight miles in the hundred-mile stretch which require the dredging.

Senators Ferguson of Michigan, La Follette of Wisconsin, Shipstead of Minnesota, and others from the Middle West are indignant when they declare that that short detour is the only thing which bars the merchant fleets of the world from taking the West's wheat and farm produce and Detroit's shiny gadgets out along the broad 2,500-mile highway to buyers all over the world.

One of the Middle Westerner's plaints is that the Panama Canal, opened in 1914, brought big competitive advantages to buyers and sellers along the two seaboards by sharply cutting transportation costs between the seaboards. The Seaway, they declare, would simply put the Middle West back on a par with the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

Here is Edward J. Jeffries, talking as mayor of big and bustling Detroit. He says: "For thirty-five years the people of Detroit, and of the whole Middle West, have continued to be bottled up in the interior of the continent."

The mayor says that Detroit earns fully 15 per cent of its income from sales in world markets, that the city has more than 300

(Continued on page 55)

BOB LEAVITT

Señor Luis Muñoz Marin, political leader of Puerto Rico, is pledged to freedom of the island, but now isn't at all sure that Puerto Rico can afford liberty

PUERTO RICO GROWS UP

BY FRANK GERVASI

The island will soon have its choice of statehood, nationhood or dominion status. If it picks nationhood — and the odds now point in that direction—it will be the first purely Socialistic country to sit on our front doorstep

WE'VE owned Puerto Rico as a colony for nearly half a century, but judging from the wrongly addressed mail received almost daily by our businessmen down there, a lot of Americans still believe it's a town in Florida, one of the lesser banana republics, or the capital of South America. The postal authorities correct our deficiencies in geography, and the letters reach their destinations, but our ignorance in this and other Puerto Rican matters hasn't helped to endear us to the 2,000,000 people who live there.

A few leathery septuagenarians who remember when we landed on the Caribbean island in '98 say that we were hailed as liberators, but the record shows that we were greeted with silence. For about 400 years the Puerto Ricans had fought for freedom from the Spaniards. Spain had just granted them self-rule when we arrived and they saw us only as a lot of imperialistic *Yanquis* and a new enemy. Off and on for forty-seven years they agitated for independence from us and now, due largely to the efforts of a big and bulbous island politician named Luis Muñoz Marin, who was a three-day-old baby when the battleship Maine exploded and sank in Havana harbor, they're about to get it.

Until ten years ago, when Muñoz welded Puerto Rico's rebellious political factions into a peasants' party whose revolutionary motto is "Bread, Land and Liberty," we gave the Puerto Ricans little cause to love us. We bought up most of their good land for cane farming and turned their island into a big sugar factory. We exploited the workers. We wrecked the island's foreign trade. Our ignorance of Puerto Rico's geographic whereabouts was equaled by our apparent inability to cope with a population grown too great for such a small island, and we failed also to cope with a housing shortage and unemployment.

Those conditions bred political unrest, a few unpublicized but bloody riots and, eventually, Luis Muñoz Marin. His Popular Party advocated division of the large estates into small farms, government ownership and operation of public utilities and other social changes.

Muñoz's radical tendencies struck a responsive chord in the New Deal, and Washington encouraged him. Since then, the Puerto Ricans have regarded us with considerably more friendliness than they'd shown before. In fact an unascertainably large number aren't so sure that they want independence at all. If the bill recently introduced in Congress means anything, we're determined, now, to give it to them.

Our stewardship wasn't precisely a picnic for us, either. We needed Puerto Rico. It's an important bastion in the eastern screen of Caribbean strong points guarding the Panama Canal. It's the source of about a sixth of all our sugar. But the island was an economic liability, a political headache and an imperial wart on our democratic nose from the day we acquired it along with Cuba and the Philippines from Spain.

We are now about to try to reduce the financial outlay—the price of colonial glory—and relieve and possibly cure the political migraines entailed in colonial stewardship. We hope to accomplish all this with Congressional legislation which will allow the Puerto Ricans to decide by a referendum whether they want (1) outright independence, (2) annexation to the United States as a state or (3) some form of dominion status such as Canada enjoys in relation to Britain.

The alternate forms of sovereignty are offered in a bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Millard F. Tydings, the Maryland Democrat. The bill was drafted by Luis Muñoz Marin and the Joint Commission of the Insular Legislature who made certain that, no matter which of the three forms of sovereignty the Puerto Ricans choose, the island shall continue to have the financial assistance of the United States. For the past five years this has been at the rate of from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year. America furnished funds for public works, sanitation projects and education, and rebated to the insular treasury duties collected on imports of Puerto Rican rum.

Muñoz himself won't predict which form of freedom the Puerto Ricans will choose, but Puerto Ricans willing to guess say that the islanders will vote overwhelmingly for dominion status or outright independence. They remind you that, as political boss of the island, Muñoz can swing the referendum any way he wants.

Before 1940, Muñoz was one of the chief advocates of full independence. There is no reason to believe that he has changed his mind although he admits he has since learned a lot about economics and recognizes the dangers which the island faces once it is cut loose from stepmother America. He might, therefore, urge the islanders to vote for dominion status and perpetual financial affiliation with the United States.

U.S. to Control Land, Sea, Air

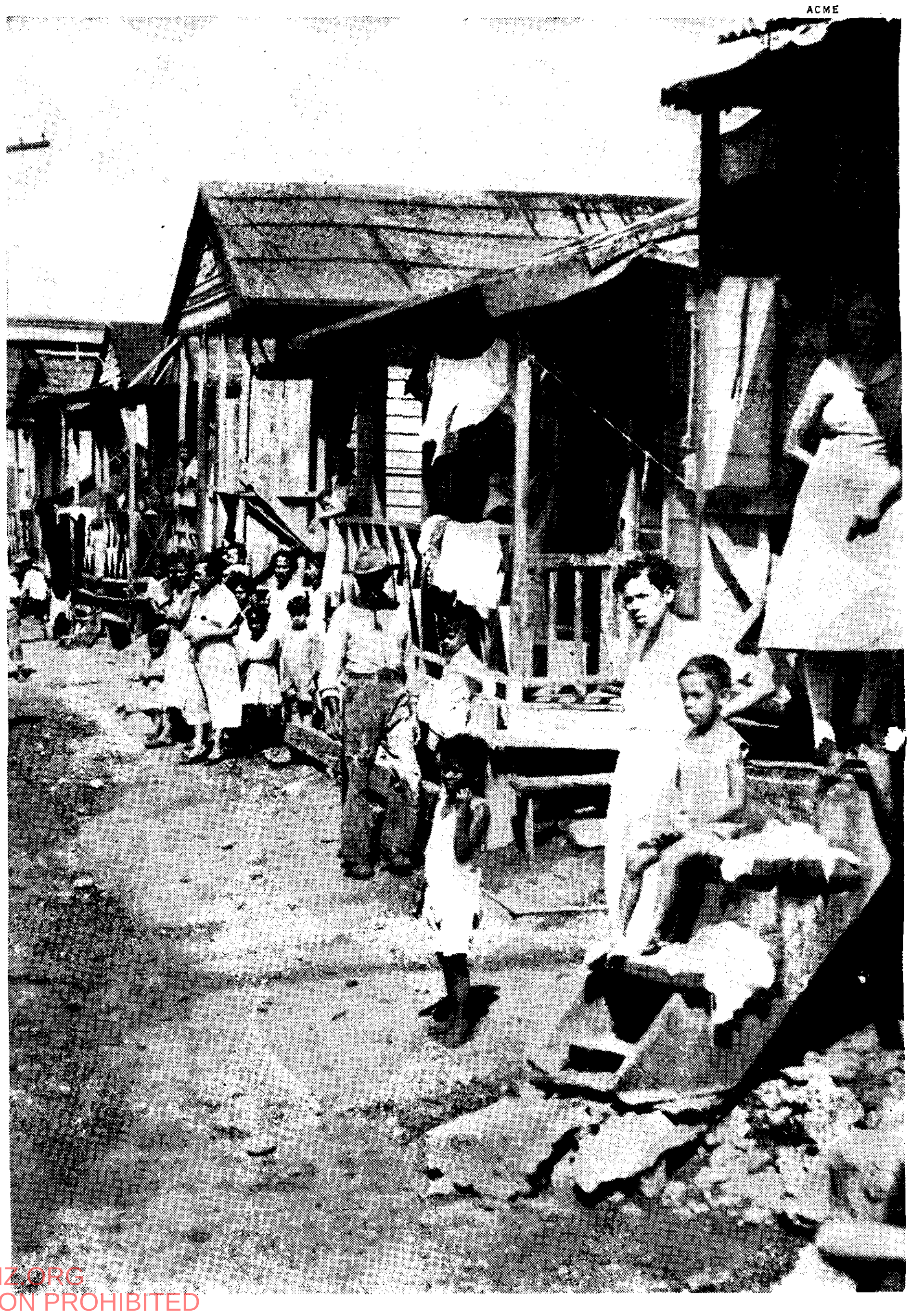
The Tydings Bill specifically provides, however, that whatever the Puerto Ricans decide, the United States shall retain all naval, military and air rights on the island. Puerto Rico will enjoy the physical protection of American arms and it, in turn, must fulfill the strategic role assigned to it by geography. Congressional approval of the Tydings Bill is important to 2,000,000 Puerto Ricans but it's even more important to the United States. With it America relinquishes the last sizable bit of colonial real estate acquired in its war with Spain. Cuba obtained its independence within four years after America defeated Spain. The Philippines are expected to be freed next July.

The United States may assume new responsibilities in the Pacific by acquiring land formerly owned by the Japanese but it will do so through the trusteeship concept formulated at the San Francisco Conference—as a

(Continued on page 43)

La Perla is one of the worst slums in San Juan. The place is pocked with malarial puddles, barking dogs, squealing pigs and children who run naked

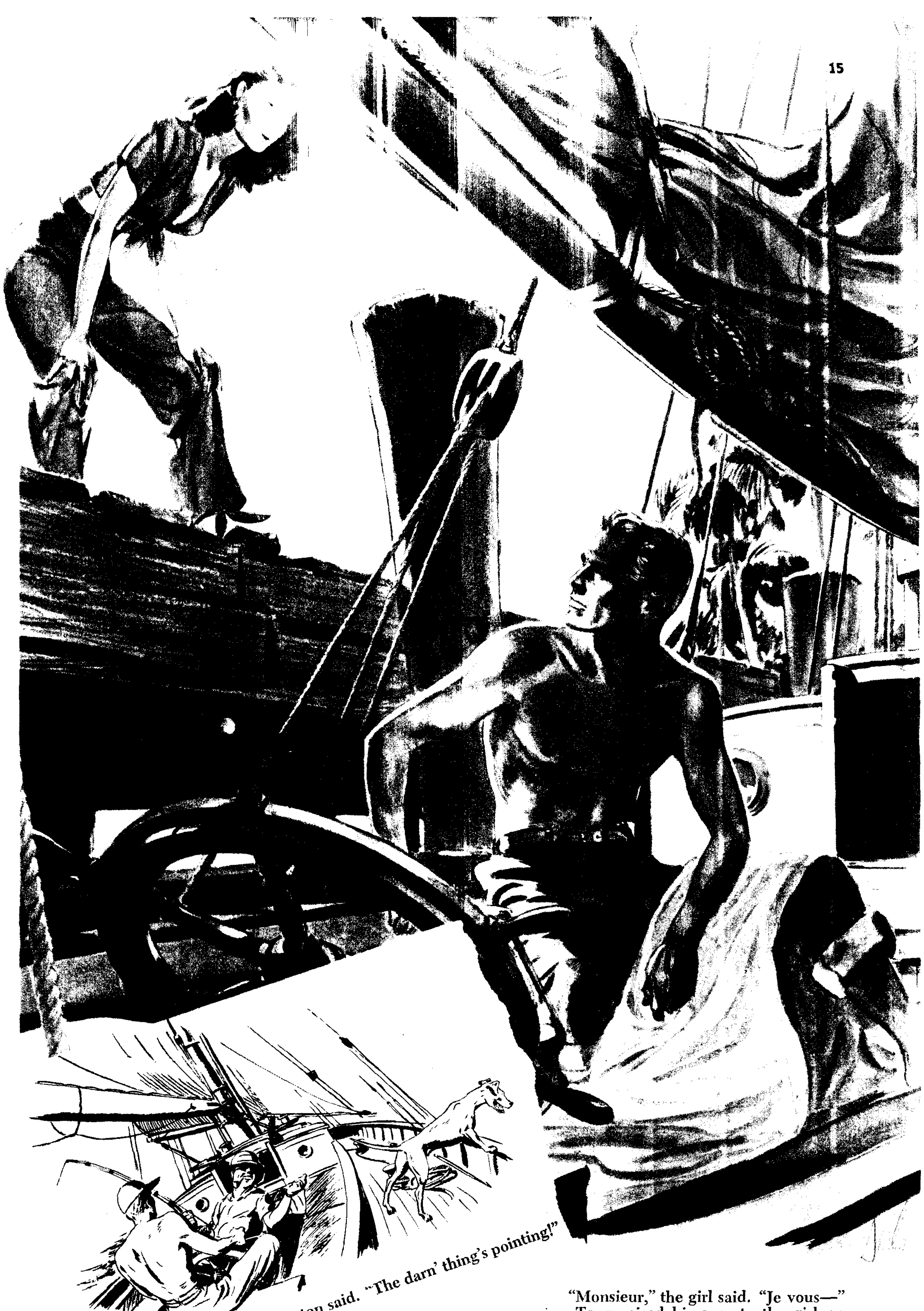
ACME



THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

There are bloodhounds and foxhounds and rabbit hounds, but who ever heard of a fish hound? It's a wise master who knows his dog



"Well, looka there!" Burton said. "The darn' thing's pointing!"

"Monsieur," the girl said. "Je vous—" Tony raised his eyes to the girl on the pier. "You can speak English," he said. "I understand it like a shot"

FIRST the dog intruded, and afterward the girl. The dog wasn't much to look at; in fact, wasn't anything to look at; but the girl had been very favorably designed by nature (her hair was radiant, her eyes had flecks of gold in them). Yet out of a perverseness of his temper, Tony Greer paid more affable attention to the dog than to the girl that brilliant West Indian morning.

Tony was owner-captain of the forty-foot auxiliary schooner Tar II. It is somewhat important to observe that he was stuck squarely in the middle of a phase.

Possibly his age, which was twenty-two, and the fact that he had lately been reading all the prefaces and some of the plays of Bernard Shaw can be held partly accountable for his condition of mind. He found it interesting to be cynical. He cultivated a light, mocking laugh. He had been heard to say, frequently, acidly, "The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the capture of men by women." He accompanied the remark by a derisive shaking of his blond head. Few of the natives along the sun-scarred wharf understood, or cared, what he was talking about.

When the dog came along—the small brown dog with the brown eyes and brown nose, brown as a brown shoe from cutwater to counter—Cap'n Tony Greer did not recognize it for what it was. He thought it was only a dog, and not much of a dog. A mongrel. A monochromatic hound with an excess of top-hamper around the ears and tail, and too little draft for her beam. In a word, an ordinary parcel of barracuda bait. That was all Tony Greer saw the morning this creature sniffed her way solemnly down the Cotte-Plage jetty and, after a moment's casual survey, hopped nimbly aboard Tar II.

Tony, for all his talk, did not know a snare when he bumped into one.

He was squatting in the cockpit under a jury sunsail, waxing a length of thread; he looked up and found himself face to face, eye to eye, with the hound. The hound studied him languidly for the space of several breaths, and then grinned—or appeared to. The grin was broad, warm, cordial, yet at the same time courteous. It was also amusing. It was comical. It got to Tony, who liked dogs without being silly about them.

"Come here," he said, and the dog jumped down from deck to cockpit. The long tail wagged; the grin persisted, civil and enormously good-humored. The grin was, Tony observed, the result of some mishap: several front teeth had been knocked out—or kicked out—and a gash in the hound's upper lip had healed crookedly. The effect was altogether roguish.

"Hey, boy," Tony said, and, looking closer, "Hi, old girl." He put out a hand and patted the small dog's head. She lowered her rump, sat, adjusted herself comfortably and proceeded to sniff the air with thoroughness and interest, turning her brown ferret head brightly from side to side. This examination occupied not less than a full minute. Then the dog, moving with a certain grace, stepped to the portside gunwale and surveyed the blue water of the inner harbor, sniffing the while. After that, she grinned pleasantly at Tony and ambled forward along the deck.

"So long, pooch," said Anthony Greer; and he waved a hand and returned to the mending of his flying jib.

THAT was the beginning of it; the inspection of Tar II by the small, saddle-colored, short-haired hound with the ferret face and the cockeyed grin. When Tony Greer, always an avid prober after the cause that propels the effect, turned it over in his mind later on, he described it as destiny in dog's clothing.

Half an hour later the girl arrived.

It was hot that morning on the Cotte-Plage jetty. Across the inner harbor to the east the white city of Port-au-Prince hugged its hills. Only a little wind ruffled the waters of the bay. Far westward, where the Gulf of Gonave merges with the Windward Passage, high shining clouds were piled like an aerial barrier of snow. This was the island of Haiti, lifting out of the green West Indian sea. The day was, as has been said, brilliant—and there were tourists in the city.

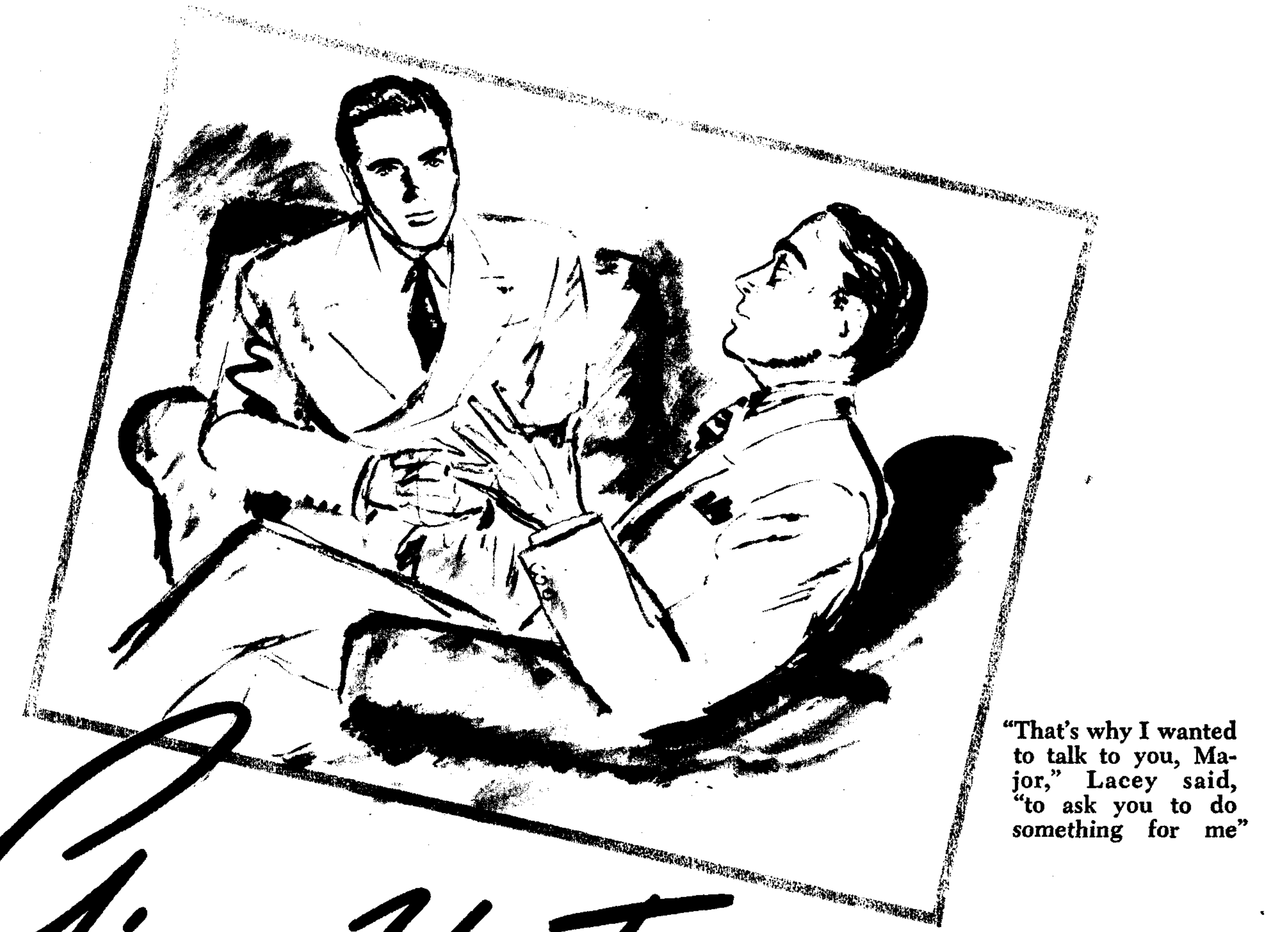
The girl was a tourist. Only a tourist—only an American tourist—would have worn the blue slacks, the bare midriff, the parti-colored sandals. Of course, the effect was good, even splendid. The girl was slender and you would have called her tall. Her hair was warmly brown, and radiant; her eyes were large, and had the flecks of gold in them. A certain number of freckles powdered the bridge of her nose, producing an effect altogether charming. She walked out on the jetty and stopped beside Tony Greer's schooner.

She coughed lightly. "*Monsieur,*" she said. "*Je vous demande pardon—*"

Tony Greer raised his eyes from the bundle of jib that occupied his lap. He saw the sun-browned oval face with the fine, delicate planes and shadows. He saw the long, well-molded legs that the slacks served

(Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



"That's why I wanted to talk to you, Major," Lacey said, "to ask you to do something for me"

Give Us Tomorrow

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

The Story:

In England awaiting new orders, MAJOR PETER WYMARK, Army engineer, had come a long way since leaving his job in the little mining town of Carmine, Minnesota—and he was determined never to slip back. But he ran into conflict when he met ELLEN DESMOND, the daughter of his former employer. Invited by VIOLET CLYDE, vivacious American divorcee, for a week-end visit at Windower with her aunt, LADY DUNN, PETER found ELLEN there, vacationing from her job in London, and immediately fell in love. She was openly interested in him, but disagreement arose when she wanted him to return to his old job in her father's business; they already had argued over JOHN LACEY, a politician whom her father feared, and the rumor that she was engaged to BOB LINDLEY, who, with a deferment from the Army, had made good in her father's company, also forced PETER to constraint. It was not until after Windower was bombed, ELLEN had returned to London, and PETER unexpectedly received orders to proceed to America, that he realized his love for ELLEN was the only thing that mattered. Before leaving, he took ELLEN out once again, learned that she was herself shortly returning to America and promised to try resuming work for her father, despite his fear that by doing so he would not be taking advantage of all he had learned through his experiences in the Army. . . .

II

IF THERE had been any doubts in Ellen's mind about her feeling for Peter, this settled them: she loved him now, and knew it. I am going to write to Father tonight, she thought, and make him understand about Peter, and all that he's done.

"This is strictly between us, isn't it, Ellen?"

"What do you mean?"

"All that we've said just now. I wouldn't want you to say anything to anybody else about it."

She hesitated. He meant her father. He had known what was in her mind.

"All right, Peter. If that's the way you want it."

"You can see how I feel. I wouldn't want to seem to be trading on any special luck I've had in the Army. And certainly not on meeting you."

But meeting you has changed everything in my life, she thought. Even now I can't remember what it was like before I knew you. It was only a few days ago and I can't feel back that far.

He was asking something else: "When do you think you'll get back to America?"

"I can't tell, Peter. That girl who's to have my place hasn't turned up yet. She may come any day. But even after that I'll have to get transportation and sometimes that's not so easy."

"I wish I could take you with me today."

She realized what it was going to be like when he was gone. There was only a fragment of time left here for them, before they went out among all the dangers. Planes crashed. People separated and never saw one another again. There was always that threat of new, mad weapons of war and destruction.

"It won't be long."

"Just the same I don't like leaving you here."

"I'll be all right."

They were talking in little, unaccented sentences that were trite and sparing. The real conversation between them was in the feeling that crowded every minute to the brim and made each one so precious.

"I begin to realize how a lot of fellows feel when they have to push off," said Peter. "I never quite got the idea before."

"It's the worst thing about war." Ellen was aware of it now too as if it were revelation. The destruction, the crashes, the fears were bad enough. But the knowledge that this might be the last minute between two people who loved each other was worse. You were so helpless. There was nothing you could do about it. It was the inexorable discipline of war, fixing hours, separating men and women, giving them no power of choice.

"I'd feel a whole lot better if you were the one flying back to America today."

"I'll finish my job first. And neither of us is going to fly back unless we get started."

She did it very well. As they left the restaurant, other men rested their eyes on Ellen's serenity and beauty. But when in the taxi Peter put his arms around her, she shuddered close to him and the driver heard the same murmurs of hope and tenderness that he had heard so often in the last five years.

Ellen was staying now in a tiny flat not far from the Embassy, a flat concocted out of a room that used to be a dining room and passage, when the house lived up to its original plans. It wasn't comfortable and never could be, but she didn't care. She was happier there in the next few days than she had ever been in London, happier with her own impatience and restlessness than she had been since her first bombing incident. She followed Peter's flight on an air map at the Embassy. There was no disaster or she would have heard or read of it.

IT WAS September now and her time was up on her job. She was no longer frightened or panicky in the torn and wounded and dangerous city of London, but she wanted to go home and she had a growing feeling that she belonged at home. When the girl who was to relieve her came in from Lisbon one morning, wide-eyed and exclaiming at her first sight of rubble, Ellen put her desk in order quickly and said her goodbys. They weren't many. Acquaintances came and went very quickly, because of leaves and transfers. She thought of calling Violet Clyde to tell her that she was going back to America. But it seemed rather cruel. Violet also wanted to go. No use in rubbing it in, thought Ellen.

Her problem was to get passage. She tried the airlines first, but everywhere there were passengers with higher priorities than she could manage. The Embassy had sent in her name and cleared her, but there was nothing urgent about her case and she knew she might be delayed indefinitely as things were. Ships took a long time and their routes were devious and subject to change. But Ellen had almost decided to take passage on a ship when one morning she noted in the Times that Lewis Hewston was *still* in London. She wondered why she hadn't thought of him before. He might do something for her. Not that there was any reason why he should, but in those few days at Windower he'd been friendly, and he knew her father.

He was stopping at Claridge's. She remembered that he had said so, and the best idea seemed to be to go to see him. On the telephone he might be abrupt. A letter would probably only reach a secretary, or else he might ignore a troublesome request. But if she could talk to him, she might get some action. She decided that she would go to Claridge's late in the afternoon, at cocktail time, when he would be most likely to be there.

"Mr. Hewston's not in his apartment, madam," said the clerk.

"Is he likely to come in soon?"

"That I really couldn't say."

"I'll wait a bit," said Ellen, and sat down to watch the doors. Violet, she thought, would draw a crowd at this point. She herself only began to feel forlorn and obvious.

BUT Lewis Hewston came at last, fortunately alone, looking preoccupied and tired. She saw that he recognized her face but didn't quite place her as she went toward him.

"How are you, Mr. Hewston? I'm Ellen Desmond."

"Of course. It's this light. Nice to see you again. Are you staying here?"

"No. I just came in to see if I could find you."

"That's very flattering."

"I want to ask a favor."

"Well"—he looked bored—"anything I can do. Can't I offer you a cocktail?"

"I'd like it very much." She saw she'd have to feel her way.

They went into the lounge and he ordered the drinks rather absently. He looked older than he had at Windower, immaculate as ever, but as if he needed spirit.

"Have you heard anything from Violet since she went back?" he asked.

"Went back? Has she been in town lately?" asked Ellen.

"Didn't you know she'd gone back to America?"

"Why, no. When?"

"She went immediately after that unfortunate bombing incident. She was quite unnerved by that, you know."

"I saw that. But I left Windower right away. Did she fly?"

The waiter put down the drinks. Ellen lifted hers and looked questioningly at Lewis Hewston. This was an opening.

"Yes, she did," he said. "I managed to get her a place on a transport plane immediately, by great good luck. Lady Dunn herself called me about it that same night and seemed to think that it was the only thing to be done and the quicker the better. It was a bad shock for Violet to have those walls fall in on her and she didn't want to stay at Windower. I did what I could. The Dunns," he added, "have been very kind to me."

Ellen was still holding her cocktail, twisting the stem of the glass, thinking of something other than the cordiality of the Dunns.

"So she went back right after that week end?"

"Within a day or two. Two days later, to be exact. By the way, she went back on the same plane with Major Wymark. We ran into him at Bristol. He said he was going to be released. I suppose you know about that?"

"Yes, he told me that he was going home. Did they have a good flight, do you know?"

"So Violet cabled me. She evidently enjoyed it very much. Stopped at New Brunswick and ate lobster. Violet doesn't really distinguish between cables and conversation."

Ellen smiled because it seemed the thing to do. It didn't feel like a smile on her mouth. She could tell that Hewston was telling her this because it was on his mind. He was pretending that he didn't care what Violet did. But he did. He was greatly annoyed because Peter had been on that plane, or he wouldn't have brought it up.

Peter hadn't mentioned Violet at all when he had cabled Ellen two words about safety and one about love. He had said love. . . . Perhaps he'd hardly seen Violet. What if he had? An air transport wasn't like a long journey by ship.

"Now tell me what I can do for you," said Lewis Hewston.

"I'm trying to get air passage too. I'm through with my work at the Embassy. And I'm on the list but there are many priorities ahead of mine. It's pretty nervy of me but I thought maybe you could help me. I really need awfully to get back. For personal reasons."

"I suppose your father is worried about you."

"Yes—pretty much."

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

"Well, I'll see what I can do," he said rather reluctantly. "It may take a little time. These things aren't always so easy."

It doesn't matter whether he crossed with Violet, Ellen was thinking. Peter will be back in Carmine by this time. He left three weeks ago yesterday. He probably had some formalities to attend to in New York or somewhere else. They may have had a dinner or two together. What if they did? Don't be primitive.

"What was Violet going to do when she got back to America?"

"Violet's unpredictable. She makes a point of it. But of course I suppose she went out to Minnesota right away to see her child. The child's been with the Clydes."

"In St. Paul," added Ellen. "How long do you suppose it will be before I could get a place on a plane?"

"It's hard to tell. I might be able to arrange something within a couple of weeks. I'll do my best."

Two weeks, she thought, measuring it. It was a long time to wait, and to wonder what had happened and where Peter was and what he was doing. But he had given a promise to go back to Carmine. He would keep it. Unless things went very wrong.

She thanked Lewis Hewston very graciously, gave him her address, evaded his rather vague invitation to dine with him one night soon, and went back to her little flat.

PETER had kept his promise. But he was a bit sour about its results on the day when Joe Lacey called him up and asked him if he couldn't drop around for a few minutes at the Taconite Hotel in Carmine. Mr. Lacey said that he had come up from St. Paul on business for a day or two and was very glad to hear that Peter was back in town. He'd heard great things about him. He repeated. "I'd like very much to have a little talk with you, Major."

"I won't get off the job much before six," answered Peter.

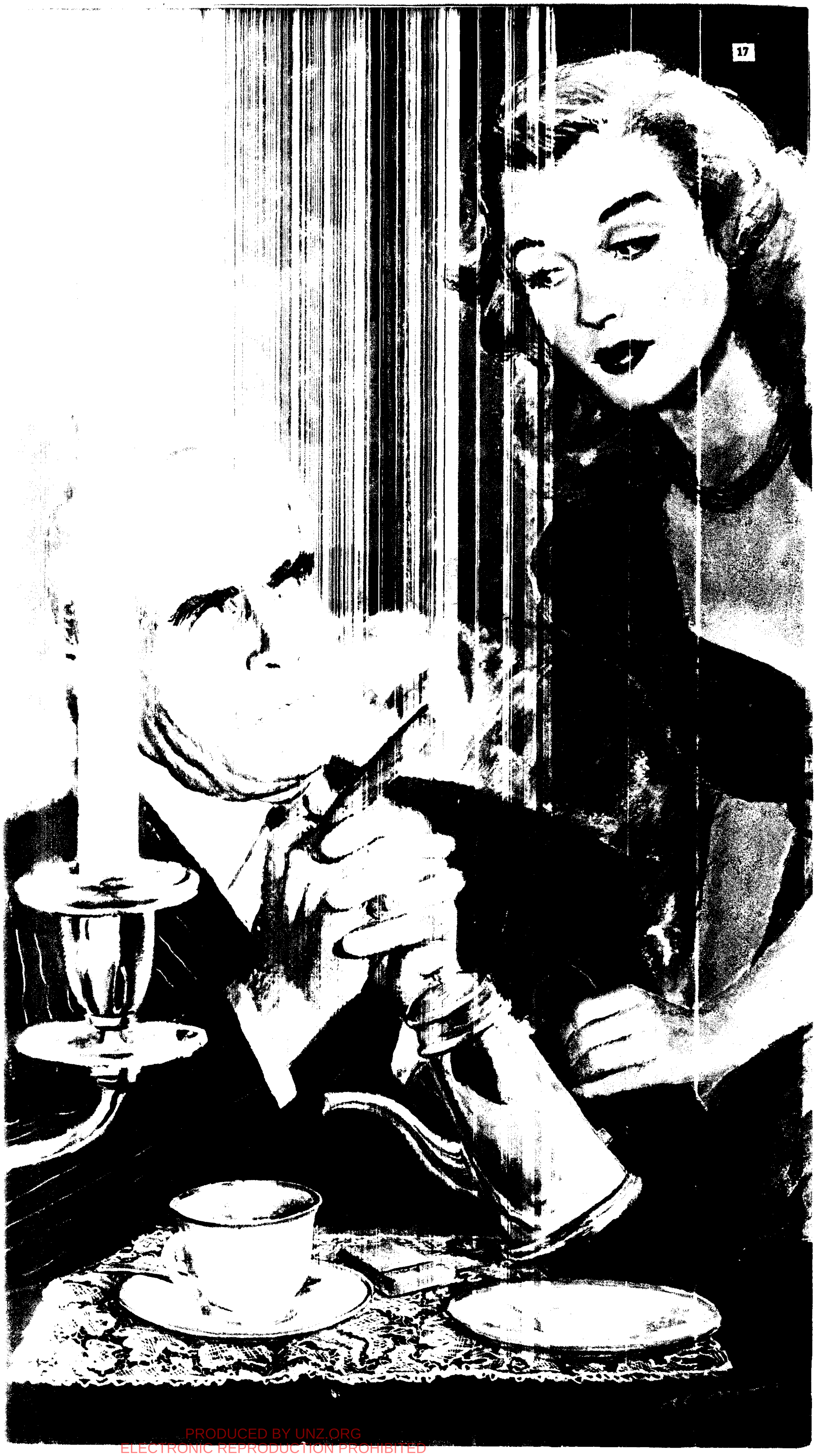
"That's all right. I'm not going back to St Paul until later. I'll be looking for you Come right up to 605."

Well, why not, Peter said to himself. It would be a break in routine and he was curious to know what Joe Lacey might have on his mind. There were also a few things he'd like to get off his chest and into the heads of some of these politicians. And there wasn't any reason for not seeing Lacey. No reason except the intangible one, stemming from the facts that Lacey had made trouble for the mining companies politically and Peter was employed by one of those companies. But he wasn't employed to think as they told him or to fight their political battles. He had made that clear to himself long ago and proved it to his bosses. He was one of the Greysolon mining engineers and they were certainly holding it down to no more than that. He didn't owe the company more than he was giving it.

Ellen had been wrong. Not about the fact that Peter's record in the war would be known at home. The publicity that he drew when he stepped off the plane in New York had surprised and even astonished Peter. An Army public relations man had met him and later there were reporters at his hotel. The Army, for reasons of its own and after consultation with the Treasury, which had a Bond Drive coming on, was featuring the story of the American share in making invasion of the continent possible. Peter exemplified it. He understood the technical difficulties, the resourcefulness, the reasons for success. He told it well and modestly. He looked the part of a hero, thinned down by action rather grim around the mouth, easy with smiles and kidding, and ready to pass on the credit.

Young Mrs. Clyde, fresh from terrible bombing experiences, had talked about Peter to the reporters. She too was news in her own way. Social news, as any niece of Lady Dunn would be, and this one especially with all her chic, her daring, her familiarity with great names and great houses in England

(Continued on page 63)



Desmond frowned. "What's this all about, Ellen?" he asked irritably. "Why are you trying to fight young Wymark's battles?"

The new treaty between China and Russia, arranged with our knowledge and consent, puts us into Asia to stay. Upon American policy depend the future of China and our relations with the USSR

SOS BRE 1370

CNS—GUILLUMET

American army officers inspect Tuchan, high-water mark of the Japanese invasion of 1944

OUR NEW FRONTIER WITH RUSSIA

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

THE most important treaty of the postwar era was recently signed in Moscow. It was written in Chinese, but actually it was a treaty between Russia and the United States. As such, it defines the postwar frontier of American interest on the far side of the Pacific. The result of the treaty is to give America first choice in determining how much foreign aid is to be used, and in what way, in shaping the China of the future. The Russians have clearly indicated that they do not wish to challenge us.

That is the simplest way of describing the new Russian-Chinese treaty, under which Russia declares hands off in Chinese domestic politics and in the vast Chinese central Asian province of Sinkiang, and promises to withdraw Russian troops from Manchuria in the amazingly short period of three months after the formal Japanese surrender. China, for her part, agrees to a plebiscite for the independence of Outer Mongolia—which has already been independent in fact for twenty years.

In addition, China and Russia agreed together on the management of those of the Manchurian railways in which Russia formerly had an interest. They also agreed on a joint Chinese-Russian naval base at Port Arthur. The Russian railway interest is to be purely commercial, without military controls.

It seems likely that the major Russian interest is a combination of getting prestige as a victor and getting a financial return, during the period of joint operation, on the original Russian capital investment, because after thirty years, "the Chinese Changchun Railway with all its property will revert to the full possession of the Chinese government free of cost."

Even in the joint naval base of Port Arthur, "when the agreement comes to an end, all the equipment and public equipment put up by the USSR in the given area is handed over without compensation and becomes the property of the Chinese government." Never in its history has China signed so favorable an agreement, where railways or bases were concerned.

In two important respects, this treaty is as favorable to America as it is to China, and for these and other reasons is in fact a Russian-American treaty in addition to being a Russian-Chinese treaty. In the first place, we had a hand in the negotiations. It has been officially stated that both the State Department in Washington and our embassy in Moscow were kept informed at all times. As a matter of fact, the agreement could never have been negotiated but for the confidence which both Chiang Kai-shek and Stalin have in President Truman.

Soviet Wants U.S. to Take Lead

The significance of this fact goes beyond the mere statement. What it means is that the Russians not only did not resent our being interested in what they and the Chinese were talking about, but wanted us to be interested.

The Russian declaration of hands off in Chinese politics was also a broad hint that the Russians would like to see America take the initiative in setting up the lines of international policy in the Far East. Again the Russians have shown that they would like to make friendly relations with America the cornerstone of their world policy.

In the second place, the treaty blunts the edge of the most acute danger arising out of the defeat of Japan—the danger that America and Russia might engage in head-on rivalry through Russian backing of the Chinese Communists and American backing of the Kuomintang, the party which controls the internationally recognized government of China.

The lessening of this great danger does not, however, mean that we have no more problems in China, or that all our remaining problems are easier. Far from it. The most difficult lesson to learn from history is that the solution of a great problem has never yet cleared the field of other problems. Human nature has led generation after generation of human beings to get caught in this trap—the trap of taking it easy after a big problem has been successfully handled—but the fact is that the settling of any big problem always and automatically leads to the formation of new problems.

In handling the new problems which are

already showing over the horizon. President Truman, if he is to keep his sure touch on American foreign policy, will need the backing of an informed American public opinion which knows what it wants, and why. And in order to know what he wants and why, the American citizen needs to re-examine the classic aims and interests and the classic methods of American policy on the far shores of the Pacific with as much realism as a man who is putting his life savings into an investment.

The keystone of our Far Eastern policy has always been maintenance of the territorial and administrative integrity of China. We began to follow that policy in the days when there was a need to prevent other powers from dividing China up into spheres of influence and zones of annexation. How far do we need to modify our policy now that we ourselves have become the strongest power with access to the coast of China by sea and air?

The most important countries for us to consider are China itself and Russia, because these two countries have come out of the war not only with added importance but with new kinds of importance, while countries like Great Britain and France have come out of the war with their old importance in the Far East somewhat diminished.

The Russians rank next to us in sheer power in the postwar world. Their willingness to declare themselves out of Chinese politics is a symptom of power, not of weakness—because, whatever the terms of the new Russian-Chinese treaties and agreements, the position which the Russians now hold is so strong that if things were to go wrong in China they could declare themselves in again any time they wanted to.

America's New Situation

Actually, Russia has not only stepped aside, but has deposited the postwar baby in China's lap. It is now up to China to make good and to show that its government, recognized without reservation by Russia and by the rest of the world, can safely be trusted with the care and feeding of babies. And since America is China's chief supporter and the most important source to which the Chinese government can look for economic aid, we Americans have a new situation to consider. We must make it clear to the world what our Far Eastern policy is. We must do it soon.

And since no one is challenging our leadership, we cannot get by with an emergency policy which restricts itself to blocking the designs of other powers. It is up to us to show that we can consider the future in broad terms, and are capable of the leadership which both China and Russia clearly expect of us.

In facing the problems and responsibilities of leadership, we must make full allowance for what we and others have already done. We ourselves, by mobilizing and applying our strength by sea, land and air on a scale which we ourselves would not have believed possible before Pearl Harbor, did the biggest part of the job of removing Japan from operation as a great power. Both because of what we ourselves have done in this war and because of what others have done, we cannot restore the international situation that existed before Pearl Harbor.

Let us look for a moment at what others have done. The Japanese, though defeated now, did accomplish one thing that will have a lasting effect on history. They destroyed the idea of the *permanency* of the colonial system. Before this war, the colonial peoples already aspired to future freedom, but in the shadow of the world's power structure, their aspirations looked thin and academic.

Power as great as that which was held by Britain, Holland and France, the leading colonial empires, is never willingly given up; and no nation in sight seemed both willing and able to take that power away. Then Japan did just that. Before Pearl Harbor, the Japanese bluffed their way into French Indo-China without a fight. After Pearl Harbor, Hong Kong and Singapore were taken by storm in an incredibly short time. Almost

(Continued on page 46)

CHINA FILM—GUILLUMETTE

Market scene in Mongolia. Under the new treaty with Russia, China has agreed to hold a plebiscite for independence of Mongolia

SOVFOTO—RADIOFOTO

Russian sailors raise their naval flag over Port Arthur after the Japanese surrender. The city will be a joint Chinese-Russian base

Some soldiers of the Min-Ping (people's militia) carry ancient flashpan bird guns. Others are armed with captured tommy guns

ACME

Dark Water

BY H [illegible] VESTER

ILLUST [illegible] LOR LEWIS

Both of their lives had been scarred by events they wished to forget. Yet, to help each other Anne and Bart had to come face to face with the very things they feared

SITTING in the high chair by the big, white-edged pool, a towel thrown over her knees, she could see not only all of the pool, but also the surrounding tables and chairs and the people in them. When, on hot days, she put the beach umbrella up over her, it was as though she were secluded in a small cave of shadow and could look out unseen upon the people around her and in the water.

Her name was Anne Bourne and ever since the war had begun to take away the young men she had been working during the summers as a lifeguard. She worked a short day, from nine to three, when most of those in the pool were children. Adults or a crowd frightened her. It was only as she had grown older that she had known about this. She knew then that she had never liked the staring, and even avid, faces that peered down at her from the pool edge of many swimming meets and many victories.

What she had liked then, when she had been a swimming champion, was the water; and because she had been good in the water she could resent for always the staring people.

It was for this reason that she wore a robe or, on the high chair, a towel over her knees. It was why she was uneasy and shy near adults. It might even have been—although she could never be sure—why she had not contracted one of the easy marriages that many of the other girl swimmers did. Some of the girls didn't do even this well, so that frequently Anne thought of herself as lucky, now that she was out of competition, to be a gym teacher at a public school during the winter.

Today she had finished her swimming lessons with the children at the shallow end of the pool and had changed her suit for a dry one and was sitting in the high chair when she saw him again, sitting at one of the tables near the pool. He was staring at her across the water, but out of long habit she did not meet his eyes, although she was thinking of how hot he must be in that uniform. She wondered why they made so heavy the neat, gray-blue uniforms and overseas caps the foreign fliers wore in this country.

This was at least the third time he had been here of a morning, sitting near the pool with a drink by him and just looking, the cap pushed with careful rakishness off the curled and dark red hair. Anne even knew that the little tab on his shoulder said Scotland. Looking at him in the heavy uniform made her realize the increasing heat and she turned to put up the beach umbrella. She could feel him watching her as she moved. The new coolness seemed to accentuate her realization of how hot he must be, for the awnings hadn't been stretched yet for that day.

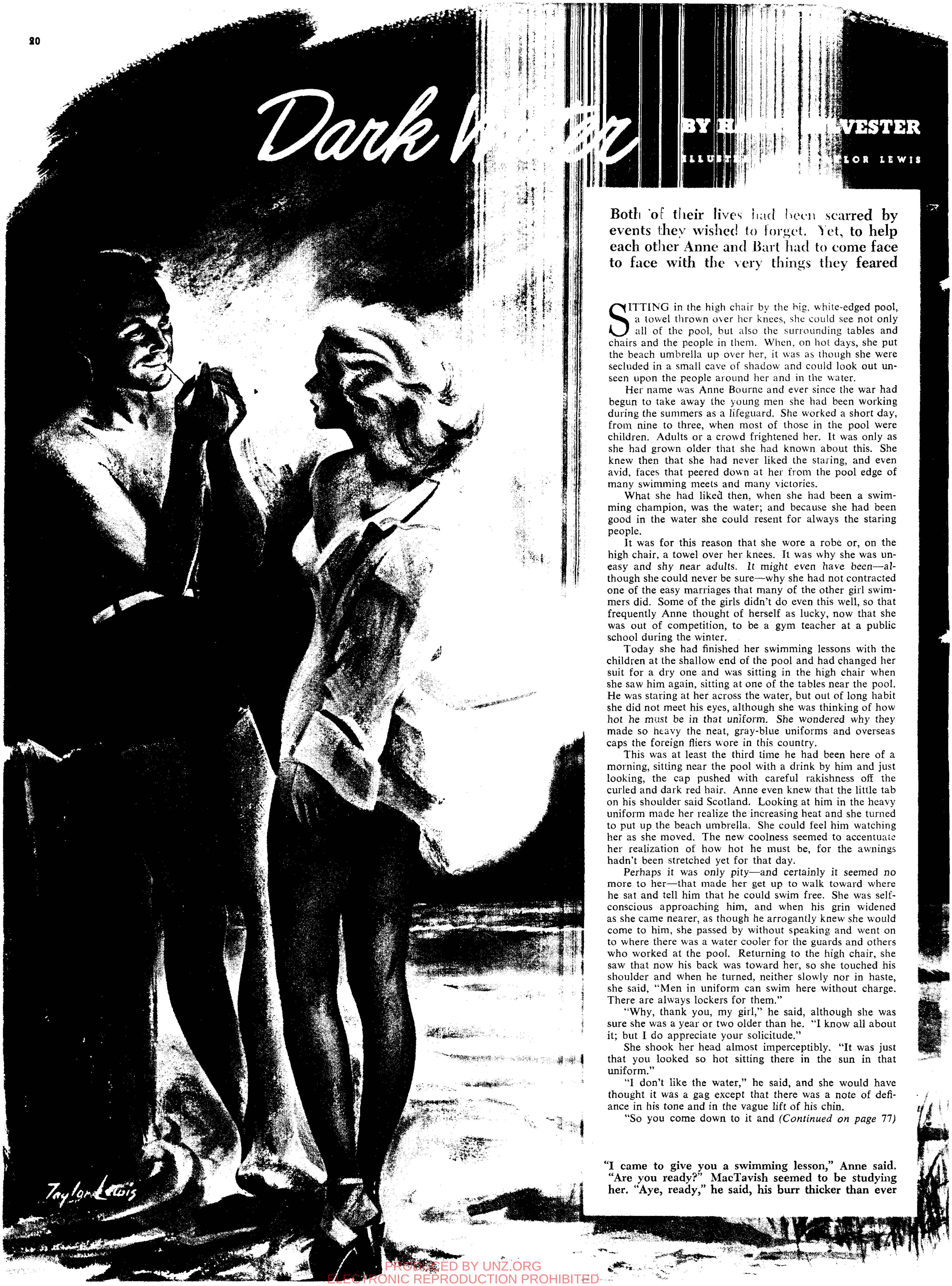
Perhaps it was only pity—and certainly it seemed no more to her—that made her get up to walk toward where he sat and tell him that he could swim free. She was self-conscious approaching him, and when his grin widened as she came nearer, as though he arrogantly knew she would come to him, she passed by without speaking and went on to where there was a water cooler for the guards and others who worked at the pool. Returning to the high chair, she saw that now his back was toward her, so she touched his shoulder and when he turned, neither slowly nor in haste, she said, "Men in uniform can swim here without charge. There are always lockers for them."

"Why, thank you, my girl," he said, although she was sure she was a year or two older than he. "I know all about it; but I do appreciate your solicitude."

She shook her head almost imperceptibly. "It was just that you looked so hot sitting there in the sun in that uniform."

"I don't like the water," he said, and she would have thought it was a gag except that there was a note of defiance in his tone and in the vague lift of his chin.

"So you come down to it and *(Continued on page 77)*



"I came to give you a swimming lesson," Anne said. "Are you ready?" MacTavish seemed to be studying her. "Aye, ready," he said, his burr thicker than ever

It Tastes Expensive

by Amy Porter

The superb dishes of the French chef, Gabriel Beaumont, consist of ordinary food plus a touch of imagination. Try a few of these

Chef Beaumont serves a prize duckling dish to celebrities at the Stork Club. Left to right: John Dall, Nancy Walker, Arlene Francis, Arlene Whelan and the Stork's owner, Sherman Billingsley. Standing: Captain Andrew, headwaiter

TWO years ago, when Gabriel Beaumont first was offered the position of head chef at the Stork Club, he wasn't a bit sure he liked the idea.

"I have known about this place," he said (only speaking with a very French accent "thees" for "this," and so on). "This is the place for drinking and to look at the one which has the famous name. This is not the place for eating."

Sherman Billingsley, the Stork's owner and proprietor, submitted that his customers liked to eat, the same as other people and, in fact, did eat.

Beaumont pursed his lips skeptically. "I have cooked only in the best houses," he went on with calm snobbery. "My kitchen in the English embassy at Vienna was very high kitchen, no question of that. I have cooked in Paris, in Lisbon, always the best. I am not the one to cook for the people who drink the cocktails and do not know what they eat. Ten highballs and the steak sandwich, that is not eating."

Billingsley, suppressing his conviction that the steak sandwich was still pretty good eating, with or without highballs, offered more blandishments, composed half and half of flattery and salary, and at last captured Beaumont.

After two years of Beaumont rule, the Stork emphatically is "the place for eating." In anticipation of a special Beaumont dish, even those crass people who are fond of the cocktail hold themselves to two, the better to taste what they eat.

"You can still get *pâté de foie gras* there," people say. But they say wrong, according to the chef. "We have not the real *pâté* any more," he admits, "but we have *Pâté de Maison*. We make this from chicken livers a special way. Ver-ry nice, ver-ry tasty."

On the word "tasty," Beaumont touches thumb to forefinger in a delicate circle and makes as if to kiss his finger tips in the ancient French gesture of appreciation.

Beaumont starts out with the same ingredients and the same shortages all of us home cooks start out with, but along the way he adds a mysterious loving touch which makes his dishes taste—well, expensive. The trick, it seems, is more love than mystery—a little extra care in the cooking, a little more originality in the seasoning.

There's fish and chicken and duck and chicken livers, and sometimes beef, not necessarily the best cut of beef, to start out with. But—well, what do you do when faced with the job of cooking filet of sole? Slap it into a hot frying pan? For shame!

Of course, in the first place, it won't be filet of sole. We don't get that imported fish any more. But it can be filet of some other excellent white fish—say flounder or sea bass.

So . . . Here's Chef Beaumont in the kitchen with four fish filets—and in the dining room are four guests anticipating something really good. He puts the filets, salted, in a lightly buttered pan (it can be greased with margarine or oil) with one-quarter pound of seedless grapes and one-half cup of wine—domestic Chablis or any dry white wine.

Preparing a Gourmet's Delight

He lets the concoction simmer slowly for from six to eight minutes. Simmer, mind you. Here there is no frying whatever. In another pan, he melts two teaspoons of butter and stirs in two teaspoons of flour. Slowly he adds the juice from the fish pan and gently cooks and stirs, until he has a thin sauce. Now he takes the sauce off the fire and folds in a tablespoon of whipped cream. (Beaumont, even as you and I, made his wartime whipped cream by adding a little gelatin to thin cream—directions on the gelatin package.) He places the fish and grapes in a heatproof serving dish, puts the sauce on top, and pops the whole business in the oven for a moment or two, until it is a beautiful light golden brown.

That, O you would-be chefs, is Filet of Sole Véronique, a mighty important-looking dish, not a bit tricky to make and ver-ry tasty.

To show you what an ingenious fellow this Gabriel is, one day when we ordered the Véronique thing, it tasted not quite the same—poetic, still, but somehow different. Later, Beaumont explained: "The grapes, they did not come today, so I have used raisins. Is good?"

Is good. For four filets, you take a cup of seedless raisins, boil them in water for a couple of minutes to puff them up, drain and soak in a little white wine, to cut the sweetness, until ready to use.

And if you have no cream at all, you give body to the sauce by stirring in the lightly

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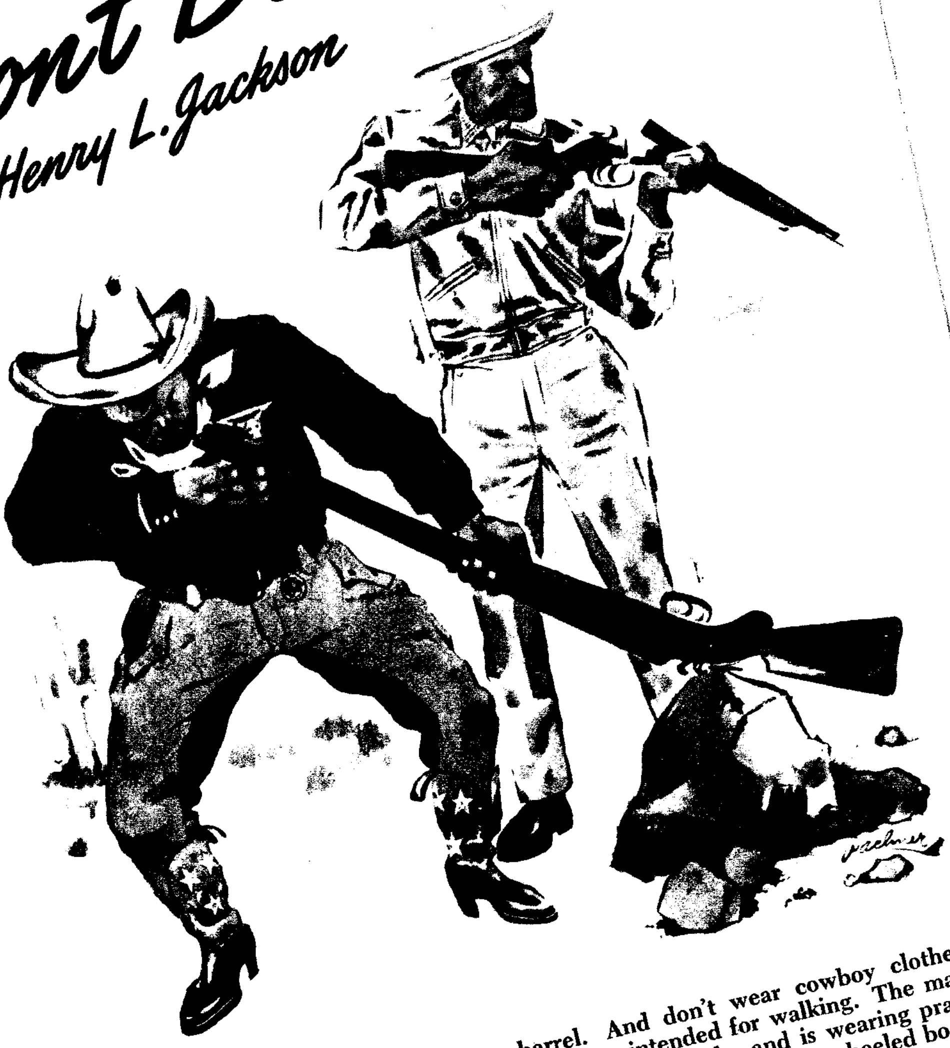
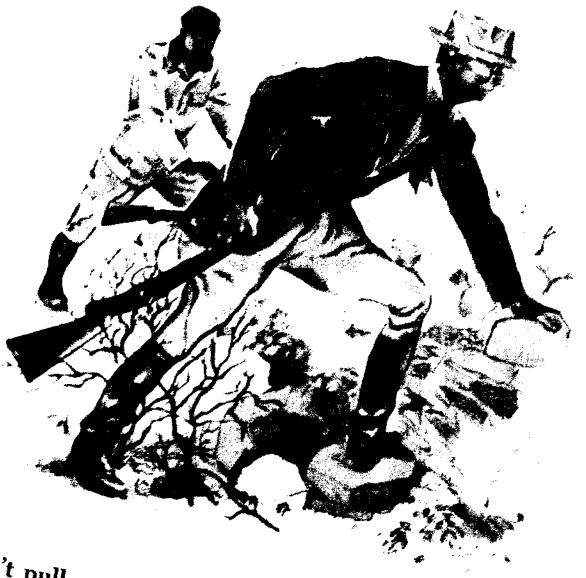
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

Don't Do That!

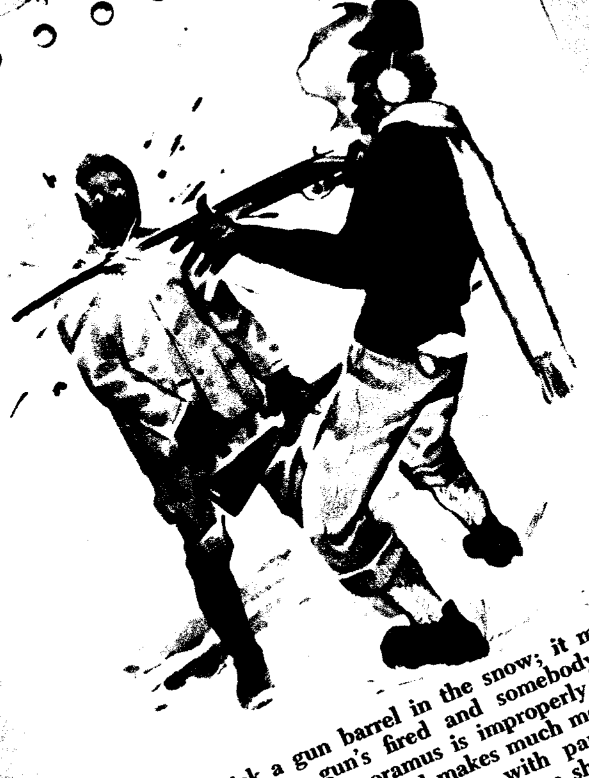
By Henry L. Jackson



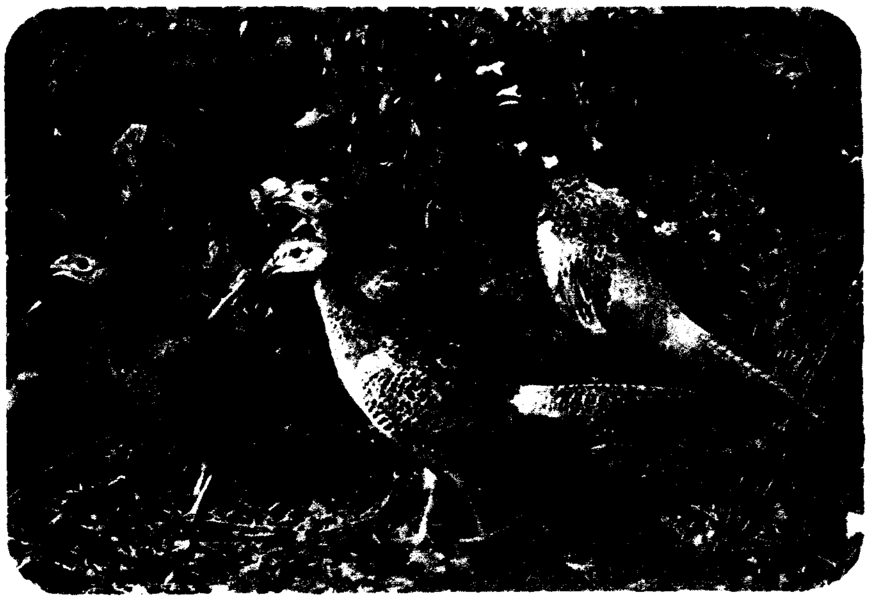
Don't look down your gun barrel. And don't wear cowboy clothes hunting; high-heeled boots were never intended for walking. The man in the background is inspecting his gun properly, and is wearing practical clothing—zipper-front jacket, frontier trousers and flat-heeled boots



Don't pull or carry a gun over a wall or fence after you. Also, don't dress like the man in the foreground. Riding boots are no good for hunting. The man in the background is all right—he's got on easy-fitting breeches, rubber hunting boots and a good jacket. And he handles his gun correctly



Don't stick a gun barrel in the snow; it may explode next time the gun's fired and somebody might get killed. And this ignoramus is improperly dressed. His friend in the background makes much more sense with a cotton, alpaca-lined jacket with parka, high field boots and good double-faced cotton shooting breeches



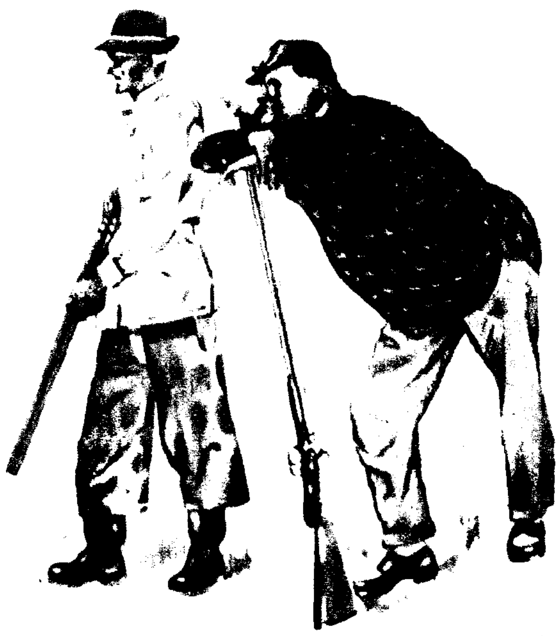
ROBERT G. ANDERSON

CORNFIELD ROCKETS

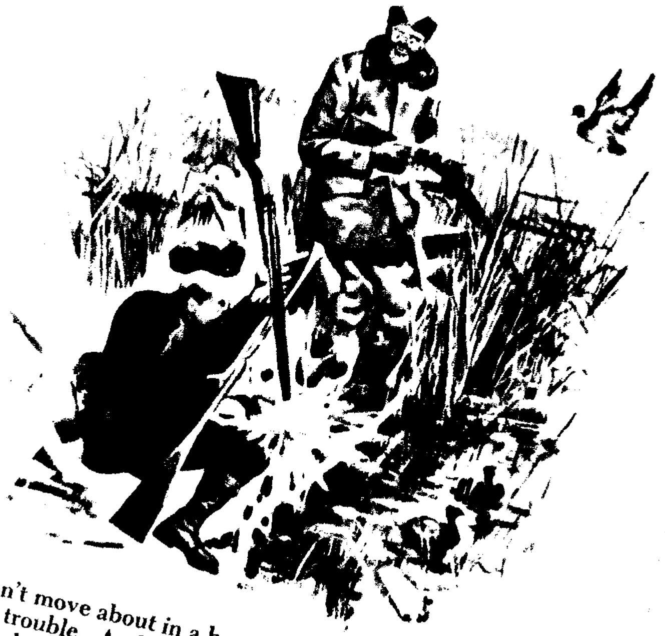
BY FRANK DUFRESNE

With an annual bag of more than 16,000,000, equal in meat value to 50,000 steers, the colorful, swift-flying pheasant has taken its place as the No. 1 game bird of the U.S.

SOME mighty fine shooting has been done by men who just take off with gun and dog, wearing any old clothing that comes handy. Others [illegible] take great interest in their equipment and [illegible] sloppy [illegible]



Don't lean on a gun barrel, unless you'd like to lose an arm and maybe the end of your nose. The stalwart in the background is holding his gun correctly, and is wearing proper clothing, too—cotton-processed jacket, leather-faced briar chaps over light-weight trousers, leather field boots with rubber soles. And a nice hat

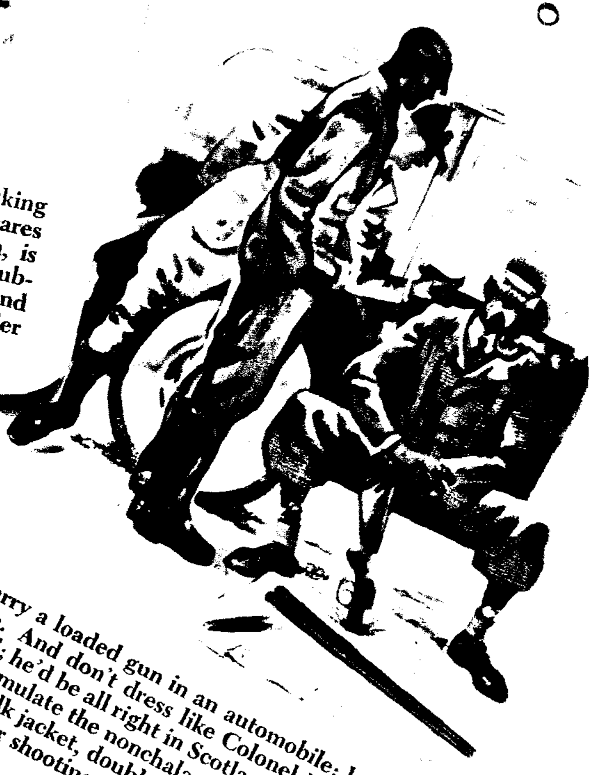


Don't move about in a boat with a loaded gun; it's asking for trouble. And don't wear a red flannel shirt; it scares the ducks. The man standing, with an empty gun, is okay. He wears a neutral, alpaca-lined jacket, brown rubber hip boots, heavy mittens and an alpaca-lined cap. And if he handles his gun with mittens on, he's a real wonder

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

WILLIAM PACHNER



Don't carry a loaded gun in an automobile; break it before getting in. And don't dress like Colonel Blimp on the running board; he'd be all right in Scotland but he's all wrong in America. Emulate the nonchalant gent to his right—wear a cotton Norfolk jacket, double-faced trousers, plaid shirt and tie, soft leather shooting boots and a becoming shooting cap

ing unless they're wearing proper shooting clothes. Also, most hunters of experience handle their guns with the respect due them, but in every hunting party there are usually some who are so careless that actually they shouldn't be allowed within a mile of a firearm. Here, in picture form, are some of the do's and don't's of hunting—what the well-dressed hunter should and should not wear, and what he should and should not do with his gun. ★★★

YOU won't be driving very far along the dirt roads of the Dakota prairies until pheasants start showing up. At first, there are only a few more than you might see in many other states during the fall season, but as the miles roll by, they begin flashing past the windows of your car faster than you can count them. In a burst of color they flush from the ditches to wing past the windshield. You all but run over them as they scoot across the right of way. You see them roosting boldly on the rancher's haycocks, and flocking around the corncribs within a stone's toss of his kitchen door. Like animated blossoms they dot the vast grain stubbles as far as the eye can see. They're everywhere.

In a roadside cornfield you hear shotguns drumming, and you pull up near a parked car to await results. After a while the shooting stops; four red-capped hunters come puffing into view, loaded down as if they'd just raided a henhouse. They stumble across the ditch to their car and toss a total of nineteen fancy-colored, long-tailed birds up into the slatted container on top.

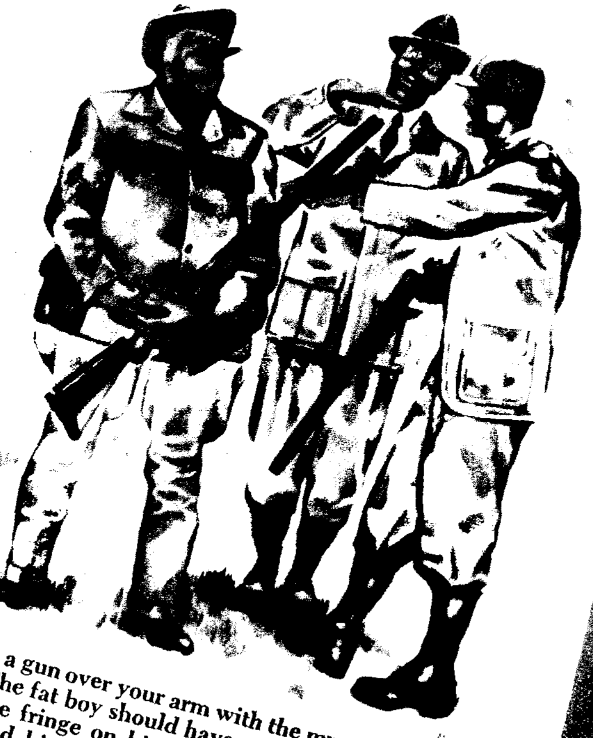
They crowd into the car, and you hear them say something about heading for the next cornfield. A fellow in a checkered shirt slides in behind the steering wheel, the engine roars and the car shoots away. So does a brilliant-plumaged cock pheasant that had squatted unseen within fifteen feet. With a loud, razzing, "Cuk! Cuk! Cuk! CUK!" it explodes into a dazzling pinwheel of maroon sienna and iridescence and, with its tail streaming behind it like a comet, loops back into the cornstalks. From the low barley stubble another cock and two brown-colored hens pop to their feet and leg it for cover.

In a few minutes, another car comes along. More hunters tumble out, jack their shotguns full of shells and start through the same cornfield. Their red caps are still in sight, bobbing excitedly here and there above the sere stalks, when the first feathered rocket shoots up against the sky. It folds in midair as a charge of chilled sixes catches up with it. Then, while a few glistening feathers are still drifting in the wind, the whole place seems to erupt with whirring wings. A rolling barrage of gunfire sweeps from one edge of the field to the other. . . .

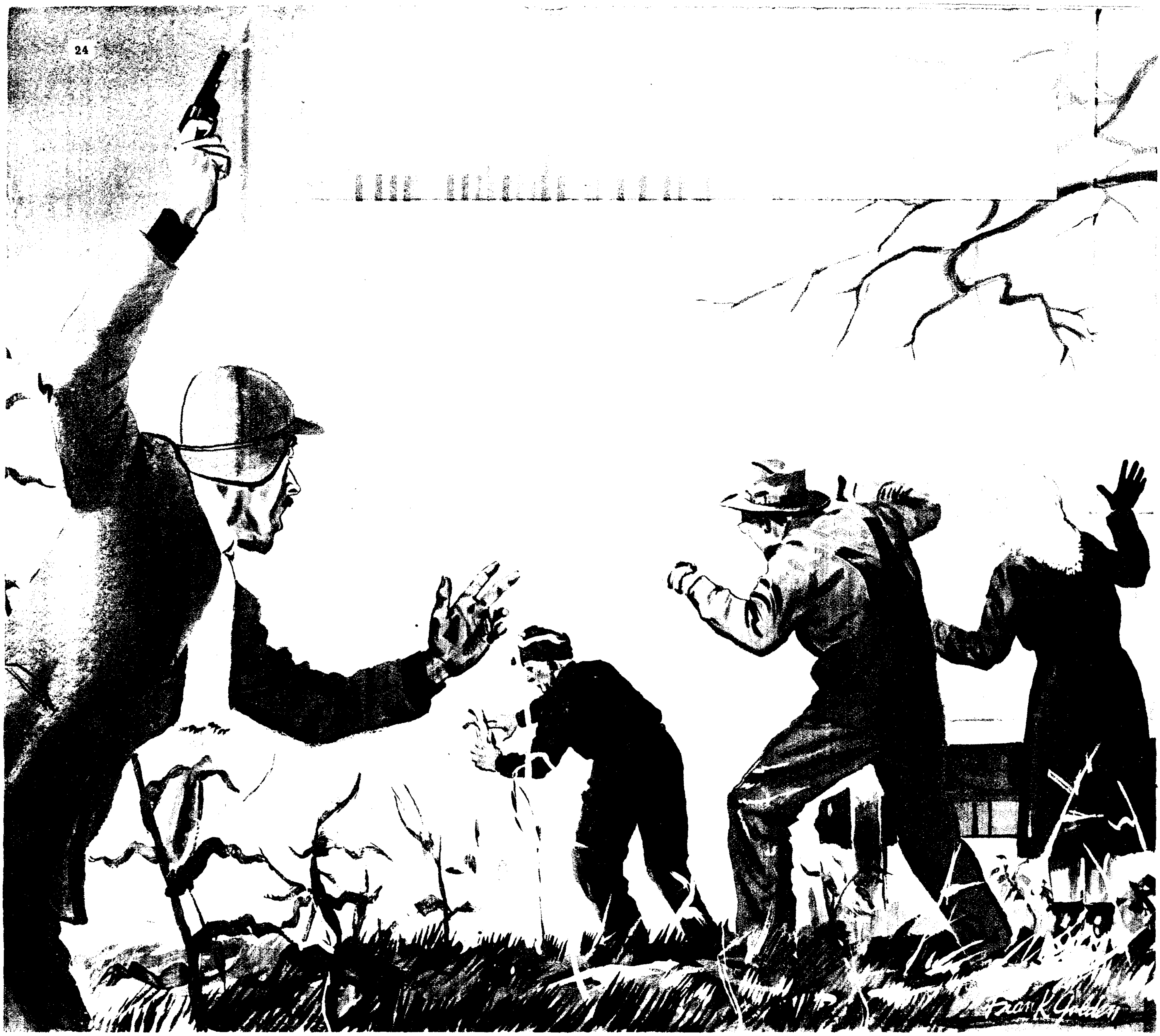
The Dakotas are like that. Pheasants sprout from the black, fertile soil faster than an army of hunters can mow them down. In South Dakota, last season, the regular open season on these gaudy game birds lasted for 120 days. But it wasn't long enough. Surveys by men who know their business showed that the crop was not yet harvested. There were still too many birds in the cover for the winter carry-over. So they added on 40 more days. From September 20th straight through to February 28th—only three weeks less than a half year—you could go out there and take your cut at the pheasants. Bag limits were equally generous. In some counties the daily limit was seven, three of which could be hens. In other counties it was ten.

The take easily exceeded all previous records. When the hunters finally laid away their guns, they had accounted for the staggering number of 6,500,000 pheasants. Neighboring North Dakota, with its northeast

(Continued on page 85)



Don't carry a gun over your arm with the muzzle pointing at someone. The fat boy should have stayed home; he's badly dressed. The fringe on his leather coat will catch on the branches, and his jodhpurs are just plain silly. The correct attire here is the cotton poplin jacket and the bird shooting jacket, both with ample pockets, and Zouave pants



Mr. Bridgewater came over to the field holding a pistol in his hand. As the shot rang out, the wagons rolled into the field and the contest was on

Mother said Father had as much business with a farm as she had with a castle. But she didn't mind in the least showing him how to make it pay

I THINK the idea entered Father's mind that afternoon when we drove into the country to buy our Thanksgiving turkey. It was a day of the clearest brilliance with the first sharp tang of approaching winter in the air. On each side of the road lay the tawny cornfields, some of their stalks bent and broken now where the huskers' wagons had passed over them. Crows rose complaining raucously from almost every fence post, and here and there about the flat country tall gray pillars of smoke rose where farmers were burning strawstacks.

Suddenly Father pulled Dick to an abrupt halt and sat with his head cocked a little on one side. "Hear that?" he exclaimed.

We listened intently but there was no sound except the muffled thud of ears of corn striking against a wagon box in a field where a farmer was busy with his husking. Father shook his head. "Slow, slow," he muttered. "That fellow couldn't hold his row back in Illinois where I learned to husk corn."

Mother said impatiently: "Please, John. It's getting late."

"You didn't know I was once a champion husker, did you, Jeff?" Father said to me.

I said no, I hadn't known it, and Father went on enthusiastically: "Well, I was. Seventy-five bushels a day was just play for me. It's all a matter of rhythm, Jeff. Step, rip, bang. Step, rip, bang. Sometimes I'd have two ears in the air at once."

"John!" Mother said warningly.

"Well it seemed like it. People used to say the way that corn came sailing into the wagon box it sounded like it, too."

Father clucked to Dick then and we drove on. But he kept looking back over his shoulder at the field where the farmer was working.

There was a faint little smile on Mother's lips and it was still there when we turned into the August Wett farm. Father was sniffing the air eagerly. "Smell that wood smoke, Lou?" he asked. "Ah, a farm's the place to be when the holiday season comes along. Good old-fashioned meals and a big fire going in the fireplace and relatives and neighbors dropping in."

"Yes," Mother said. "And good old-fashioned dirt, too. There's Mr. Wett now, John. Try to pick out a good twelve-pound turkey."

The German farmer came up and put his foot on the hub of our buggy wheel. "Well, August," Father said jovially, "I see you're burning hickory in your kitchen stove."

"Nein," Mr. Wett said. "Chust cobs."

"Oh," Father said. He was frowning when he got out of the buggy to go with Mr. Wett to the shed where the turkeys were penned.

THEY were gone a long time and when they came back Father was still frowning. He was carrying a red-wattled turkey cock by the legs and he dumped it unceremoniously into the back of the buggy and we drove out of the yard. "That damned Dutchman," he muttered. "Lou, do you know what he wants for that farm? One hundred dollars an acre. And I happen to know he practically stole it ten years ago."

Mother stared at him anxiously. "Why, John? You're not thinking of buying a farm, are you?"

"Well. I might if I could get one at a fair price. There's nothing like owning a piece of land, Lou. It would be a great place for Jeff to go to summers. And we could drive out Saturdays and bring in butter and eggs."

"You mean you'd drive out," Mother snapped. "You might as well know, first as last, that I'll have nothing to do with a farm."

"Now, Lou," Father said placatingly, "you know very well that a farm means security. The wealth of the country comes off the land."

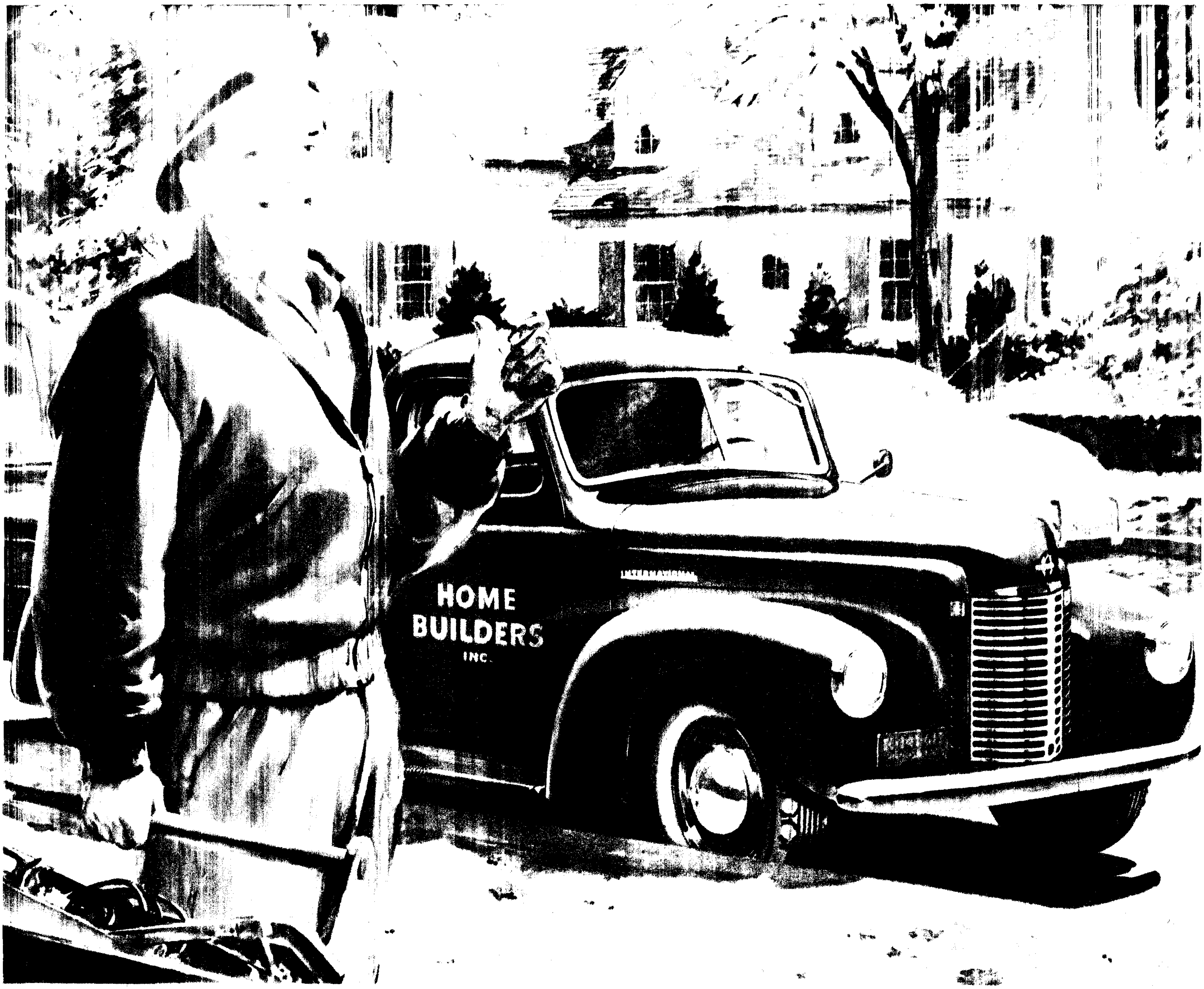
"Well, it can just stay there," Mother said tartly. "Your business is running grain elevators and you'd better leave farming to farmers."

"Why, Lou, I was raised on a farm. Back in Illinois—"

"That was twenty years ago, John, and I notice that you got away from it as fast as ever you could."

Father slapped the lines across Dick's back and his lower lip stuck out the way it always did when Mother got him in a corner. When we reached home he tossed the reins to old

(Continued on page 33)



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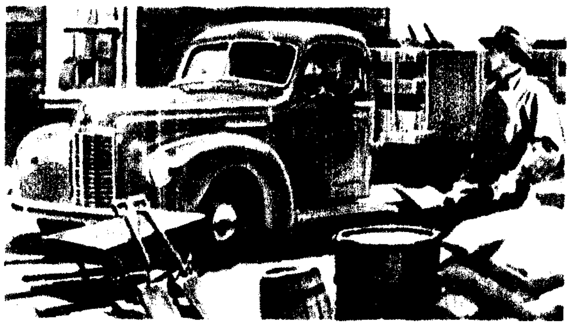

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STRICTLY SKYHAPPY

BY LT. COL. COREY FORD AND MAJOR ALASTAIR MACBAIN

RUSH told us about the turkey earlier that evening, as we crowded six deep under the single trickle of water from an overhead gasoline drum and let the dust of north Luzon wash off our bare bodies. Soap skidded, fists thumped on chests, there was the excitement of a locker room after a good, fast game. These aces of the Third Air Commandos played hard. An hour ago they had been strafing Jap positions in their P-51s; now they were ready to relax until tomorrow.

The turkey had been a present from a friend at Clark Field, Captain Russhon said; he was going to barbecue it over a fire in front of his hut, and we were all invited to the feast. Already the blazing coconut husks were sending red shadows over the circle of bamboo shacks, as we made our way across the compound after our shower. A poker game had already started, with Colonel Olsen ("Honest Arvid, the Poker Player's Friend") as the night's victim. The other victim, a turkey, was hobbled by one foot to Rush's front steps, gobbling plaintively. Someone had a bottle of Japanese sake. Each of us took a swallow and said, "Banzai!" It tasted like a mixture of cream soda pop and nitroglycerin, with a dash of kerosene to taste.

"Lieutenant Curdes got the DFC last week," Lieutenant Colonel Walker Mahurin told us solemnly. Bud Mahurin got 21 Nazi planes when he fought in Europe. Lieutenant Curdes began to look uncomfortable.

"He got credit for a Jap plane, too," Bud said. "Tell how you got your Jap plane, Lieutenant Curdes."

Lieutenant Curdes was very red and embarrassed. It was a perfectly natural mistake, he said. He had been flying his P-51 north of Luzon looking for Nip planes and he saw this C-47 with American Army markings, about to land on a Jap airfield. The nearest American field was three hundred miles to the south; there had been no word of one of our own transports in these parts; obviously this was a Jap trick. He dived at the plane, guns blazing, and it pulled up its wheels and headed out to sea. He made another pass at it, missed the fuselage in his excitement—that was a particularly sore point with him—but managed to knock out both engines.

The plane landed on the water; and then, as he swooped low, he saw to his horror that American personnel, including a few nurses, were getting out into the rubber boats. Stricken, he notified Air-Sea Rescue of its position, returned to his base, confessed to Colonel Olsen what he had done, and then crawled under his bed and waited for the lightning to strike.

It struck a few days later, in the form of a summons to report to the general at once. Lieutenant Curdes hurried down, wondering whether he would be shot at sunrise or whether they would commute it to life at hard labor. The general and his staff were out on the field to meet him as he arrived; and with considerable ceremony, the general pinned the Distinguished Flying Cross on his quaking chest. Extraordinary courage and presence of mind, the citation read, in preventing the lost transport plane with twelve people from landing in Jap hands.

What's more, his excellent marksmanship in knocking out the C-47's engines without even scratching the fuselage reflected credit on the Air Forces' gunnery training. The general was proud of him. In view of the fact that the C-47 would have been Nip property in another moment, he added, he was giving Lieutenant Curdes credit for one Jap airplane. . . .

The fire had died down to a glowing bed of embers, just right for a barbecue. Rush got out his knife and looked at the turkey. Its wings and tail were drooping. Rush said uncertainly: "Well, I guess we better do something about the turkey." It was standing on one foot, swaying a little.

"I never killed a turkey," Rush said, looking around the group hopefully. Nobody said anything; we kept watching the turkey. Its bill opened and shut soundlessly. "Lookit the poor little bastard," Bud Mahurin said. "It's hungry."

None of us was quite sure what to feed the turkey. We tried it in vain on candy and homemade cookies. Bud opened a bottle of olives his wife had sent him, but the turkey showed no interest. Everybody in camp was bringing choice tidbits from home now, trying to make the turkey eat. Rush broke out a Christmas package he had been saving, and opened a tin of canned meat. The turkey began to peck at it with some enthusiasm. Rush held up the tin and inspected the label, and he looked shocked. "Tinned turkey," he read. "Why, he's a damn' cannibal. . . ."

So we ate Spam instead. But lying there in the warm tropic night with these wonderful skyhappy characters of the Third Air Commandos, that Spam was turkey. ★★★

Lt. Col. Walker Mahurin, Eighth Air Force ace, sits with Lt. Col. Corey Ford on the wing of his Mustang, decorated with 21 German crosses and a Jap Rising Sun

Air-Ground Liaison Officer Capt. Bill David briefs an intent group of Commando fighter pilots before a strafing mission in north Luzon. In the front row, Lt. Curdes studies the target on his situation map

CAPTAIN CHARLES RUSSHON, A.C.

Nobody Hates the Umpire—Yet

Continued from page 11

Shrewd old Charley McNary of Oregon observed one day, "Some fellows can read you out of your party and make you like them a whole lot better than some other fellow who gives you that new post office right in your home town. Lew Schwellenbach is one of the fellows you can't help but like."

Big men with large, friendly faces are supposed to be perennially good-natured. Lew Schwellenbach lives up to this expectation ninety per cent of the time. His stubbornness is tempered with an instinctive desire to get along with his fellow men.

"Gosh, I hate not to be able to go along with *you on that bill of yours,"* Schwellenbach said to a Democratic colleague in the Senate. "But I just can't. It's against my whole philosophy of government. I know you'll understand. I hope you'll understand. Please try to understand."

He looked so sad and wistful that the senator who had just lost his vote slapped him on his broad shoulder and said, "Sure, Lew, of course, I understand."

This capacity for mixing tolerance with vigor has made Lew Schwellenbach a natural peacemaker, a quality which may be of incalculable value in his new position as Secretary of Labor.

Heretofore his most spectacular accomplishments as a conciliator have been in the State of Washington, where two wild conventions of the Democratic Party would have fallen apart had it not been for his ability to quell savage political emotions. Washington is the state where Seattle's A. F. of L. teamster boss, Dave Beck, has waged grim labor conflict against Harry Bridges of the C.I.O.; where power companies and public-ownership groups fight over control of the vast dams at Bonneville and Grand Coulee; and where the conservative and liberal factions of the Democratic Party have on occasion actually come to blows at party conventions.

Soft Words Do More Than Clubs

One convention was so ferociously contested that the chairman splintered three gavels trying to keep order, and the sergeant-at-arms had to hack a limb from a Douglas fir tree to use as a club. Only Lew Schwellenbach, pleading soothingly with the delegates not to go berserk, kept the meeting in session.

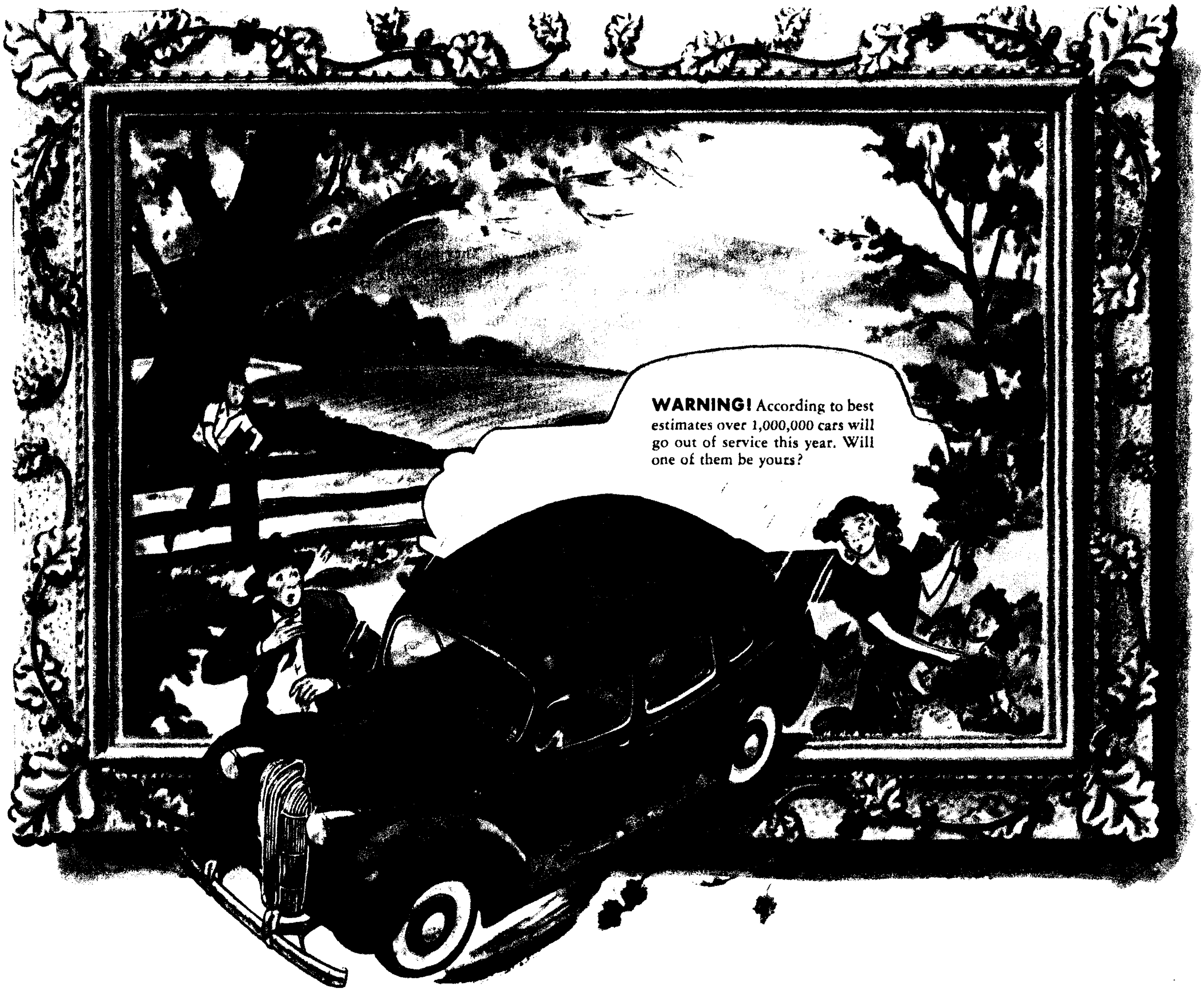
A year later his pacifying talent was needed even more desperately. Old-line Democrats were attempting to retain control of the convention against the belligerent delegates of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, a left-wing political organization with important trade-union backing.

The keynote speech by Homer T. Bone, Washington's senior senator, started the commotion. Delegates jostled and shoved their rivals in the aisles. A picture of Governor Clarence D. Martin, an old-line Democrat, was torn off the wall and stomped on by a wrathful New Dealer. Irate conservatives retaliated by throwing Lieutenant Governor Vic Meyers bodily off the platform. Left wingers and Jeffersonians met on the floor of the hall in an angry, free-swinging melee. Noses were bloodied and eyes blackened. A phalanx of Commonwealthers rushed the rostrum and crowded the conservatives off into the orchestra pit. Back came the conservatives in a Yale wedge. New Deal teeth were broken.

At this critical juncture, the Democratic state chairman sent out a desperate S O S for fifteen Tacoma policemen, but the law moved warily in a free-for-all which included governors, senators, lieutenant governors, judges, district attorneys and state legislators. Only two policemen showed up, and the rioting continued.

Then through the milling crowd a big man fought his way. Tie askew, glasses hanging precariously from one ear, he finally reached the platform and grabbed the microphone. A voice like a church organ fell on the turmoil.

"Friends of the State of Washington,"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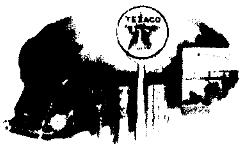

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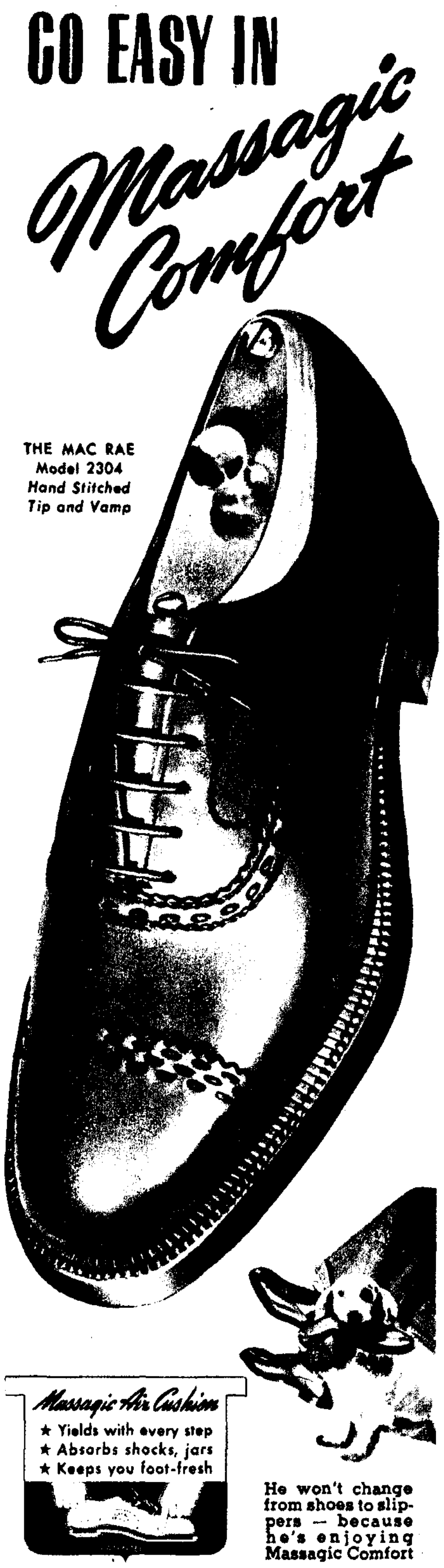

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pleaded Schwellenbach, "is this keeping faith with the people who have trusted us with their support? We represent the President of the United States in the Pacific Northwest. We must keep faith with him as well."

Gradually the speaker's mollifying words subdued the strife. Old-liners and left wingers compromised their bitter differences. Parliamentary procedure prevailed for the first time since the convention started.

Friends of the new Secretary of Labor hope that this same resourcefulness in emergencies will help bring labor peace to the United States.

In mid-September President Truman transferred to the Department of Labor three major agencies that had been operating on a free-lance basis—the War Labor Board, the War Manpower Commission and the United States Employment Service.

During the long regime of Frances Perkins, the Labor Department had been gutted of its functions, so that it wound up with authority to compile statistics, and that's about all. Now, with Schwellenbach in command, the Department has more sovereignty than it ever possessed before. Where Madame Perkins had been able only to certify disputes to the War Labor Board for settlement, Schwellenbach became, in effect, the War Labor Board.

As soon as he took office, Schwellenbach wired for such old cronies as Ike Comeaux, comptroller of Seattle's Cascade Mountains public power projects, and Ed Reilly, U.S. Attorney in Spokane. They headed eastward on the next plane.

When this hegira across the continent commenced, a newspaper reporter in Tacoma, who is not a Schwellenbach admirer, thumped his desk in disgust. "Oh, oh!" he exclaimed. "Lew's up to his old tricks of playing politics as hard as Ty Cobb ever played baseball. He'll load up the Labor Department with enough politicians to run a convention of paving contractors."

Another "Bone" of Contention

This charge was made against Schwellenbach whenever he appeared at the polls. One of his adversaries in a Washington State election charged that "Schwellenbach would take a postmastership away from his own grandfather if he didn't vote right." The claim was repeated when Schwellenbach quarreled constantly with his Democratic colleague in the Senate, Homer Bone, over local patronage. The two were barely on speaking terms. A pair of young Washington State representatives, Warren Magnuson and Mon Wallgren, virtually had to act as intermediaries between them.

Along Fourth Avenue in the heart of Seattle's hilly business district, leading Puget Sound businessmen also confide dark suspicions over what they term the "bosom friendship" between the new Secretary of Labor and Dave Beck. Beck is a labor autocrat who rules with all the subtlety of Genghis Khan. Dissident members of his big, powerful Teamsters' Union insist that the organization is run on the theory of "All in favor say 'Aye,' all opposed go home and send for the ambulance."

For years Schwellenbach served as attorney for the laundry workers and other A.F. of L. unions in Seattle which were totally under Beck's domination.

"You can't tell me that a man who tolerated and even welcomed connections like that is fit to head the Department of Labor of the United States government," protested a Seattle manufacturer.

Most left wingers in the State of Washington's political hurly-burly approve of Schwellenbach but a few harbor misgivings. A C.I.O. logger at Ilwaco hitched up his blue jeans and looked contemplatively off toward the green slopes of Cape Disappointment.

"Well," the grizzled woodsman observed, "I've been in the radical movement a long, long time. I helped organize I.W.W. locals in this state when loggers got one-fifty a day and were served food unfit for fodder for pack mules, but I never saw Brother Schwellenbach on the progressive side of any question until that side became popular along about 1932 or '34. I think he's a band-wagon rider, pure and simple. He holds his finger in the wind to test public opinion and then he sets his course accordingly."

Republicans in many Washington counties also contend that Schwellenbach's fervent political oratory originates elsewhere than the heart, and that it contrasts suspiciously with his calm, studious disposition.

"Lew can work himself into a lot of Democratic lather and evangelism on the platform and then be as cool as a cucumber thirty seconds later," said a Republican leader in Clark County. "If he ever leaves the Department of Labor he'd have a great future as a character actor in Hollywood."

Friends of Schwellenbach hotly dispute these claims. They point out that for twelve years he went down with the Democratic Party in Washington, while Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were sweeping the state. He faithfully stumped for the Democratic ticket when his party was so far behind that it could scarcely be communicated with by telegraph.

"If Lew was as insincere as his enemies think," said a loyal Schwellenbach adherent in White Salmon, "he would have left the Democratic Party during its lean years and got himself elected on a Republican ticket. He's got guts, he's a fighter and he'll do all right as Secretary of Labor."

With reconversion under way, the new Secretary of Labor sees as his special mission the safeguarding of labor's rights and living standards during the transformation.

"When Congress established the Labor Department," he said, with a hunch of his wide shoulders, "it ordered the Secretary of Labor to 'foster, promote and develop the welfare of the wage earners of the United States, to improve their working conditions and to advance their opportunities for profitable employment.'"

But Schwellenbach does not believe that "wage earners" are necessarily separate from the rest of the population. "Bear in mind," he added, "that this Congressional mandate does not refer to the working class, for there is no working class in America. Practically all of us are wage earners, or members of the families of wage earners. I get a monthly wage; other people get a daily wage and some an hourly wage. But this makes no difference. The mandate which the law places upon me is to protect the welfare of almost every one of us. That is my job."

Particularly, Schwellenbach intends to draw no line between workers who are organized and those who are not. "I am glad," he continued, "that the statute setting up the Labor Department makes no distinctions between organized and unorganized wage earners, or between those who work with their hands and those whom we call white-collar workers. That statute orders me to protect the welfare of all. I intend to obey that statute."

While he believes that the great labor organizations should be consulted with respect to Department of Labor policies, Schwellenbach will insist that officials of the Department consider themselves primarily representative of the whole American public when basic decisions are reached.

"But," he says, "I want none of the legislative advances which labor has made in the last ten years to be lost during this period of reconversion. As a former member of the Senate, I remember when Congress adopted the law aimed at the protection of collective bargaining, through representatives of labor's own choosing. A few years later we passed a statute which put a floor under wages and a ceiling over hours. I want these important and substantial rights to be retained."

Labor's Most Effective Weapon

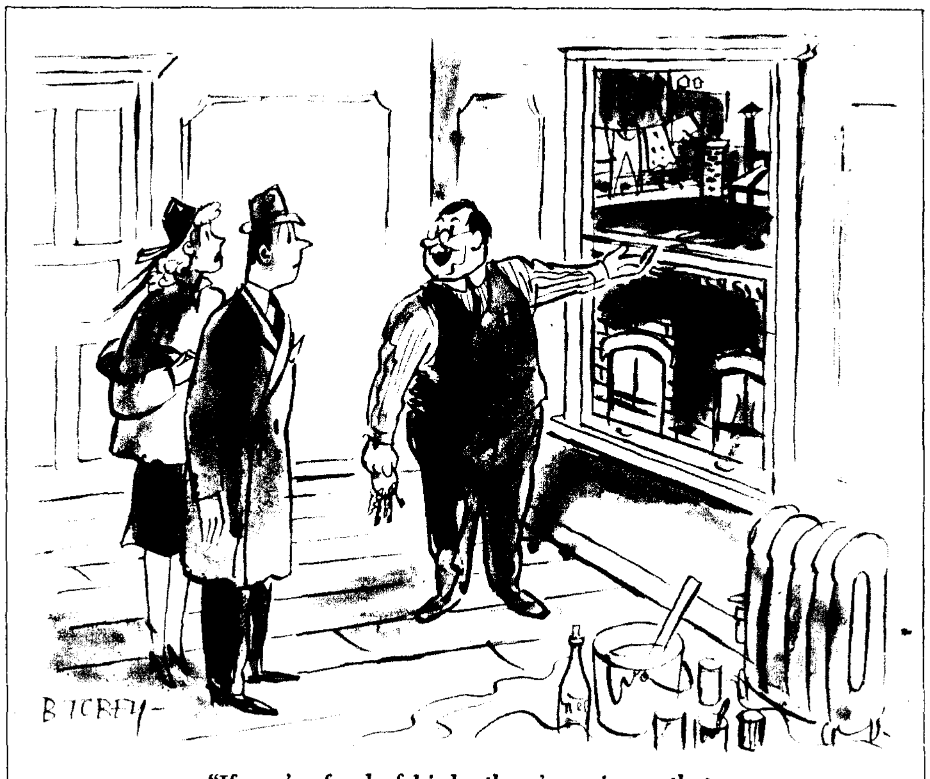
Schwellenbach feels that labor can make a vital contribution to the maintenance of these rights. That contribution is industrial peace. "I fear labor's gains will be lost," he said, "if out of industrial strife during this reconversion period the wage earners of the United States should lose their most effective weapon: the public opinion of the United States. I hope labor will remember that this nation now has adequate machinery available to settle peacefully any labor dispute. To advance any demand to the point of stopping production instead of using the means at hand for peaceful settlement is not in the national interest and will not be supported by public opinion."

Five years on the federal bench in Washington State have made Schwellenbach conscious of the fact that the rules governing labor strife have often been subject to change without notice. "The government which assists management and labor in the settlement of their disputes," he said, "must be governed by law—by rules which are known to both sides and not changed to meet each separate set of circumstances."

Schwellenbach believes that the public must understand the situation in which millions of workers find themselves today.

"These workers," he said, "have left their regular places of employment; they have moved hundreds and even thousands of miles away from their homes. It is true that they have received wages which were high in comparison with previous earnings. But we must remember that their living costs have increased materially.

"Thousands of these workers have been laid off and they face the need to return to their homes, or seek other employment in their present localities. Who can wonder that these people have the jitters? Man's prime



COLLIER'S "If you're fond of birds, there's a pigeon that walks around on that roof nearly every day" SGT. BARNEY TOBEY

The Right Combination of Tastes

To be really appetizing, a canape, an hors d'oeuvre must please the taste...and to do that, it must be made with patience, skill and imagination.

But more than these virtues are necessary to create a great whiskey. Above all, experience is required, and Seagram's craftsmen have 88 years of experience behind them...88 years of making fine whiskies...making them taste better. No wonder then, that Seagram's 5 Crown is famous for its *taste!* Every drop is true pre-war quality!

Because of its quality and its taste, Seagram's 5 Crown, in a before-dinner cocktail or highball, adds much to the pleasure and enjoyment of good food.

Good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

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Seagram's 5 Crown

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BLENDED WHISKEY

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK instinct is for security. The fear of the ordinary workingman is not that he will be forced to spend his savings in the months of unemployment. The basic fear is that when the savings are gone, no job will be available under a peacetime economy. One of the first tasks of government right now is to do everything it can to minimize that fear."

How can that fear be minimized?

The new Secretary says, "We need not discuss as an academic question the duty of the government to provide opportunities for employment. But it is not government alone which has this responsibility. Those engaged in industry, either as employer or employee, might well recognize their responsibilities also. We have fought this war that our democracy may be safe. We must be sure to keep it safe in peace. Management on the one side and labor on the other must each assume its full share of this responsibility.

"Enlightened management must know that it is only the agent in the giving of jobs to wage earners. The jobs are created by the consumers of goods and services. A free economy must be an economy of plenty. If we are to have an economy of plenty, we must build it upon the foundation of the ability of the consumer to buy the goods, and thus hire the workers to produce the goods.

"We boast—and rightfully so—that American ingenuity has created the greatest productive machine in the history of the world. So long as the government, under war economy, consumed the output of this machine, it functioned smoothly. But during the transition period, and under a normal peacetime economy later on, we must think more and more on the basis of a consuming economy. In the past, we have thought of producing goods and then of some means of forcing these goods into consumption. The time has come in America to be more concerned about the development of a strong consuming power. Only through this may we provide a natural outlet for all the goods we can produce."

Schwellenbach has wanted the Department of Labor armed with real authority to do a job not only in maintaining industrial peace but in helping to provide and obtain work for millions of men. This lay behind the transfer to his jurisdiction of the U.S. Employment Service, with its regional and local services in nearly every major American community.

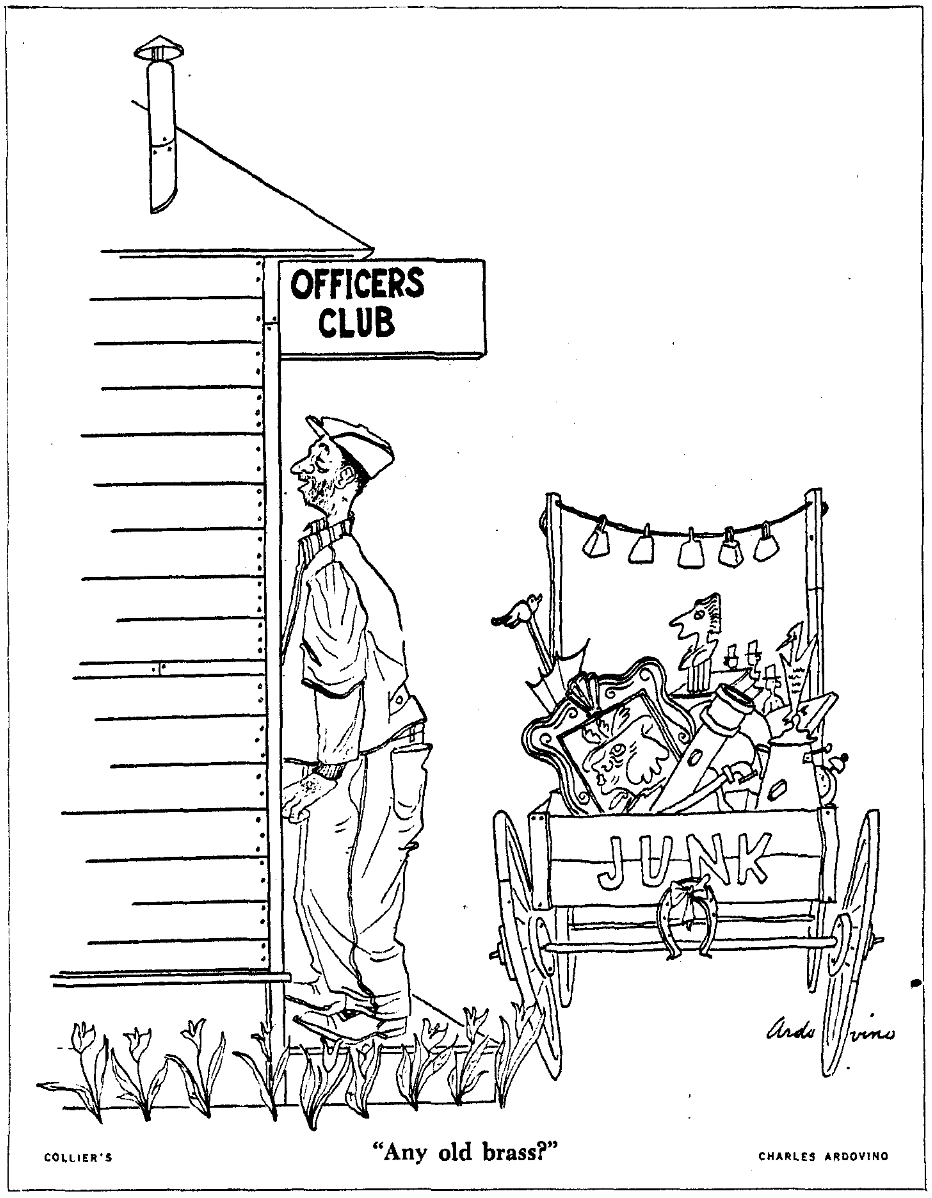
Schwellenbach's friends in the Northwest believe that promise of this blanket authority was one of the conditions under which he resigned a lifetime post on the federal bench to step into the uneasy seat in the Department of Labor.

The new Secretary of Labor will leave Washington social obligations to his associates, as he did when a senator. He lives unpretentiously, dislikes formal clothes and wears loose-fitting suits. Much of the time his vest is unbuttoned—or left at home in the closet—and his hat seldom fits. Schwellenbach lists baseball games, football games and cigars as his principal indulgences. He has what he calls a "blanket appetite" and is never fussy about food. At grange meetings, where the tables creak under chicken stews, fresh strawberries and baked apples from Washington's bountiful farms, he is known as a hefty trencherman. Schwellenbach likes to read. Histories and mystery tales are his specialties; Emerson and Thoreau his favorite essayists.

As a federal judge in Spokane, Schwellenbach spent his time improving the administration of his court. He speeded up the judicial process, cut court costs and handed down opinions in record time; and seldom was he reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals. Even the most conservative lawyers in the intermountain region were sorry to see him step down from the bench.

"I know Lew is one of them New Dealers," observed a grizzled grazing lawyer from a little cattle town in the Idaho Panhandle; "but that doesn't keep him from being levelheaded and smart. He knows what the score is. He ran that court o' his like I like to see a ranch run—plenty of good horse sense, plenty of patience, plenty of hard work and plenty of guts."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Any old brass?" CHARLES ARDOVINO

"I've given up back-seat driving since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

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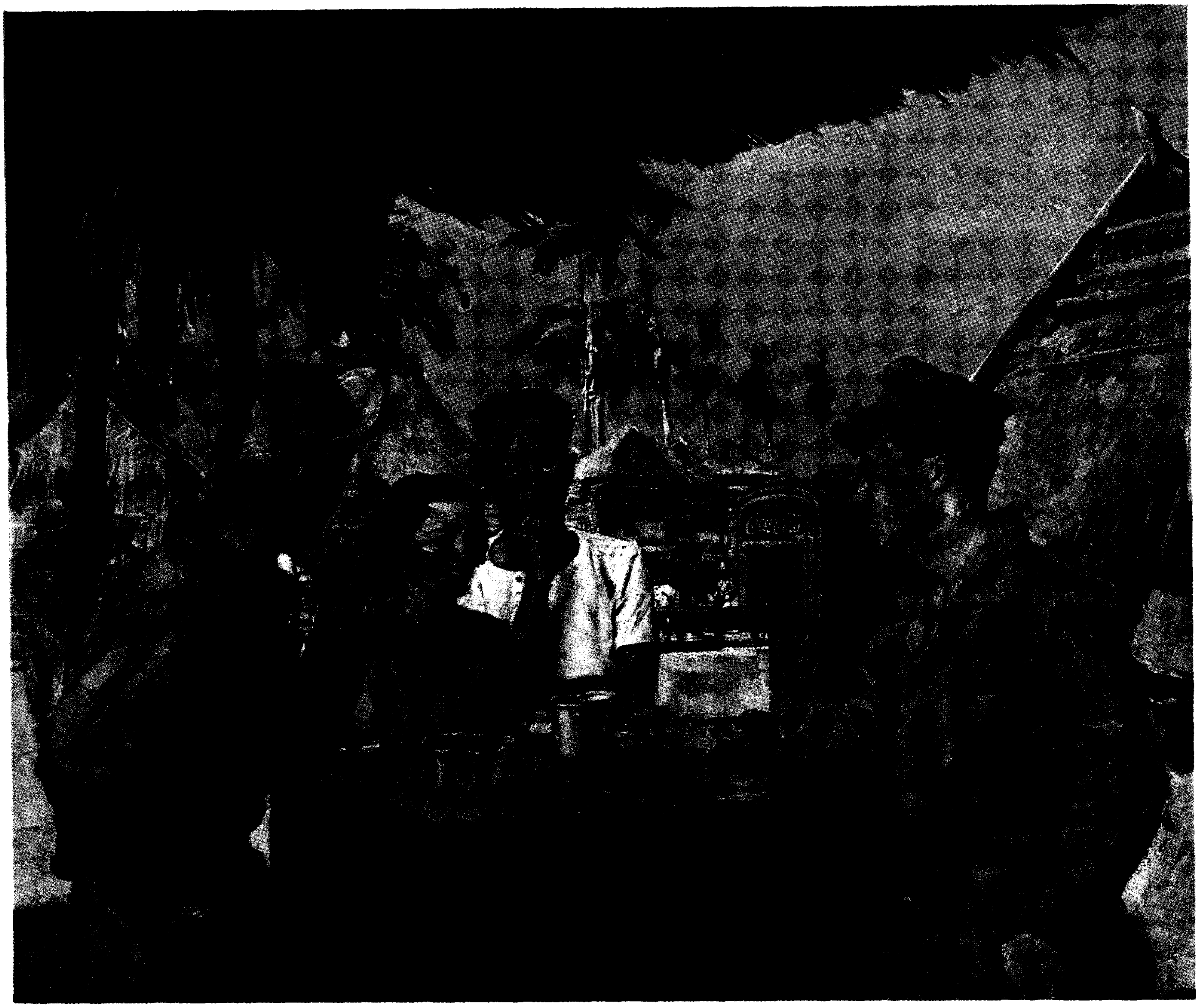

. . . *Yank friendliness comes back to Leyte*

Naturally Filipinos thrilled when their Yankee comrades-in-arms came back to the Philippines. Freedom came back with them. Fair play took the place of fear. But also they brought back the old sense of friendliness that America stands for. You find it quickly expressed in the simple phrase *Have a Coke.* There's no easier or warmer way to say *Relax and be yourself.* Everywhere *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola has become a symbol of good will—an everyday example of how Yankee friendliness follows the flag around the globe.

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Only 5¢

The Harvesters

Continued from page 24

Sully, our man-of-all-work, and stomped off to the house.

A couple of nights later Mr Bridgewater drove up behind his placid old horse and announced that he had come for supper. Mr. Bridgewater, a wealthy Englishman who lived five miles south of our town, Clarendon, was always a privileged guest at our house. He generally drove up just before suppertime and afterward he and Father would play chess until nine o'clock. Then he would get into the buggy, turn around and promptly fall asleep. The horse always knew just what to do. When he got home he waited at the gate until one of the hired men came out and woke Mr. Bridgewater up and unhitched. Mr. Bridgewater always said it was the most refreshing part of the night's sleep.

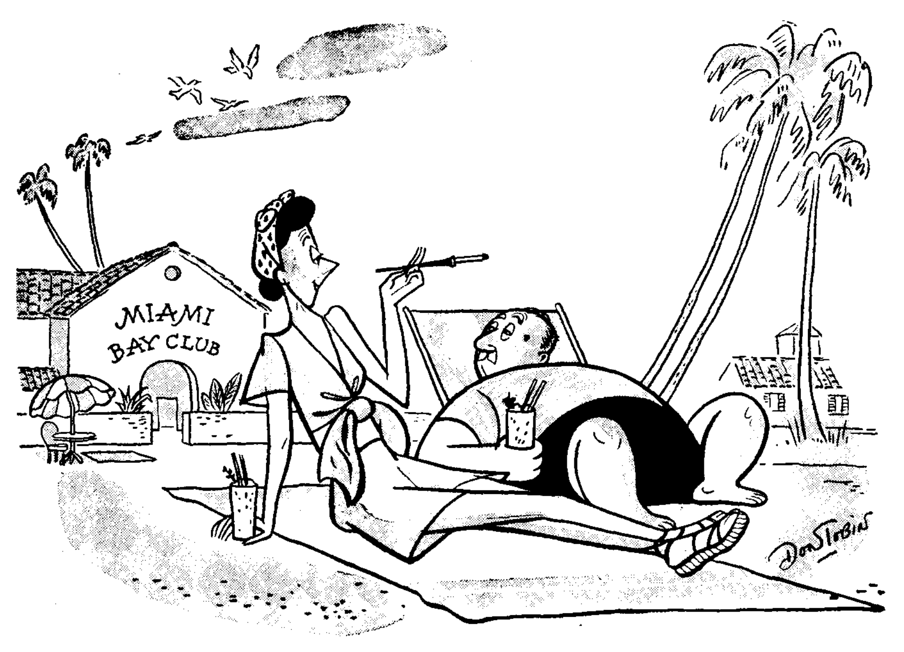
This time we had no sooner sat down to the table than Father said: "George, take a good look at me. Do I appear to be a couple of buttons short or anything?"

Mr. Bridgewater blinked his eyes. "I say, old boy. You're pulling my leg."

"I was never more serious in my life," Father said. "Do I look like I had brains enough to own and operate a farm?"

Mr. Bridgewater glanced at Mother. "What's up, Lucy?" he asked.

Mother told me to go ahead and eat my supper. Then she said: "John heard a man out in the country throwing corn into his wagon the other day and it reminded him that he used to be a champion husker. He wants to buy a farm to prove it."



"Isn't it wonderful—we don't have to feel ashamed of ourselves this year!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Father was breathing hard through his nose. He glared at Mother. "Lucy, I'll ask you to state the facts. I believe I mentioned that a farm is the ultimate security, a place of refuge in time of—"

"Tell me, old chap," Mr. Bridgewater said, winking broadly at Mother, "you didn't get your shirttail caught in the wringer, did you? I mean the market and all that rot."

Father's face was very red. "Certainly not," he snapped. "George, I'm beginning to think you're a blasted fool."

THAT night Father's mind wasn't on chess. Mr. Bridgewater beat him two straight games and when he left and the sound of his buggy wheels had died away down the street, Father said grumpily: "Thick-headed beefeater."

Mother's eyes were dancing. "Why, John, he seemed quite alert, I thought."

Father scooped the chessmen into their box and marched stiffly up the stairs to his bedroom and banged the door.

The holidays came and went and nothing more was said about the farm. I could tell, though, that Father hadn't stopped thinking about it. Often when he came home at night his shoes were muddy and there were bits of straw sticking to his trousers. I knew that Mother noticed these things, too; but she seemed to disregard them, doubtless hoping that through the long bitter winter of relentless cold the fever in Father's mind might die down. But it didn't. Father bought his farm in mid-February. It was near Six-Mile Creek, a stream where I used to bicycle out to go fishing. Father came home one night, long after supper, stomping the snow from his shoes. "Well, Lou," he said. "I got it."

Mother looked up from her sewing under the hanging lamp. "Got what, John?"

"The farm. At seventy-five dollars an acre. The old Carter place. It was a steal."

The sewing slid from Mother's lap. In the yellow lamplight her face seemed a little pale and for the first time in my life I was frightened at what I saw there. But Father didn't seem to notice. He rushed ahead: "Now we'll have security in our old age. Think of it, Lou. The peace, the tranquillity—"

Mother rose slowly from her chair, her eyes blazing. "Tranquillity, fiddlesticks!" she said in a shaking voice. "If you think you're going to haul me out on that farm, John Watkins, you're very much mistaken. Cleaning dirty milk pails, feeding chickens, cooking for a lot of hired men. And you didn't so much as ask my opinion!"

Tears were rolling down her cheeks now and Father said uneasily: "Now, Lou, after all, I'm supposed to make the living for this family. I'm supposed to know—"

"You're suppose to know but you don't," Mother burst in wildly. "You've been caught in a romantic dream of something that never existed. You have as much business with a farm as I have with a—with a castle on the Rhine."

Father drew himself up and his face got red. "Lucy," he said (he always called her that when he was angry), I'd like to remind you that I'm the head of this house even if you do choose to treat me like a blithering idiot. I should also like you to understand that I bought that farm with my eyes open and that I shall make it pay. At that time I shall expect your apology."

"Very well, John," Mother said wearily. "By that time we'll both be so old it won't matter."

Father winced a little at that, then turned and marched off into the kitchen where we heard him slamming dishes around and opening and closing the icebox door.

That winter passed with something like tranquillity if not complete amity between my parents. Father was polite—and cautious. He always seemed to test a remark in his mind before he made it. On her part Mother was quietly thoughtful. It was as if she had retreated into an inner stillness which effectively excluded Father. One night I heard him telling Mother that he had been able to get just the right man for the farm—a Dane named Thorkil Torgeson. "George Bridgewater really hired him for me. Of course, he's a little crazy—on perpetual motion—but he only works at it wintertimes when there isn't much to do about the place anyway. I call him the Great Dane," he concluded with a tentative laugh.

"How unique," Mother murmured.

Father glanced at her suspiciously. Then he cleared his throat and said: "Lou, I'm going to attend a sale tomorrow. I've got to buy some cows and work stock and machinery. I thought maybe you'd like to go along. There might be some knickknacks you could pick up cheap."

"Thank you, John," Mother said. "I have everything I need. For this house," she added significantly.

TIME heals all wounds, though it was not until the next spring that the sore subject of the farm was mentioned again between my parents. One night at the supper table Mother said unexpectedly: "John, what are you going to plant on that farm of yours?"

A pleased smile came over Father's face. "Why, Lou, I guess I'll plant corn and oats, but mostly corn. Maybe a hundred acres of corn. What do you think?"

Mother nodded. "Yes, I should imagine that would be best. Corn always does well in Iowa."

Father pulled an envelope from his pocket and went around and bent over Mother's chair. He began to sketch with a pencil. "Here's the way the land lies, Lou. This plot here is pasture for cows. This is where I thought I'd try oats or barley. And here is the corn, a solid square tract, you see. It will be beautiful, Lou, when it's all green and waving in the wind."

"Never mind the beauty, John," Mother said.

"I'll tell you what, Lou," Father went on unabashed. "We'll drive out Sunday and take a look at the place. You've never seen it, you know."

Mother nodded assent and after supper I heard Father whistling softly as he read the Clarendon Independent.

Sunday was a clear late April day with big white clouds sailing through the limitless blue of the sky—the kind of day they sometimes have in Iowa between the heavy, sod-drenching rains. All about us as we drove east through the low hills, the fat black land lay as if waiting in an expectant dream of fecundity for the tremendous business of production. Dick stepped along the soft road lifting his feet daintily and fluttering his nostrils. Even Mother seemed mildly excited.

I knew the Carter farm. It had a low, white-painted house which seemed curiously diminished beside the immensity of the big red barn. As we turned in through the gate I saw a loosely built, shambling man standing before the windmill. He was staring at the slowly revolving wheel with a rapt expression on his face and Father shouted: "Thorkil! Dammit, stop that!"

The man turned and a slow smile came over his dreamy face. "Aye yust like to vatch dat veel turn round," he murmured apologetically.

"Well, quit it," Father said. "Ready to start planting in the morning?"

"Ya, sure," Thorkil said.

Mother got out of the buggy and went into the house while Father, Thorkil and I walked to the machinery shed. Father was pleased. All the machinery he had bought at auctions through the winter was ranked in orderly rows and the corn planter was standing oiled and ready for business. "That's good," Father said. "You keep things in fine shape."

A boy of about my own age came up then and bashfully asked me if I'd like to look for swallow nests under the eaves of the barn, and Father and Thorkil went to examine seed corn. When he called me an hour later, I saw Mother coming out of the house. She was carrying a crock of butter and a bagful of fresh eggs. "Mrs. Torgeson seems very nice," she said. "And her kitchen is just as clean as a pin. Everything is better than I thought it would be, John."

"I knew you'd come to your senses," Father said confidently. "If you'd just always trust your husband—"

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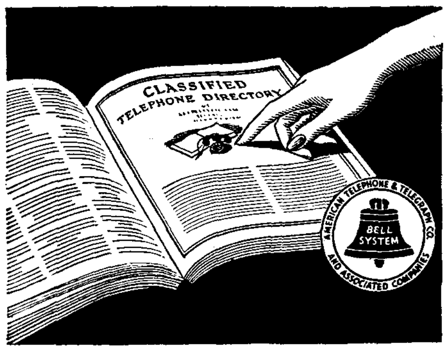
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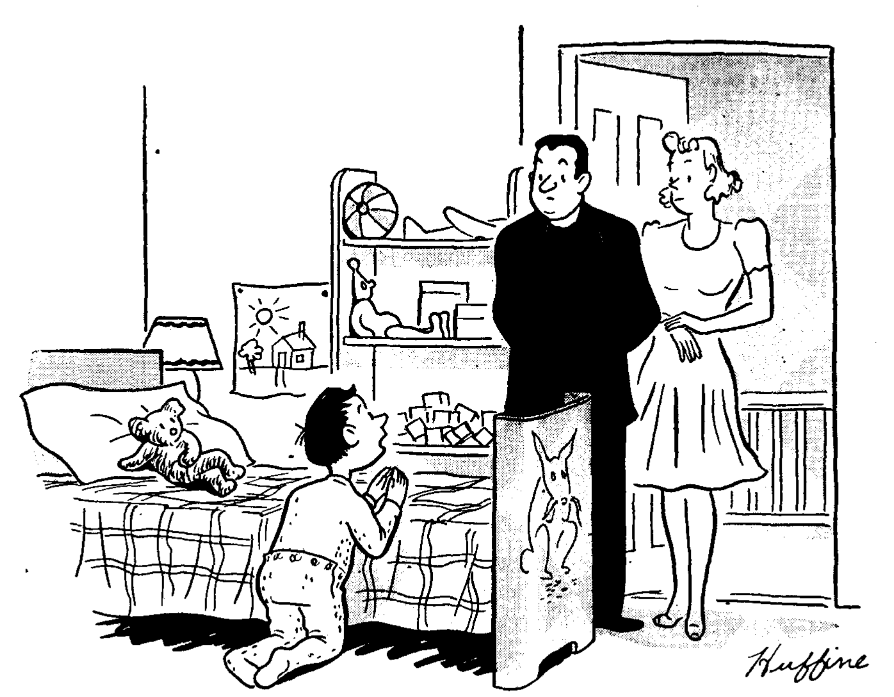


COLLIER'S "Remember, Dad, I'm just an amateur" DAVID HUFFINE

time I have ever known. There was swimming in Six-Mile Creek, bird nests to hunt and above all, the thrill of guiding a cultivator through the heavy, luxuriant corn. There wasn't much time for Thorkil to dream about perpetual motion. The corn kept him too busy. It seemed to leap out of the ground and on still, hot nights I could almost imagine I heard it growing. More than ever before I hated to have school start in September.

As autumn drew on and the silken tassels on the heavy ears turned a dry brown, Father became more and more jubilant. "Lou," he would say, "that field will go seventy bushels to the acre. Maybe seventy-five. There isn't a better stand of corn in Sioux County."

"Hadn't you better start making arrangements for huskers, John?" Mother would ask. "Thorkil can't do it all alone."

"Now, Lou," Father always replied. "Don't tell an old hand like me about when to harvest corn. There's plenty of time."

And then the weather turned suddenly cold and every morning a rime of frost showed on the brittle brown grass of our lawn. "John," Mother asked anxiously one morning at the breakfast table, "have you engaged your huskers yet?"

"I'll do it right away," Father said.

THAT day the skies clouded over and an occasional flake of snow began sifting down through the chill, steel-blue air. When I came home from school Mother was standing on the back porch staring worriedly at the sky. I knew that many farmers were already finished with laying their corn by and a heavy snow now might make it impossible to get ours in.

Father came home long past suppertime and Mother ran to meet him. "John, did you hire those huskers? Oh, I hope you did. The weather looks so stormy."

"No, I didn't," Father growled. "Lou, do you know what those horse thieves want to husk my corn? Six cents a bushel, that's all. Corn is worth twenty-five on the market and that means that I'd have to give them every fourth bushel. I won't stand for it."

"But even that would be better than having it covered with snow," Mother protested. "Oh, if you'd only done as I asked and started the work while there was plenty of time."

"Damn it all, Lou," Father almost shouted. "I won't be robbed. I'll let the corn rot on the ground first."

By some miracle the weather cleared but the labor conditions didn't. Itinerant huskers had gone up a cent a bushel in their demands and local men were too busy with their own work to lend Father a hand. Thorkil Torgeson was frantically trying to get some of the corn into the cribs, but his efforts in that vast field made hardly an impression. Every day Mother begged Father, almost tearfully, to pay the huskers what they demanded, but his lower lip just stuck out a little farther and his temper grew sharper. "They think they've got me where the hair's short," he stormed, "but they've picked a Tatar when they try their tricks on me."

"But what can you do?" Mother asked.

"I'll rent the field out to one of the feeders. Cattle can rough it off, but I'll take a licking, of course."

"John," Mother said quietly, "how much are you willing to pay to have that corn husked?"

"Five cents," Father said. "And not a penny more."

"Very well," Mother said, "I'll take the contract."

"You'll wha-a-a-t? Lou, what the devil are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about getting that corn husked. I think I can do it, too," Mother said.

"Now, Lou," Father said in an exasperated voice, "I'll not have you running around talking to those bums."

"I'll not talk to them. But I would like to have Dick tomorrow. I'm going into the country."

Father stared at her anxiously. "Lou, there's nothing the matter with you, is there? You're feeling all right?"

"Of course I am," Mother said. "But understand, I'm to get five cents a bushel."

The next day was an interminable period for me. I had visions of Mother going from farmer to farmer, begging for help and being refused. I felt ashamed.

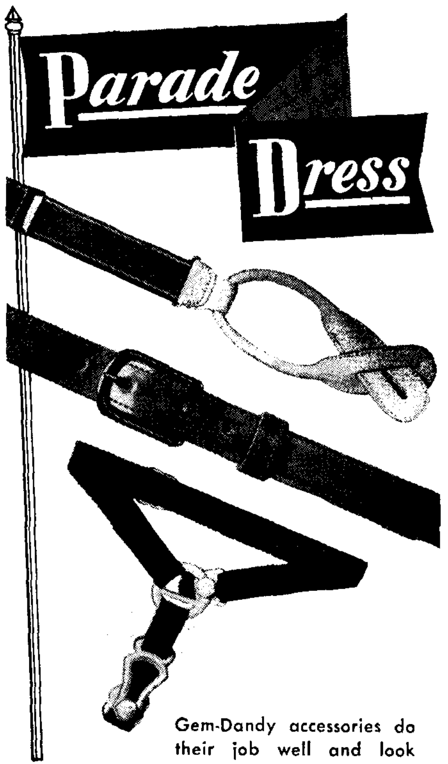
When I reached home the house was empty. Enga, our hired girl, said with disapproval that Mother had been gone all day long. When Mother came in presently, looking flushed and excited and very pretty, Enga coldly demanded to know what was planned for supper. "Anything, Enga," Mother said. "I can't be bothered now."

It was full dark when Father came into the house waving a copy of the Clarendon Independent in his hand. "Lou," he shouted, "what the devil does this mean?"

He thrust the paper in Mother's face, but she didn't even glance at it. "It means I'm going to get that corn husked," she said quietly.

Father stood still a long moment glaring at her. Then he hurled the paper to the floor and slammed off to his room. Mother smiled and went out to the kitchen and I got down on my hands and knees. There on the front page in huge black letters was an advertisement announcing that one week from the following Saturday, weather permitting, a corn-husking contest would be held on the John Watkins farm, five miles east of Clarendon. Entry was open to all and a prize of $200 would be paid to the winner. George Bridgewater was to have charge of the contest and all inquiries were to be addressed to him.

Supper that night was a pretty strained affair and as soon as it was over Father went out into the hall and began putting on his



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MARTIN'S
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Blended Scotch Whisky

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overcoat. "John," Mother called, "where are you going?"

"Lucy," Father said in a frigid voice, "you take care of your business and I'll take care of mine."

The next night Mr. Bridgewater came into the house carrying a sheaf of letters. "Fifteen applications, Lucy," he shouted "The beggars are really going after that two hundred."

Father snorted and went up to his room and presently we heard curious noises coming down through the ceiling. Once there was a tremendous thump and the hanging lamp shook. "Good heavens!" Mother murmured. "Jeff, go and see what your father's doing."

I tiptoed up the stairs and peered through a crack of the half-open door into Father's room. He was swinging a pair of Indian clubs.

EACH day of the following week the weather grew more and more threatening. Leaden clouds rolled across the sky and occasional flurries of snow slanted through the bitter air. And each day Mr. Bridgewater announced more and more applications for the contest. Father remained coldly aloof. Once when a spit of snow flashed past our dining-room window while we were at breakfast I saw him smile.

It was still dark on Saturday morning when Mother roused me from sleep telling me to hurry and get dressed. We had a sketchy breakfast and then went out to the stable where Sully had Dick harnessed and ready. "Where's Father?" I asked. "Isn't he coming?"

"No, Jeff," Mother replied, and I thought there was a little catch in her voice. "Your father won't be with us today."

Driving through the darkness of the dreary, winter-locked country I wished that Father had come. Without his big frame in the buggy beside us I felt lonely and forsaken. I think Mother felt that way too, for she kept talking, against the crowding dark, it seemed to me, all the way out to the farm. Once she said, "If the corn goes seventy bushels to the acre we'll get it husked for less than your father wanted to pay."

"Will he be glad?" I asked.

"No, Jeff," she said. "I don't think he will."

The farmyard, when we turned through the gate, was jammed with wagons and teams and loud with the boisterous voices of men. Dawn was just streaking the east with a soiled gray and Mr. Bridgewater's voice said cheerily: "Lucy, there are at least a hundred contestants, maybe more. Gad, it's astounding. Now if the snow just holds off another ten hours this thing is going to be a success."

"George," Mother said, "if you ever prayed in your life, do it now."

By the time it was full daylight all preliminary arrangements were completed. Mr. Bridgewater climbed up on a wagon and made a little talk. He told the huskers that they would be required to pick two rows at a time, the contest would continue until four o'clock and the man who picked the most corn, allowing one inch, wagon-box measure, to the bushel, would be declared the winner. Each participant would have a "land" allotted to him, and they were to line up with their wagons at the end of the field and start husking, pausing one hour at noon for free lunch. "This is the first corn-husking contest ever held in Iowa," he concluded, "so make it good. Keep your rows clean and no help from spectators. You can take your places."

Mr. Bridgewater had just jumped down to the ground, the wagons were beginning to lumber off to the field where starters were waiting to direct them to their "lands" previously marked out, when I heard him murmur in an unbelieving whisper to Mother: "Great suffering Jehoshaphat! Do you see what I see?"

A wagon was approaching driven by a man wearing a violently checked shirt and fur cap. In the early gray light of morning I couldn't, at first, see his face clearly. Then he looked directly at us and I jumped. It was Father.

He drove up to where Mr. Bridgewater and Mother were standing and nodded to them coldly: "I suppose there's no question about my entering this contest, seeing it's being held on my land?"

Mr. Bridgewater's shoulders shook. "No objection in the world, old chap. Go right ahead. I'll cheer for you."

"Keep your damned cheers," Father said and drove off.

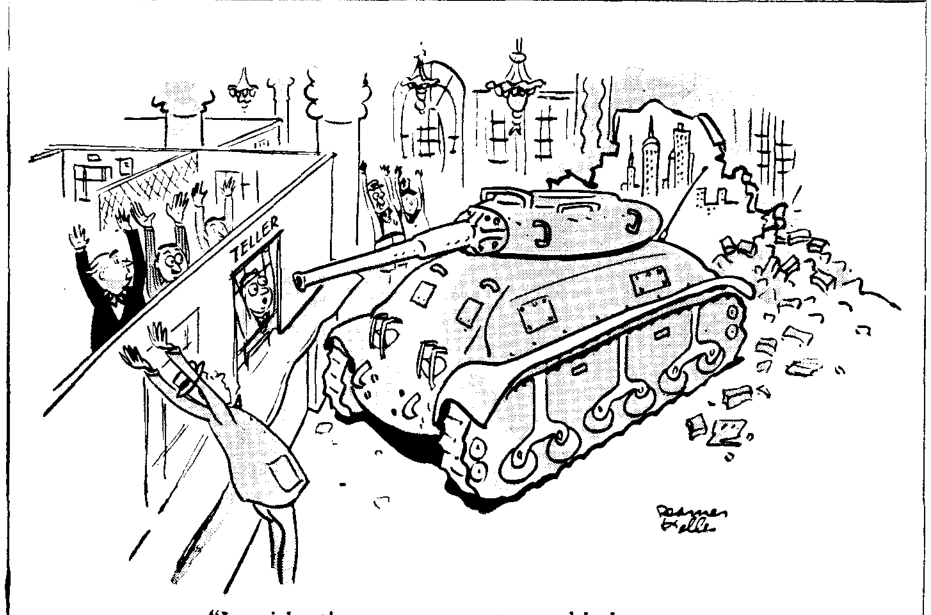
I raced after Father's wagon and climbed up beside him. "Let me drive for you, Father," I begged.

"No," he said mournfully, "that would be breaking one of Mr. Bridgewater's rules. You'll have to get down. You can follow me if you'd like though, Jeffie."

Mr. Bridgewater came over to the field holding a pistol in his hand. He pointed it aloft and the shot rang out. The wagons lumbered into the field and at once a sound like machine-gun fire rose into the still air.

I watched Father. His movements were deliberate, unhurried. But there was grace and precision in them. He took a step, grasped an ear of corn, tore the husk from it in one deft movement and tossed it toward the wagon, even as he reached for another. Step, rip, bang; step, rip, bang. There was a kind of monotonous rhythm to it, just as Father had described, and the sound of the ears striking against the high sideboards was as even and regular as breathing. He went down that long row as if he had done nothing but husk corn all the days of his life. He had poise, smoothness and distinction. I thought I would burst with pride.

At the end of the field Carl Swenson, who was working in the "land" next to Father's and was said to be one of the best huskers in the country, was a hundred feet behind. He had shucked off his coat and it seemed to me that he was nervous. He kept reaching for ears, missing them and reaching again. Father made his turn and passed Swenson with-



"I wish the government would be more fussy about who buys their surplus property!"

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Powerful as a . . .

Rugged as a . . .

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BETTER-GROOMED HAIR LANDS JOB-- WINS GIRL!

GOODBYE FOXHOLE HAIR—

First day back in civies, Bill roars, "Where's my Kreml? It's time I gave this wild, matted foxhole hair the gate! Kreml always keeps my hair so neat—so keen and spruce looking."

A HORRIBLE MISTAKE—

Harry didn't realize pasting his hair down with grease would make him look so ridiculous and out-dated. (Listen, Harry — Kreml grooms hair *handsomely* — yet never leaves it looking offensively oily or greasy.)

"SAY THIS ISN'T SO"

. . . begs Pete who sees his shoulders covered with untidy dandruff flakes. (Never mind, Pete — Kreml is famous to remove these tell-tale flakes and Kreml leaves scalp feeling *so clean — so refreshed.*)

A SUCCESSFUL MAN

Dick knows how better-groomed hair helps a man look like a winner. Both on the job and with the ladies. Kreml keeps hair neatly groomed all day long — in fine looking condition. Use Kreml to help improve the appearance of *your* hair.

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KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

out even glancing up. He was professional, he was certain, he was an old hand.

The rules of the contest did not specify where the corn should be unloaded, so the huskers dumped it in piles in the clear space at the end of the field nearest the cribs. I wanted to help Father unload his wagon after it was filled and checked for full measure by one of the neighbors whose aid Mr. Bridgewater had enlisted. Father looked at me and smiled sadly. "If your mother catches you helping me, I'll be disqualified," he said shaking his head.

The long hours dragged by and at noon when we went up to the house where hot coffee, beef sandwiches and doughnuts were being served out-of-doors on long plank tables, Father's step was slower and I saw that some of the healthy flush was gone from his cheeks. Mother noticed it too, for she came up to him and whispered: "Please, John, won't you stop this? Go into the house and lie down. You're killing yourself."

"My insurance policies are in order, Lucy," Father said somberly and turned away.

Soon after the husking started again I knew that Father was tiring. His face was plowed by deep lines of fatigue and Swenson was pulling up on him. By midafternoon they were fighting on even terms and in another hour the youth was ahead. But just then Father put on a burst of speed and soon they were neck and neck again.

Most of the crowd had abandoned the other contestants by then and were shouting encouragement to Father. "Hurrah for Watkins," a newspaperman from Des Moines yelled. "Go it, old boy!" Father smiled, waved his hand feebly and almost fell on his face.

BUT the issue was no longer in doubt. As the long, blue shadows of dusk began to creep over the flat land, Father dropped farther and farther behind. He staggered from stalk to stalk and some of the ears he tossed toward the wagon didn't even reach it. When we got to the end of the field Mother was waiting. Father gazed at her dazedly and when she took him by the hand and started toward the house he followed her unprotestingly, obedient as a child. The contest was over. The field was practically finished but so was Father. . . .

Later, after Mr. Bridgewater had given the two-hundred-dollar check to young Swenson and the last wagon had lumbered out of the yard, I stole into the bedroom of the farmhouse where Mother was feeding sips of whisky to Father with a spoon.

I heard Mother say: "John, the corn is all but husked. Thorkil can easily finish it. And it's snowing hard out now. A regular blizzard."

"Lou," Father said in a faint voice, "don't talk to me about blizzards and don't talk to me about corn. I never want to see another ear of it as long as I live. Lou, I'm a sick man."

"Nonsense," Mother said with a tremulous little laugh. "You're the most remarkable man of your age in the whole world. Oh, I was proud of you out there today. You were magnificent."

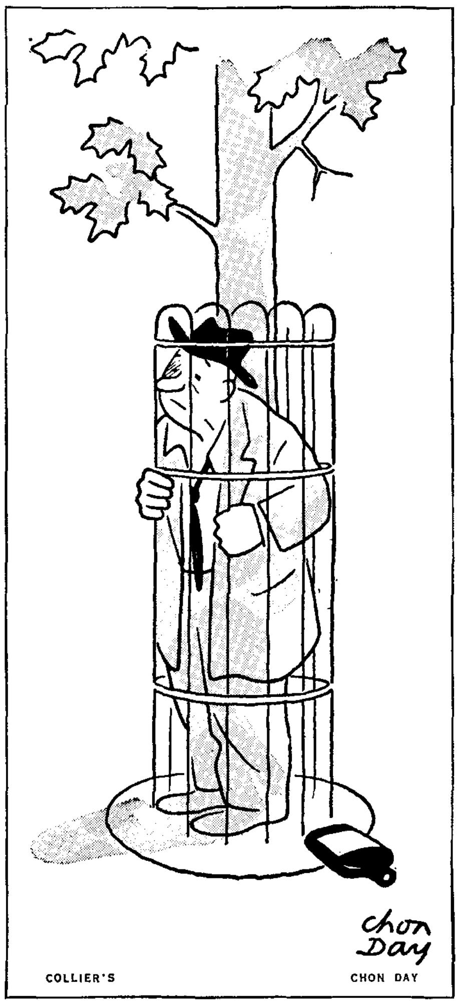
Father pushed himself up on an elbow and he was smiling. "Was I? Do you really mean that?"

"Yes, John, I mean it."

"Well, Lou," Father murmured. "I don't mind saying I kind of surprised myself. Take ten years off my age and I'd be hard to hold."

Mother put her arms about him. "You're hard to hold now, John," she said with a little sigh. "I guess that's why I keep on being in love with you."

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

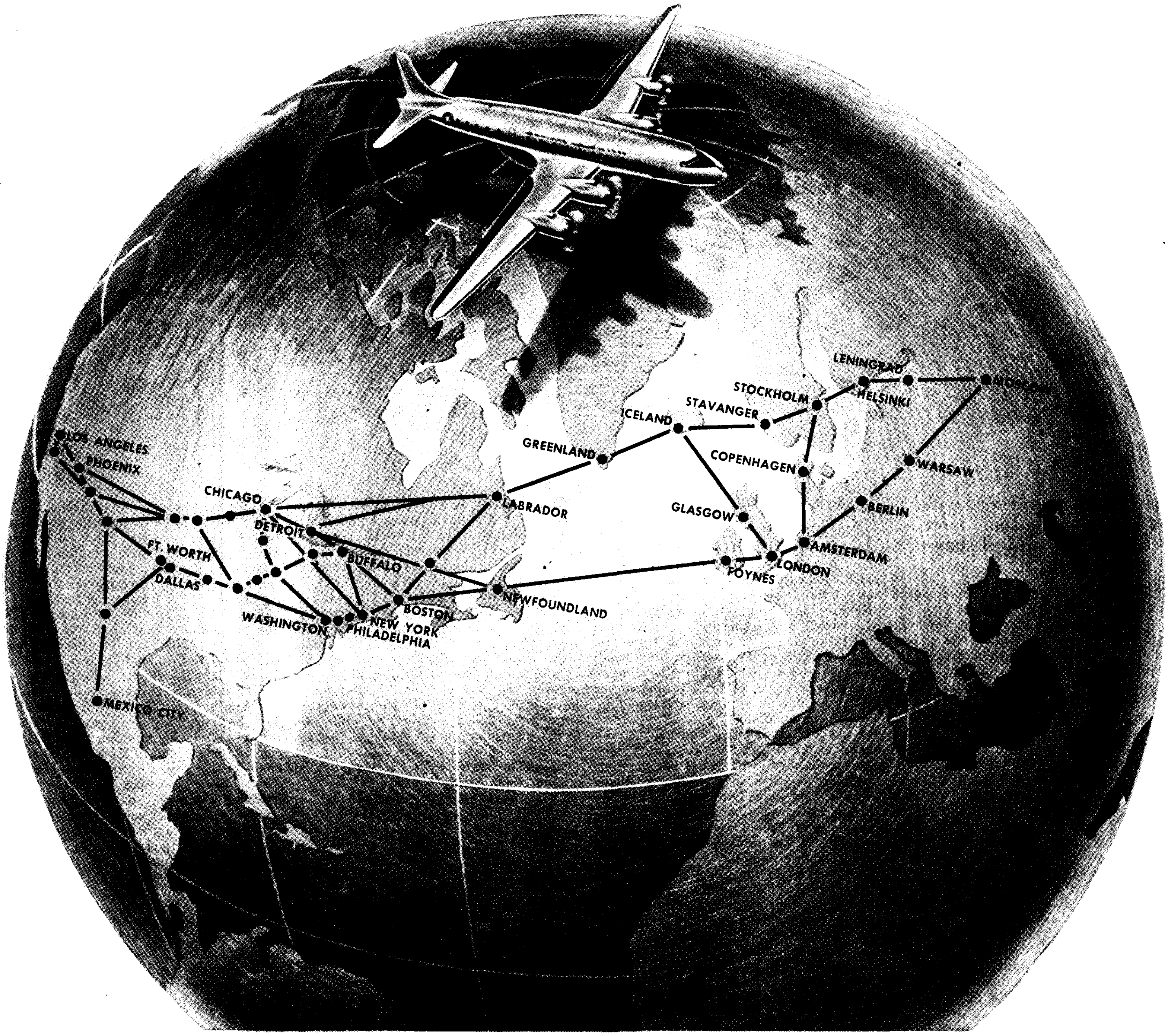
charged with felonious assault by shooting Claude Woodfer, was fined ten dollars fine for shooting in the city."

WELL, the world didn't end on September 30th, as predicted by the Reverend Charles G. Long of Pasadena, California. Or did it? We've just heard from one of Mr. Long's disciples, Lady Glovina Darnbollar. She admits that things in and around Pasadena look about the same as always but adds that this is no proof that the end has not come. "We defy anyone to prove that it has not," says Lady Darnbollar. We admit that there have been changes lately. Here's a letter from Mr. Lister Eadle of Babylon, Long Island. "After having read the Saturday Evening Post for twenty-five years, I have now changed to Collier's, and I am not what you could call a flighty man."

MR. OSCAR S. STAUFFER, editor of the Topeka (Kansas) State Journal, reports that he has been asked to join the SPMAAOTC, which is the Society for the Prevention of Mentioning the Atomic Age and Other Things to Come. The idea is to enroll a million members who will meet weekly in local chapters and annually in national convention. Papers and books will be published urging the rest of us to say nothing about atomic energy, with the inevitable result that we shall forget all about it and thus restore the relative peace of the prefission world. Mr. Arnold Orfeobaum, Jr., has been engaged as public-relations counsel for SPMAAOTC and is already busy broadcasting press releases urging editors and radio networks to issue daily and weekly appeals to the people to say nothing about atoms, cracked or otherwise. One of his appeals starts thus: "I know that you are already doing so and may I urge that you continue to refrain from publishing or broadcasting anything which might tend to influence adversely prewar thinking."

SOMETHING that some loose character wrote in this magazine has insulted blondes. She doesn't say what it was, but Miss Lily Brahseth of Memphis, Tennessee, a blonde, says that she is organizing a group of one hundred blondes to picket us.

YOUNG lady overheard in the Treasury Department in Washington: "Well, Pal, I told him flat that maybe he's the head of a big bureau, but he can't leave me out in the cold in my summer scanties." . . . W. D.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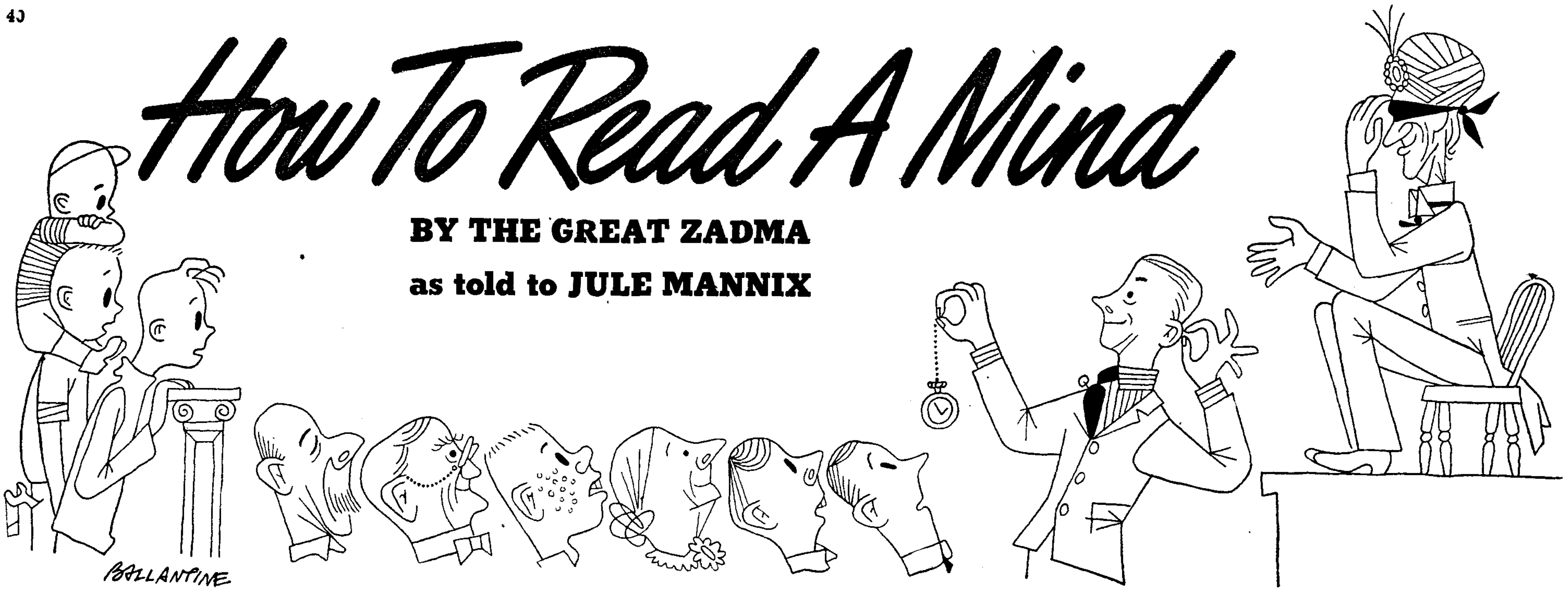
THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

How To Read A Mind

BY THE GREAT ZADMA

as told to JULE MANNIX



Here's that man again, with the low-down on some more secrets of the carnival shows

I BECAME a mind reader by accident. The regular mentalist with our show was picked up on a minor charge, and the judge happened to be wearing his glasses and recognized him. The mind reader was billed as "The Impossible Possible," and I had always admired him because he was the only man I'd ever seen who could bottom deal so perfectly that you couldn't spot him even when you were watching for it. The Impossible was released with a warning to be out of the county in 12 hours, so he decided to buy a good, used $30 car and travel through the Middle West, putting on one-night shows. He offered me a job as his assistant. I'd been a magician with the show, keeping the kiddies amused while their fathers went in to see the Oriental Dancing Girls. The carnival was moving East and that meant playing factory towns and sleeping on city lots. So I decided to jump the show and become an assistant mind reader.

We stuck to the "thistle-chin" or farming districts. The Impossible was usually able to rent the one-room schoolhouse, explaining that our show was educational. In towns large enough to have a motion-picture house, we'd go on as an extra added attraction, and split with the manager. Sometimes we'd hire the local hall.

In our regular routine, the Impossible would sit blindfolded on the platform and I'd walk through the "push" or audience, touching watches, rings, purses or anything else handed to me. The Impossible would name them. I never spoke to him and never said anything when an object was handed to me. I'd simply concentrate for a moment and then pass on, asking for something else. It was while I was asking for the next object that I'd signal the preceding one. I was able to signal letters by the positions of my hands and body and so could spell out the name of anything given me. Actually, I didn't need to do anything as the Impossible could see through the blindfold.

I was a little surprised at first to find out that audiences thought we were really mind readers. A mind reader today has the same advantage a magician had in the Middle Ages—people actually believe in him. A magician is a juggler, and if he makes a mistake the push figures he's no good. But the more mistakes a mentalist makes, the more people are impressed by what a difficult job he's doing. After the Impossible and I got really expert with the code, we had a lot of trouble remembering to make enough mistakes to keep the act convincing. It's very hard to make realistic mistakes, and our biggest sensation came one evening when we got our signals mixed.

A lady had handed me a wad of chewing gum she'd pulled off the bottom of her chair. I signaled "gum," but the Impossible called out she'd given me a piece of wood. I signaled again. The Impossible went into a trance and announced it was an eraser.

Unfortunately, he was too far away to see the gum even with the shade of his blindfold. I couldn't make the woman go up on the stage, so I signaled again, making enough gestures to flag down a plane on a carrier. Finally the Impossible said triumphantly, "I see it clearly now—a jar of glue!"

There are always some tough kids in the back of a theater and they started giving me the razzberry. I walked out into the middle aisle, waited until the Impossible got his blindfold adjusted and then, in plain sight of everyone, openly and deliberately went through the code motions. I knew we were cooked in that town anyway and I was sore at the Impossible for not getting the signal. The Impossible hedged around a little and then said despairingly: "Sorry, I can't make a damn' thing out of it but 'gum.' "

A Slip That Didn't Miss

I hope I may drop dead if we didn't get a solid minute of applause. I heard a woman say delightedly to her husband, "There! I told you it was real! They wouldn't have to keep trying like that if it wasn't." We picked up a number of private bookings from that slip and achieved such a reputation we stayed over several days. The Impossible told me later that he got the original signal of "gum" but could only think of resin from a tree. Then he guessed art gum, used by artists, and finally turned in desperation to spruce gum, a glue used in laboratories.

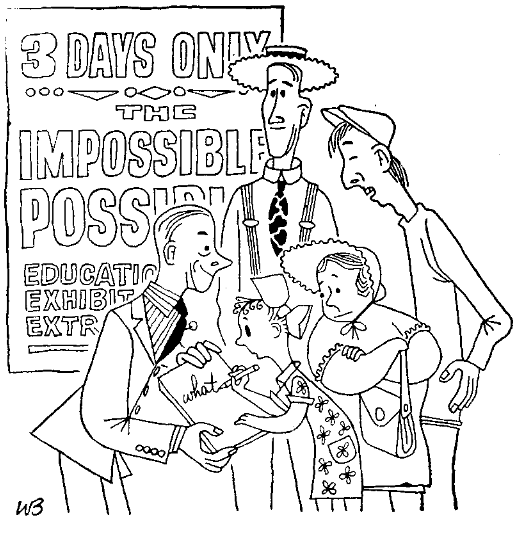
As we got more expert, I had only to signal the first letter or two of common objects for the Impossible to get them. Finally, I only had to begin to make the gesture and he could usually spot it. If he was wrong, he'd just say the mental vibrations weren't strong enough and I'd go ahead and spell the word out. Then the Impossible started calling articles *before* I made any signals.

This was considerably surprising. The Impossible told me he'd always had psychic powers, but couldn't count on them for regular work. I was willing to believe him. Then one day he said jokingly, "Kid, I can always tell if you're going to send the letters 'V' or 'Z.' You have trouble with them and stiffen up a little first."

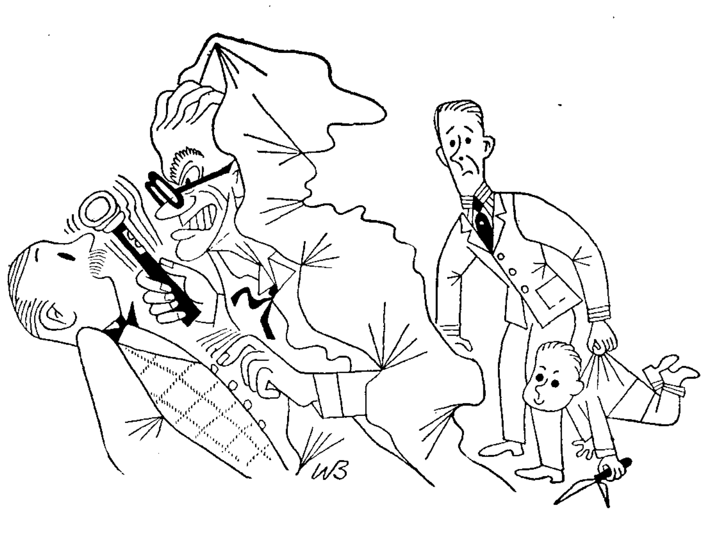
I got to thinking this over and finally decided he had gotten to know me so well he could actually spot the microscopic movements I made preparatory to sending certain letters. He probably did it almost unconsciously. The sender and receiver of a mind-reading team get into a sort of rhythm after a while and good guesswork can do the rest. I've met many mind readers who honestly believed that occasionally they had flashes of real psychic power. I think they had simply carried their methods to such a degree of skill they finally ended by fooling themselves.

My training as a magician often hurt me as a mentalist. I hated to see a trick go wrong, but the Impossible would gamble on a long shot as calmly as a card player drawing to fill a straight. Our first season had been so successful that we decided to go again the next spring. During the winter, we met in a little novelty shop to buy a few gross

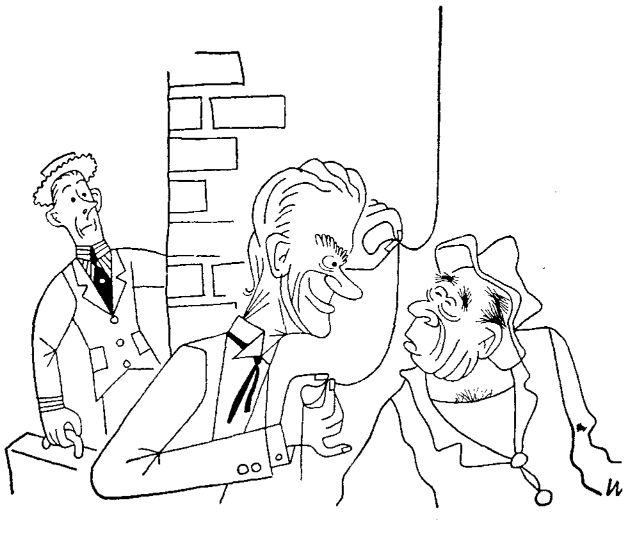
(Continued on page 60)



I'd stop people in the lobby and ask them to write questions on slips of paper. I took the precaution of putting some carbon paper under the cover

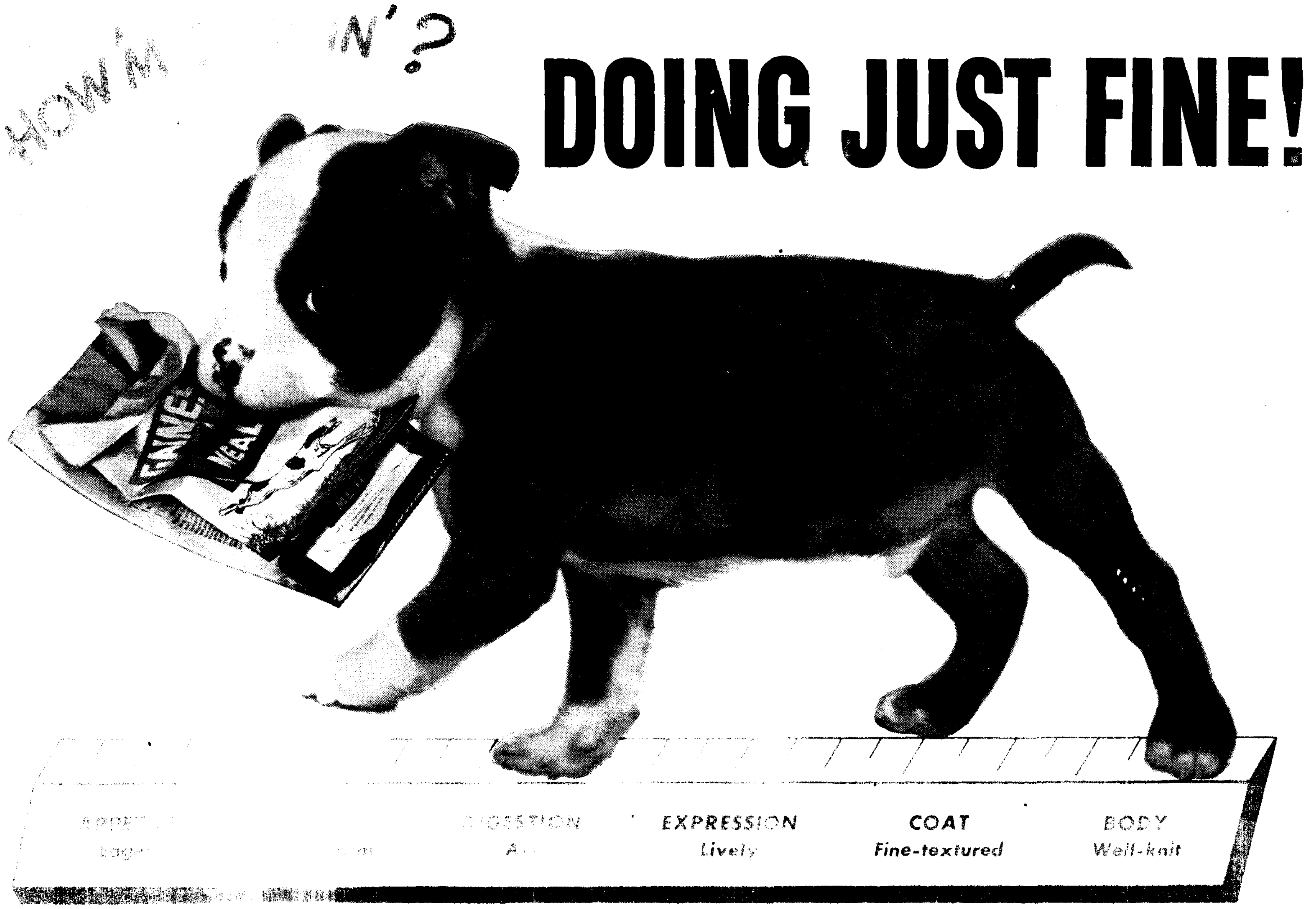


The financier's little son ripped up the Impossible's covering cloth with a jackknife. I grabbed the little brat, but too late. The cloth fell open, disclosing the Impossible with his flashlight



I knew a black silk thread when I saw one. I met the Impossible in the alley back of the hotel. He was trying to show his stewed friend how to pull the thread and make the bell ring

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM BALLANTINE



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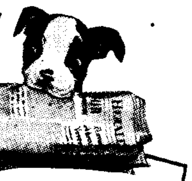

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Your Doctor of Motors Saves Oil... Saves Gas... Restores Power with

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RING

Puerto Rico Grows Up

Continued from page 14

guardian and not as an owner. Thus what we do in Puerto Rico may provide a blueprint for settlement of colonial problems everywhere—in Palestine, India and the Orient. It might. On the other hand, our blueprint may prove to be too expensive for the British, the French, the Dutch and the Belgians.

We don't know whether we'll be free of the political headaches generated by deep-rooted antagonisms within Puerto Rico. The island will have political peace only when it achieves economic stability. What economic progress the island has made so far has been due to the financial assistance of the United States. This, according to the Tydings Bill, is to be scaled down as Puerto Rico develops industries, intensifies and diversifies its agriculture, reduces unemployment and otherwise matures economically. This is expected to take twenty years.

But the island's chances of accomplishing any degree of economic self-sufficiency are as poor as the quality of its soil, much of which is what a Mississippi farmer would call "mined out" land. It remains to be seen whether American economic help *can* be scaled down. Not even such enthusiastic supporters of independence for Puerto Rico as Muñoz are absolutely certain that the island can afford freedom.

"The future peace of the world depends to an important degree," he says, "on the solutions that may be found to the colonial problem. It also depends, to a still greater degree on the prestige of the United States among the peoples of the world—on the confidence that the common man everywhere shall continue to have in the human understanding and the democratic sincerity of the American people. It is clear that our great ally Russia is making a bid for that confidence and that trust which have been the traditional heritage of the United States. But certainly Russia's attitude should not be allowed to displace and substitute the traditional American attitude, but only to complement and support it."

In sum, Russia is competing for the affections of plain people everywhere, those of Puerto Rico included. It's a powerful argument, and in Washington few believe that Congress will be able to ignore it. Approval of the Tydings Bill and its counterpart in the House appear certain, and with it America will salve its troubled colonial conscience and the island will eat its cake and have it, too.

The Pitfalls of Independence

Nobody seems to have thought of trying to solve Puerto Rico's economic problems before saddling it with what may be a fatal freedom, and one of these days the island, barely 100 miles long and 34 miles wide (only about a third bigger than Delaware and with five times the little state's population) will have a flag of its own, a national anthem and a president. It will take its place among the Latin-American republics, but we will continue to pay its bills.

And Muñoz Marin, a heavy man with boudoir eyes and rumpled hair, whose clothes often look as though they've been slept in (and frequently have), will have won a great political victory. He's only 47 years old now and he may be the first president of Puerto Rico before he celebrates his 48th birthday next February.

Muñoz faces a grim future either as president of a nascent republic or in his present role as leader of his party. Before he or anyone else can make independence work, ways must be found of surmounting three great obstacles: (1) the greed of the sugar planters, (2) natural poverty of land and people, (3) a runaway population growth.

These are the three curses of all the Caribbean, but in Puerto Rico they combine to produce an explosive situation which could mean more riots and bloodshed, intensify nationalistic passions and compel a dictatorship. Muñoz may be able to wrest the land away from the sugar planters and so dispel the first curse of the Caribbean, but he can't do much about the other two. He's a great politician but he isn't omnipotent. He can't put coal and petroleum into the island's subsoil and he can't prevent Puerto Ricans from breeding. Let's see whether Puerto Rico can afford to be "free."

To begin with, only half of Puerto Rico's 3,435 square miles are, theoretically, tillable. Some of the area classed as farmland is mountainous and good only as pasture for goats. Altogether the arable area totals 1,200,000 acres. Nearly a quarter of all the farmland has been acquired by a handful of sugar corporations for cane farming. The rest of it, of poor quality and what professional farmers call marginal and submarginal soil, must support a population of more than 2,000,000. It simply isn't anywhere near enough to feed the people.

Even if Muñoz succeeds, as he hopes, in retrieving the land from the monopolists, there would be little more than half an acre for each inhabitant, and as yet no farmer has figured out how a man can live on so little land. Muñoz intends to break up the big estates by enforcing a law written into the original Organic Act limiting corporation holdings to 500 acres.

Absentee Landlords' Economics

The corporations won't yield without a fight. From 1920 to 1935, three companies owned by landlords in New York and Boston netted profits and distributed dividends of $80,000,000. They paid their workmen an average of only $3.48 a week. They increased the acreage devoted to sugar from 70,000 in 1898 to 300,000 and, as the island's welfare depended increasingly on sugar, Puerto Rican peasants became more "sugar minded."

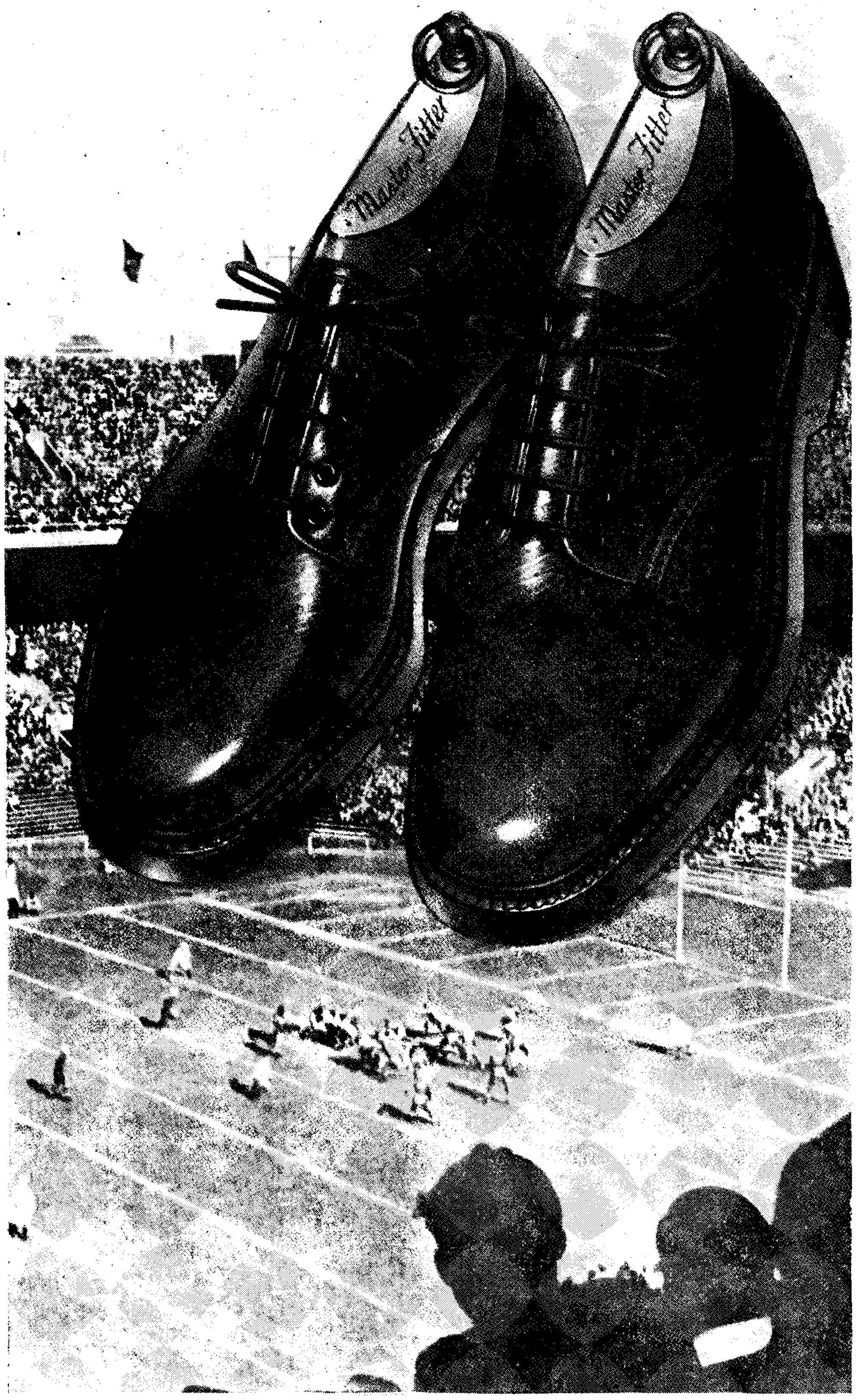
It will take an intensive educational campaign to move the peasants to plant beans and corn instead of cane, whenever the sugar market is good. But let's say that Muñoz will break the sugar trusts, redistribute the land and will succeed in re-educating the *jibaros* to sow other food crops. He and his party have already inaugurated a system of co-operative farms which promises to work and is the most hopeful single aspect of Puerto Rico's future. Their program has met with the bitter opposition of the sugar interests, American and Puerto Rican, but it may succeed. Then what?

Agriculture alone cannot absorb all of the island's labor force of approximately 600,000 workers. About one third of these are habitually unemployed. Employment reaches a peak during the *zafra* or cane-harvesting and grinding season. This lasts four or five months in the year, and even then there are about 150,000 unemployed, which, in an island where there is an average of more than five persons in a family, means hardship for at least 750,000 people. In the off season, a few find odd jobs on the roads and the tobacco plantations, but mostly they loaf in their shacks in the San Juan slums known as The Little Mud and The Pearl and in Ponce, Arecibo and scores of inland towns and cities. They loaf and they breed.

Only by creating industries can Muñoz hope to absorb the jobless. But industries require raw materials and fuel. The island's few feeble streams cannot provide the hydroelectric energy for an industrialization program. And when Nature allocated raw materials and mineral wealth in the Caribbean, she skipped Puerto Rico. The island has no coal and no petroleum. There's a little low-grade iron in the hills, some mica and a bit of manganese. But Puerto Rico's mineral wealth, geologists agree, is insignificant.

Thus the island's poverty in power and raw materials almost eliminates industrialization. The handful of factories already built have made an imperceptible dent on the stockpile of idle manpower. A glass plant, a cement factory, a cardboard-manufacturing plant and a ceramics industry have more than saturated the island's markets for bottles, concrete, packing boxes and bricks, and they employ, in all, less than 5,000 workers.

But the big problem remains the same: population. The Puerto Ricans are the champ breeders of the Caribbean. In less than fifty



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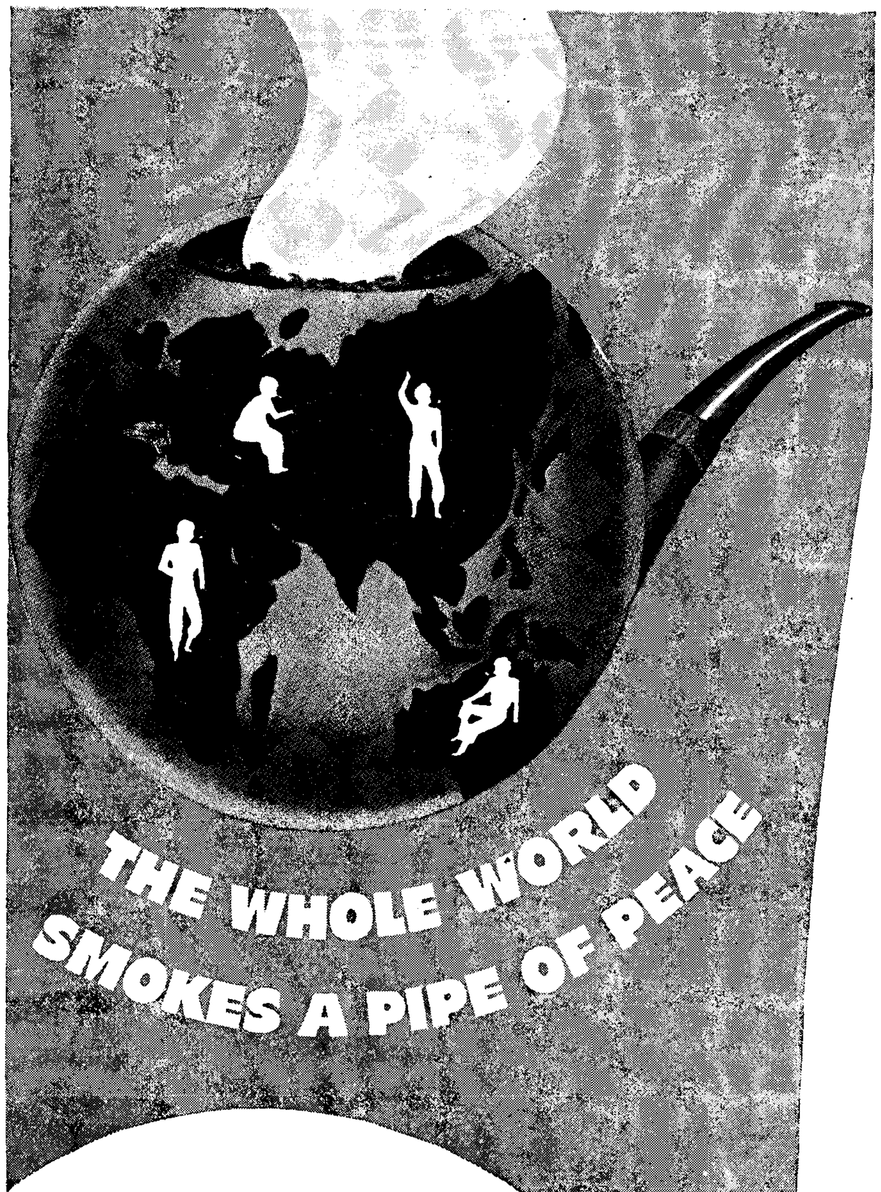
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In all the four corners of the earth, LHS pipes are aglow today, bringing solace and cheer to our service men.

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years, helped by better sanitary conditions introduced by us, the Puerto Ricans have doubled their population from 1,000,000 in 1898 to more than 2,000,000. Each year there are 40,000 more Puerto Ricans to be fed and housed and employed than die from disease and natural causes.

The overpopulation has produced slums in San Juan like El Fanguito, a vast and malodorous chaos of jerry-built shanties aswarm with flies and housing people and pigs, children and chickens, scabrous dogs, mangy cats and goats. The "houses" are built by speculators at from $40 to $50 each and rented at an average of $10 a month or sold for three and four times their cost.

The fight in the slums against hookworm, tuberculosis, malaria, venereal diseases and the more ornery of the tropical intestinal disorders costs island taxpayers $1.20 a year per capita, four times the per-capita cost of public health in the United States and about double what is spent for similar purposes in neighboring Caribbean countries.

Efforts to check the population growth through birth control have met the resistance of the Catholic Church and have been defeated by popular ignorance. A third of the people are illiterate. The island's brightest young planners admit that there's little hope of halting its runaway population growth in time to do any good.

"What the island needs," they say dismally, "is a good epidemic—one that'll wipe out half the population."

Experiments in mass emigration haven't worked. Puerto Ricans are of mixed racial origin, many of them with varying quantities of Negro blood in their veins. No matter how white they may have been, they were treated as Negroes when efforts were made to settle them in our South. They drifted northward into Harlem.

Puerto Rican leaders are toying with the idea of asking Brazil to take 1,000,000 Puerto Ricans as homesteaders and laborers to develop the São Francisco River valley in the northern part of the country. This is an undeveloped and underpopulated area of 2,000,000 people which, with irrigation and the development of waterpower, could support a population at least twenty times as large and become a vast wheat, corn, cotton and cattle-producing area. The São Francisco region has roughly the same climate as Puerto Rico, and the country is a gentle land where racial prejudice is unknown.

The scheme would cost Brazil, Puerto Rican experts estimate, about $800,000,000 for building towns, irrigation projects and setting up power plants and communications systems. It would cost Puerto Rico an additional $500,000,000 and would take about ten years to complete. It would be worth it to Brazil and it would give Puerto Rico a reasonable chance of achieving social and economic stability.

A Gamble in Socialism

The cockeyed relationship between the island's resources and its population may wreck Puerto Rico's hopes of democracy and nationhood. Muñoz and his followers are willing to risk everything on a Socialistic program calling for popular ownership of the soil, the utilities and the larger industries. The idea behind the scheme is fairly simple. The profits made by the sugar corporations and the more modest earnings of the utilities will be distributed among the people instead of being exported as dividends to stockholders in the United States.

Already the water, light and power and transportation companies, the principal San Juan bus lines and the telegraphic systems are under government ownership and control. Soon the telephone system will be taken over by the insular authorities, and steamship and airlines may be established under insular government ownership. The process of redistributing the land also has begun. The experiment is pure Socialism, and Puerto Rico is the only territory under the American flag where it has been tried.

Co-operatives known as Proportional Benefit Farms have been started. Land is condemned or bought directly from landholders, paid for out of public funds and divided into contiguous one-acre plots. Each peasant receives a plot and pays for it at the rate of $3 a year for 50 years but the *jibaro* can't sell the land.

"We want so much for you to own it that we won't let you sell it," Muñoz tells them.

The co-operatives are organized into communities with access to water, light, power and transportation. The three dollars a year paid by the farmers goes into a community fund for seed and equipment used communally by the farmers, and the projects are financed by the insular government's Land Authority which is a semipublic corporation with the government owning 51 per cent of the stock.

Each farmer contributes his work to the production of the crop, usually sugar. The peasants receive regular wages for their work, but when the crop is sold, the net profits, after costs and amortization charges, are divided among them proportionately according to how much work each contributes. So far some 8,000 or 10,000 peasants are settled on about ten of these farms. Some of them have turned in profits ranging as high as 25 and 40 per cent, net. You can deduce, from this, the profit margin of the sugar corporations. The Proportional Benefit Farms are such a financial success that private banks compete with one another to lend them money at low interest rates.

Muñoz figures that it will take $20,000,000 and from ten to fourteen years to complete the resettlement program. But the obstacles are numerous and great.

The "Interests" Will Fight

First, there's the opposition of those entrenched but powerful few who yell "Communism" and who are determined to defend their interests. So far the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the Puerto Rican Land Authority. But until now, most of the resettlement has been done on marginal and unproductive land. The big estates have not yet been touched. These have not even begun to fight.

Sugar is the only important cash crop which the Puerto Ricans can grow. To prosper, they must be able to sell it. Under the Tydings Bill, America will continue to buy Puerto Rican sugar at preferential prices such as Cuba enjoys, but it's doubtful whether the United States could buy the 1,500,000 tons which the Puerto Ricans say they must raise to achieve a stable economy. They'd have to export the surplus in a market which, once the big producing areas of the Orient are rehabilitated, will have more sugar than it needs. The island's welfare would still be dependent on the whims of the craziest world market of all—the sugar market.

One of the principal advantages which would accrue to Puerto Rico with outright independence, however, would be freedom from the Coastwise Shipping Act. This prevents Puerto Rican firms from using foreign vessels for carrying away their surplus goods and for bringing necessities to the island. The restrictions have meant a real hardship.

American shipping services, due to the high wages paid to American Merchant Marine employees, are the most expensive in the world. The high wages and high operating costs are absorbed in the freight rates, and these, in turn, are charged to the importers and exporters. To Puerto Rico this has meant a disproportionately higher price for imports and the inability to trade with foreign countries because Puerto Rican carrier charges are too high. Thus we strangle the island's foreign trade.

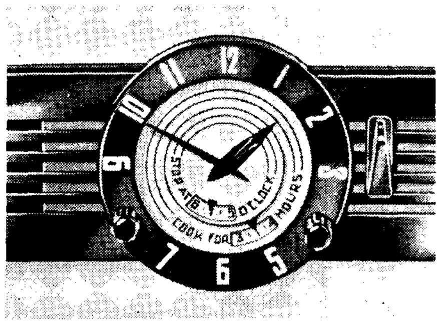
Puerto Rico has more than sugar. Its coffee is among the best in the world, although not for the American taste. The same is true of its tobacco. If Muñoz can get the peasants to plant more tobacco and coffee, Puerto Rico has a chance of making its independence stick, once the land is redistributed, and it can find a market for its sugar.

And if the Puerto Ricans decide on outright independence rather than statehood or dominion status, as seems likely, theirs will be not only an important experiment in nationhood but an interesting one in Socialism, too. An independent Puerto Rico would be the first fully Socialist state in the Western Hemisphere.

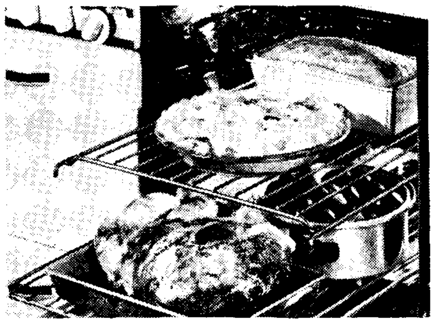
THE END

NOW YOU CAN CO[illegible] WITH THE NEW HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE

MRS. AMERICA, your dream-range is here—the range that practically *thinks* for itself! It's the new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range—product of over 40 years of sound engineering skill and advanced research. Baking, broiling and every other cooking operation are so accurately and *automatically* controlled, you can cook whole meals while you're out of the kitchen. Best of all—you can be sure of perfectly uniform results every time! *Hotpoint has taken the guesswork out of cooking!*

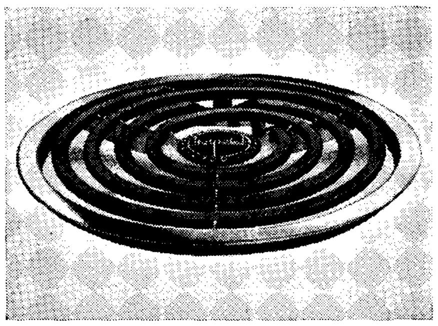


Absentee cooking is a cinch with the new Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range! Put your meal in the oven—set the Oven Timer-Clock and go! It automatically turns the heat on and off—so dinner's ready when you return!



Baking is completely automatic in the big, new Hotpoint oven—for it's scientifically designed to give *even* distribution of measured heat! No watching—no pan-shifting needed and foods won't dry out, because heat is moist.

Helpful hint for coffee-drinkers! Plug your coffee-maker into the Hotpoint Automatic Appliance Outlet—set Timer-Clock—and wake up to the aroma of freshly made coffee! You'll find dozens of other uses for this Outlet.



With Hotpoint's efficient Calrod* Units, heat is accurately and automatically controlled for 5 cooking speeds! You get the exact heat for each cooking operation—and *same* amount of heat every time! So you enjoy better results.

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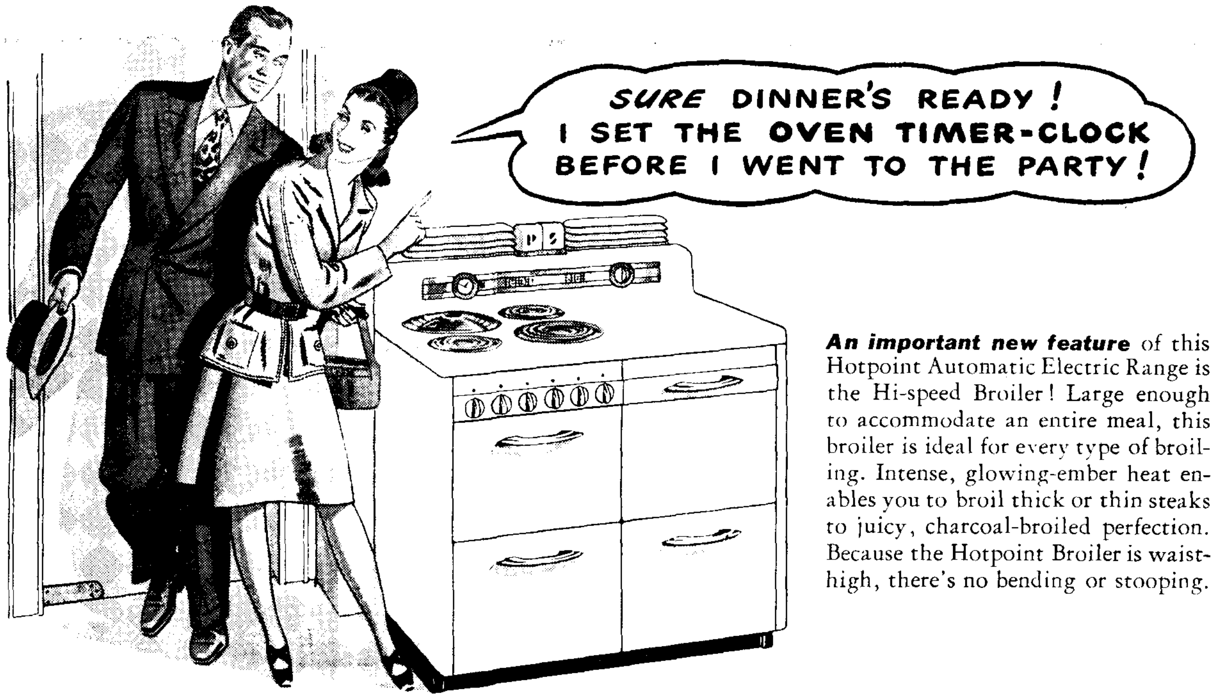
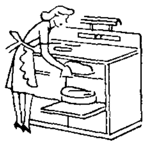
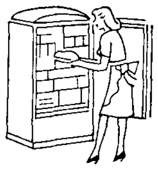

SURE DINNER'S READY! I SET THE OVEN TIMER-CLOCK BEFORE I WENT TO THE PARTY!

An important new feature of this Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range is the Hi-speed Broiler! Large enough to accommodate an entire meal, this broiler is ideal for every type of broiling. Intense, glowing-ember heat enables you to broil thick or thin steaks to juicy, charcoal-broiled perfection. Because the Hotpoint Broiler is waist-high, there's no bending or stooping.

PLAN YOUR KITCHEN AROUND 3 HOTPOINT WORK CENTERS



COOKING CENTER. New Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range—ideally located near sink or dining-room door—cooks fast, accurately and *automatically.*



FOOD STORAGE AND MIXING CENTER. New Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps foods fresh longer—provides convenient storage space. Should be near outside door to save steps.

DISHWASHING CENTER. Hotpoint Electric Dishwasher automatically washes, rinses and dries dishes *hygienically* clean. Hotpoint Disposall whisks waste away electrically. Should be located between other two centers.

DEPENDABILITY ASSURED BY 40 YEARS EXPERIENCE

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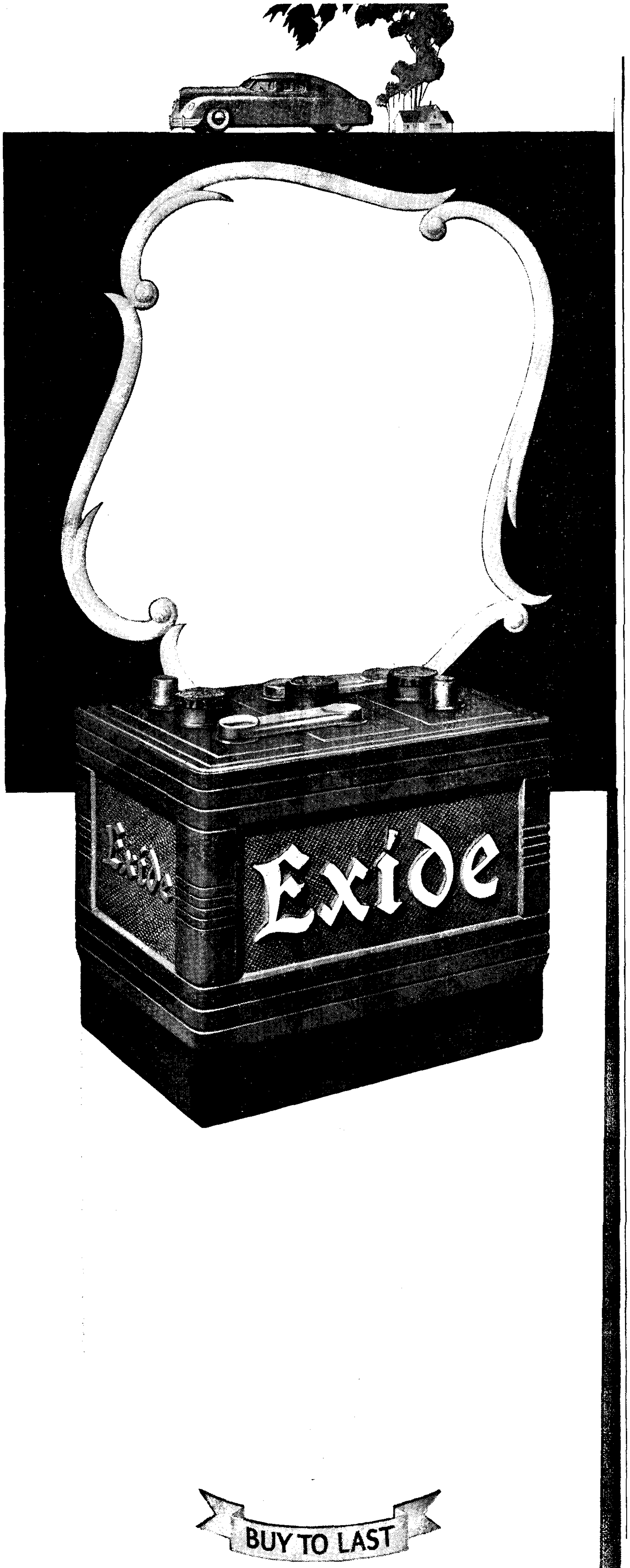


Our New Frontier with Russia

Continued from page 19

as fast as they could disembark their troops and carpetbaggers, the Japanese took over the Dutch island possessions, stretching over a distance greater than that between New York and San Francisco.

Though Japan herself has now been defeated, the prestige of those whom she defeated first will never again be what it was. In the minds of the colonial peoples, two ideas have registered: Colonial power is weak at the base because it has feet of clay; and the rule of the British, Dutch and French is being restored only because of American power. Americans ought to be as deeply impressed by these facts as the colonial peoples are. We are strong enough to restore the rule of the British, Dutch and French. But will they ever again be strong enough for us to lean on them firmly in power politics?

Then there is China. In the closing stages of the war, China played a less and less decisive part. Having fought longer than anyone else, the Chinese were more exhausted than anyone else. To make things worse, the Chinese failed to agree on political unity before the clock struck twelve—the hour when Russia entered the war against Japan, on Chinese territory. (To a large extent this failure was due to the fact that the Kuomintang would not permit any form of political unity that meant giving up its own claim to a monopoly of power.)

We should not, however, let China's decreasing importance in the final stages of the war make us forget that in the beginning, China changed world history by deciding to face Japan and by fighting Japan to a standstill, and that the credit for this decision goes to Chiang Kai-shek.

Which brings us back to Russia. Because the Russians stormed into Manchuria and Korea in a whirlwind campaign only after Japan was already groggy and about to go down for the count, there is a tendency to argue that the Russians owe their postwar position in Asia to America's war effort against Japan. This is true, as far as it goes—but it only goes halfway. We ourselves would never have been able to deploy such overwhelming strength in the Pacific but for the share of the war against Germany which Russia carried. Otherwise, we should have had to divert a lot of that strength against Hitler, and our campaigns against Japan would have lagged.

Russia therefore comes out of the war with two interesting entries on her score card. First, she bought her advantageous position in Asia largely by her sacrifices in defeating Hitler. Second, because she fought so devastatingly against Germany that the victory will never come unstuck, Russia, for the first time since she ceased to be an empire and became a union of republics, is free of the menace of being squeezed between Germany and Japan—each of them backed by a possible world coalition.

By adding up the changes in our position and in the positions of China and Russia, and subtracting the changes in the positions of Japan and the colonial empires, we Americans can find out where we stand. The sum comes out this way: We have more power than we ever had before and we are, in fact, the most powerful nation in the world; but what we have gained in direct power is offset to some extent by loss of the ability to take advantage of the balance of power.

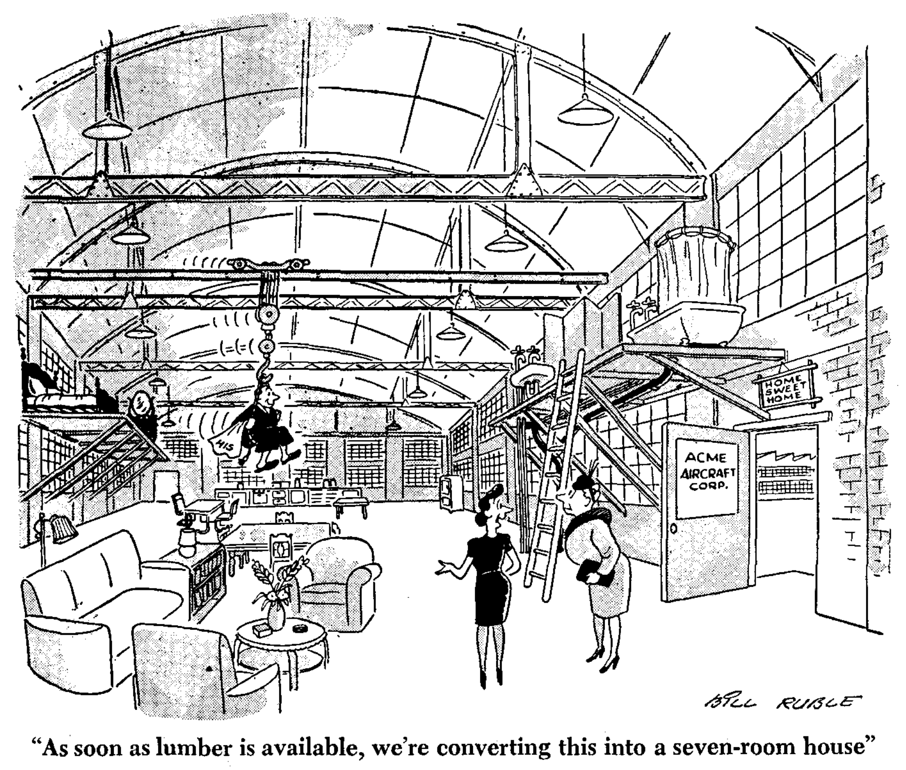
In balance-of-power politics, Britain, France and Holland are more controllable than they ever were before; but they are also weaker, and less worth controlling. Japan is too weak to be a dependable instrument of policy—which is the main flaw in the argument of those who would like to use a chastened but still disciplined Japan as a means of maintaining law and order in Asia. Russia is too strong to be easily maneuvered. The old structure of the balance of power, take it all in all, seems to be a goner.

China's Place in New Setup

For a new structure to replace the old one, we need a really strong China—strong enough to be a full partner in actually determining the world balance of power; and we ought to make our choice with full allowance for our own long-term needs and interests.

We also need a politically stable China, to make possible the confidence of American private investors and a long period in which China can provide investment opportunities for American capital and a market for American products on a large scale. It will take twenty-five years of big-time development to make China a major-league modern power. As the end of the twenty-five-year period of equipping China approaches, the nature of trade and investment will change. China will become less important as a source of raw materials and more important as a country which buys from us some of the things we manufacture and sells to us other things which she manufactures.

We need not fear that new stage of development when it comes. New arrangements will have to be made when it approaches;



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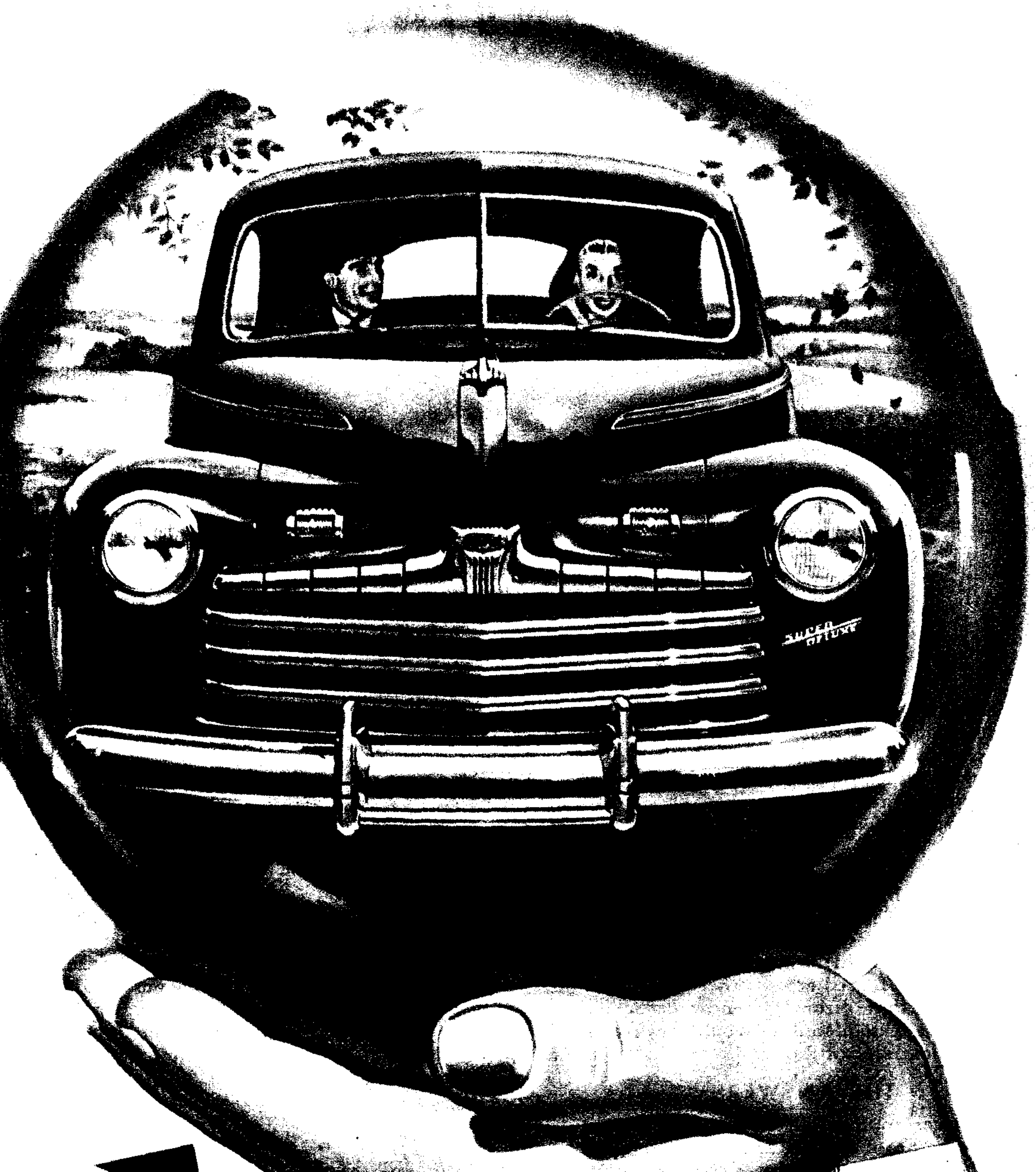
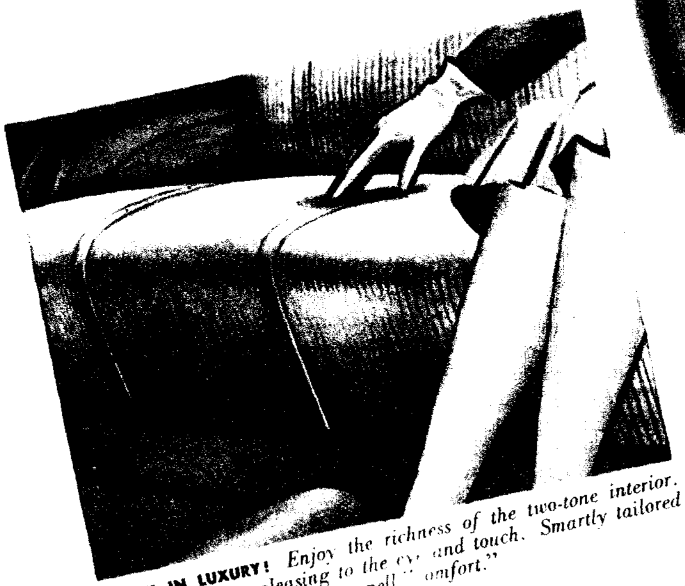
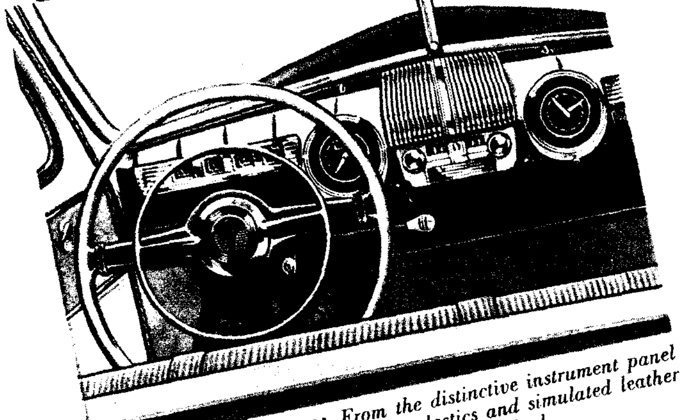




RELAX IN LUXURY! *Enjoy the richness of the two-tone interior. New fabrics are pleasing to the eye and touch. Smartly tailored and rightly contoured seats spell "comfort."*

BRAKES THAT ARE QUICK AND QUIET! *Improved hydraulics with new self-centering feature. Made extra-size—big enough to stop a car of twice the weight. Less pedal pressure needed!*



A PICTURE OF SMARTNESS! *From the distinctive instrument panel with new edge-lighting to the rich plastics and simulated leather trim, appointments are both colorful and practical.*

Meet the new Ford for 1946! Big, beautiful—and with more new developments than many pre-war yearly models . . . It's new in style—more streamlined—with a broader hood and bright new massive grille . . . There's ten more horsepower than before—and more over-all economy . . . And for a luxurious, level ride, this car has new multi-leaf springing. Always, you travel smoothly, gently . . . Take your choice of two great engines. The spirited V-8, now 100 horsepower—or the lively 90 horsepower Six . . . Yes, everywhere you look, you'll find advancements . . . These youthful new 1946 Ford cars are now in production. And they'll continue to be produced in ever-increasing numbers. Keep in touch with your Ford dealer—for the smartest Ford car ever.

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There's a in your future!

THE MOST CONVINCING

RAZOR TEST

IN SHAVING HISTORY

• Back in 1942 all of our production of Schick Blades went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. That condition lasted *for almost a year!*

THE TEST

Then Schick Blades became available again in 1943, and the Schick Injector Razor was put to a crucial test—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands who had been forced to use other razors now keep on with these razors? Or—now that Schick Blades were again plentiful—would they return to the Schick Injector Razor?

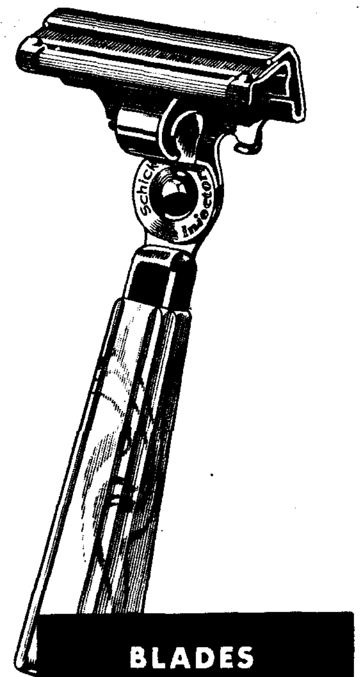
THE ANSWER

The answer to that question was the most convincing proof of razor appeal ever offered!

The Schick Injector Razors—*forced into retirement a year before*—were *put back to work*—almost to a man! We know because Schick Blade sales *climbed back to pre-war levels within a few short* months. A dramatic answer to a most dramatic test!

SCHICK BLADES
NOW AVAILABLE BUT—

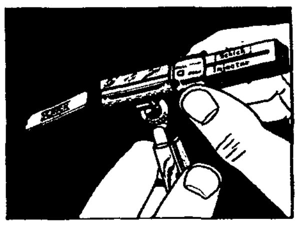
All the Schick Injector Razors we can produce are still going to the armed forces. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.



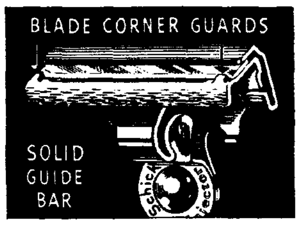
BLADES
NOW PLENTIFUL

RAZORS
NOT YET—BUT SOON

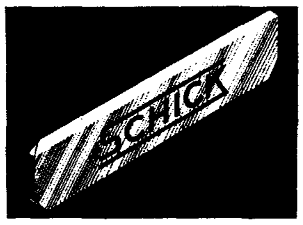
THE EXCLUSIVE SHAVING ADVANTAGES MEN COULDN'T FORGET!



AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE . . . A pull and push on the Injector *shoots out old blade, slides in* fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR . . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and *flattens the skin just ahead of* the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES . . . twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 *times as thick as paper-thin* ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector
RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

but experience shows that the trend is for trade to be greater between industrialized countries than between an industrialized country and a country which has only raw materials to sell. For one thing, an industrialized country has a higher per capita income and therefore a greater mass buying power. In the meantime, our problem is to get on the basis of confidence which is needed to make the rapid industrialization of China possible.

How are we to get what we need?

There are two alternatives. We could assume that Russia's hands-off attitude in China gives us a green light to finance and arm the Chinese government for a rapid suppression of any future opposition, imposing an iron uniformity on China, by force; or we can go on the assumption that what China needs—and what we need in China—is not a unity imposed by force but one that grows out of agreement, and on that assumption we can base a policy of encouraging all signs of unity and backing up each step toward unity with American financial and economic support.

The first alternative would land us with an empire on our hands. If there should be internal trouble in the future involving the strong Communist party or other big groups, a continuing flow of American supplies would be needed on a really large scale.

That is why we would have an empire on our hands. Only America could provide the supplies in the necessary quantity, and to keep on getting them, the Chinese government would have to do just about everything we wanted. It would not be subordinate to us in sovereignty, as India is subordinate to Britain, but we would have a surer control than the British enjoy in India today, because the Indians are free to work at weakening British control, while a Chinese government launched on the skids of civil war would have to concede us more and more control.

In the meantime we would be undermining our own interests and building up against ourselves a tremendous force of resistance. We need in China an expanding market, because our industry needs to be able to plan for the future on a large scale. One or two years of good trade, followed by a depression, would complicate our problems, instead of solving them. We need a rising standard of living in China, so that China will not become a second Japan, undercutting us by low living standards as soon as it gets an industrial equipment.

Democracy and Prosperity

We therefore need in China a democratic government to start up the economic motor, because only a democratic government would respond to the demands of the people for higher standards of economic independence, wages, purchasing power and living standards for both the vast rural population and the city workers and middle class. We could not get either an expanding market, increased purchasing power or a democratic political system by channeling our trade and financing to the support of a government bent on suppressing all political opposition by force of arms.

The situation is now up to us to handle almost as much as it is up to the Chinese government. We are far and away the most important financial backers of the Chinese government, and the arms and other military supplies it receives now come almost exclusively from us.

Whatever the decision we make, it will have consequences for decades to come. The Chinese government, as it stands, is now universally recognized as the legitimate government. We should deal with it as such. But the Chinese government happens to be the exclusive property of the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party. The army of the government is also the army of the party.

The party officially proclaims a policy of democracy, with the right of election and representation for other parties, at some time in the future; but in the past it has practiced a policy of severe control, amounting sometimes to repression and suppression, of rival parties. These parties were allowed some representatives; but the representatives were appointed by the Kuomintang, not elected on a free vote. They therefore represented the degree of concession which the Kuomintang was prepared to make, not the voting strength of the people.

The conversations between Kuomintang and Communist representatives at Chungking must sooner or later lead up to a fateful result. Either the Chinese in the future will handle the problem of unity as if it were a repetition of the problem in America on the eve of the Civil War, or they will treat it as if it were more like the problem in America at the end of the Revolutionary War. The Civil War parallel has been widely publicized, by quoting Lincoln's words that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," which is unfortunate, because the actual situation is more like that of the thirteen American states after the Revolutionary War.

The drafters of our Constitution set out to create "a more perfect union," thus acknowledging that a satisfactory unity did not yet exist, which is the state of affairs in China at present. National unity in America was made possible by compromises between centralized authority and local responsibility, and between majorities and minorities. That is what China needs today.

No Bayonet Politics

In such a situation, we need a clear redefinition of American policy, spoken out loud. We need to make it unmistakably understood that while we have done everything we could to help the *national* army of China to clear the country of the Japanese invaders, we do not intend to support the *party* army of the government in practicing bayonet politics to prevent other parties from getting the number of votes the people want to give them.

The war emergency is now over. Nobody is getting ready to attack or invade China. The Chinese army does not need another plane, tank or bullet for national defense. The way is therefore open for us to provide credit and expert assistance for the Chinese government in agrarian reform, tax reform and industrialization; and this we can do while telling the Chinese government clearly that the flow of help and supplies will stop if it is diverted away from national policy into party politics.

If we handle the situation right, the development of political democracy and economic progress in China will go hand in hand. The Chinese will fully appreciate the part played by American help, and the most democratic Chinese will be the most pro-American Chinese. If we handle it wrong, democratic Chinese will feel that it is America which has choked their aspirations and forced on them a political system of Polish-type landlords and Argentine-type military dictators.

More and more of them will turn toward Russia, because they have nowhere else to turn. Millions of Chinese will be disillusioned with American democracy, and millions more will begin to want the Russians (who have proclaimed hands off in China) to change their minds and back the democratic movement.

Re-entry of the Russians into the politics of eastern Asia, with a strengthened hand, would be very easy if we and the Chinese were to play wildly or carelessly the cards we now hold. The strongest card of the Russians is neither Korea nor Manchuria, about which there has been so much sensational speculation, but Outer Mongolia.

The importance of Outer Mongolia was underlined by President Chiang in an important statement made, significantly, after the signing of the Russian-Chinese treaty but just before publication of its terms. Addressing a joint session of the Supreme National Defense Council of China and the Central Executive Committee of his own party, the Kuomintang, he said: "We should, in accordance with our revolutionary principles and the Kuomintang's consistent policy, recognize, with bold determination and through legal procedure, the independence of Outer Mongolia and establish friendly relations with it."

The "legal procedure" was revealed in one of the exchanges of notes with the Russians; China will offer Outer Mongolia a plebiscite to determine its independence.

The significance of this move is very great. In the first place, it reverses the view expressed by President Chiang in his book, China's Destiny, which has never been published in English. In that book he maintained that such people as the Mongols are of the same stock as the Chinese and indicated that the right policy would be to assimilate them with the Chinese. By now sponsoring a policy which is exactly the reverse, he shows that he is not (as he has frequently been accused of being) completely inflexible in his views.

In the second place, Outer Mongolia has claimed independence as long as China itself, and has had effective independence since 1924. In that year, when the last Living Buddha died, the Lama Buddhist Church was not allowed to appoint a new one, and the Mongol People's Republic went ahead with a new constitution, free of ecclesiastical control.

An Impression of Outer Mongolia

I was in Outer Mongolia a year ago last summer, accompanying Vice-President Wallace when he stopped at Ulan Bator, the capital, on his way home from China. We met Marshal Choibalsang, the Premier, and other leading Mongols. We drove out over the open prairie and visited several camp-villages of the nomad Mongols. This was not a conducted tour, because the Vice-President told the driver where to go. I have known the Mongols for many years, chiefly in Inner Mongolia under Chinese rule; and I was strongly impressed by the prosperity of Outer Mongolia and the frank and free manners of its people.

They were very positive about the fact that they were citizens of an independent democratic republic, in which a modified private-enterprise system prevails—not a Soviet republic. The people owned their flocks and herds; people who were rich enough hired labor to tend their sheep and cattle for them—an "exploitation of man by man" which does not exist in the Soviet system.

New factories and industries, however, were owned and operated by the government—one very good reason being that the Mongols, whose wealth is still mainly in cattle, do not as individuals have fluid money capital in sufficient quantities to float private ventures in industrialization.

It is likely that something new and surprising will dawn on us when Chinese recognition of Outer Mongolia opens the way to international recognition. We are not yet prepared for the fact that there exists on the frontiers of China a new nation which is already a vigorous going concern. Unlike the Chinese of Manchuria, who were fully aware that they were in reality the subjects of Japan, the people of Outer Mongolia consider themselves on a footing of full equality with Russia. If anything, they are somewhat cocky.

"There are some things that we handle better than the Russians," said one of them to me.

This new nation has an area of about 800,000 square miles, and a population of about a million and a half. The population is increasing fast, because the public health service has already brought under control syphilis and tuberculosis, which were formerly the plagues of the Mongols. The average of education compares favorably with that of China, the individual outlook of the people is unmistakably democratic, and the government is both strong and popular.

Since the Mongolian People's Republic has for twenty years had international relations only with Soviet Russia, the effect of the opening of relations with other countries is going to be curious to watch. The net effect will be a great increase in the prestige of Russia among Asiatic peoples, because here is a country which could not have survived without Russian protection—yet it has neither been swallowed up nor controlled from within.

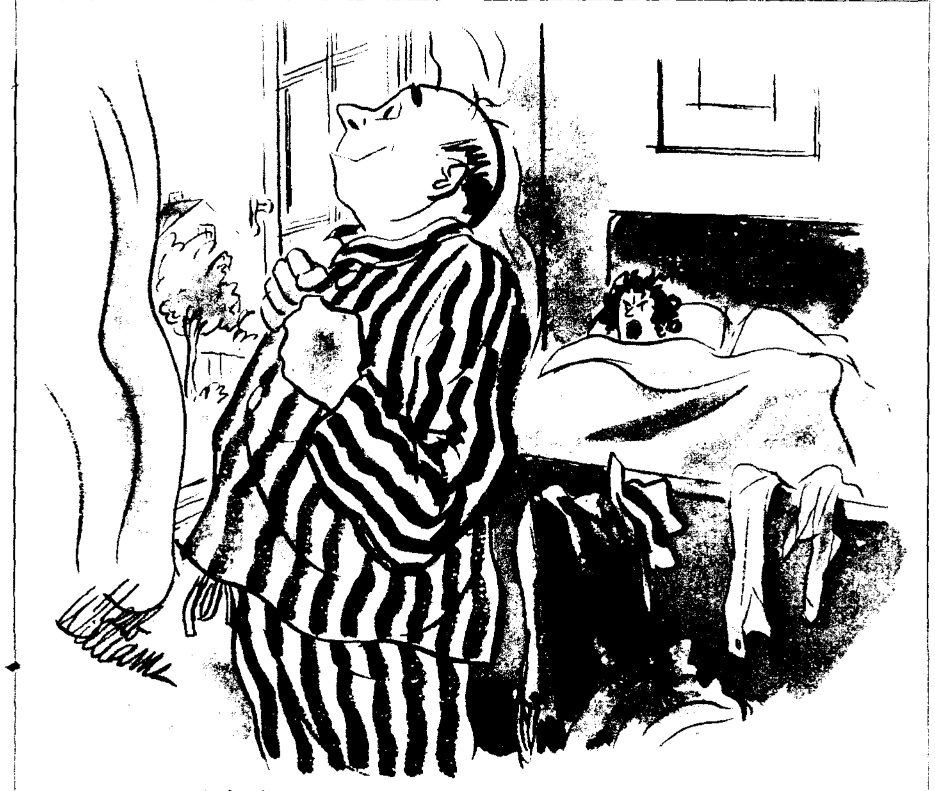
Its economic, political and social systems are markedly different from those of Russia, yet Russian help in loans and in expert personnel has helped to strengthen those differences instead of resulting in pressure to conform to Russian standards. Finally, though the Mongols are a people of only one and a half million, while the Chinese are a people of about 450 million. Chinese prestige will be dealing with a rival of some importance, because of the progressiveness and prosperity of Mongolia.

The Next Move Is Up to China

Such are the cards that have been dealt. They reveal that there are aspirations for freedom and democracy all over Asia. They reveal that the biggest program for democracy is in China. It is cordially backed by American sympathy, but because it has not yet gone into action, America still hesitates how far to back it with a practical policy.

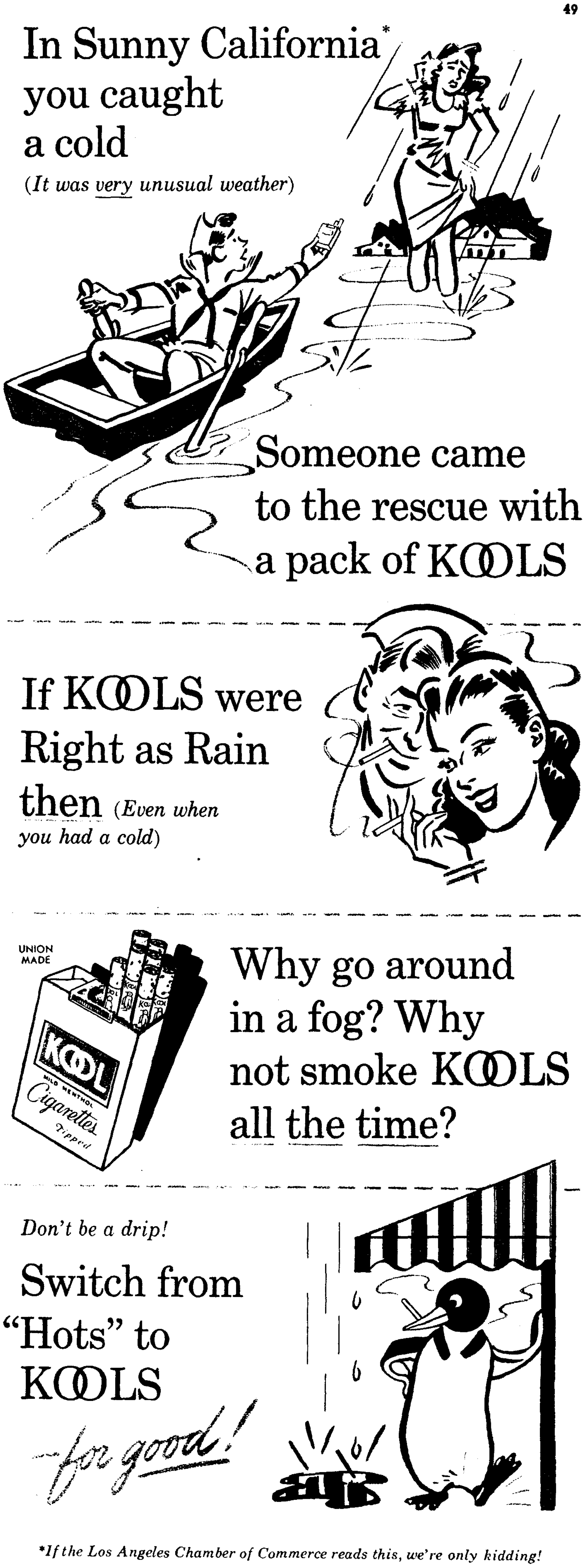
It is up to China to pick up the cards. If they are well played, China will assume the leadership among Asiatic peoples, and America will have something to back. If they are badly played, China will lose that leadership, and American interests would be frustrated, because we would have neither a strong China helping to maintain security nor a prosperous China for the expanding investments and trade which we need.

The End



"It's bad enough you stay out and carouse all night. Do you have to feel so wonderful in the morning?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS



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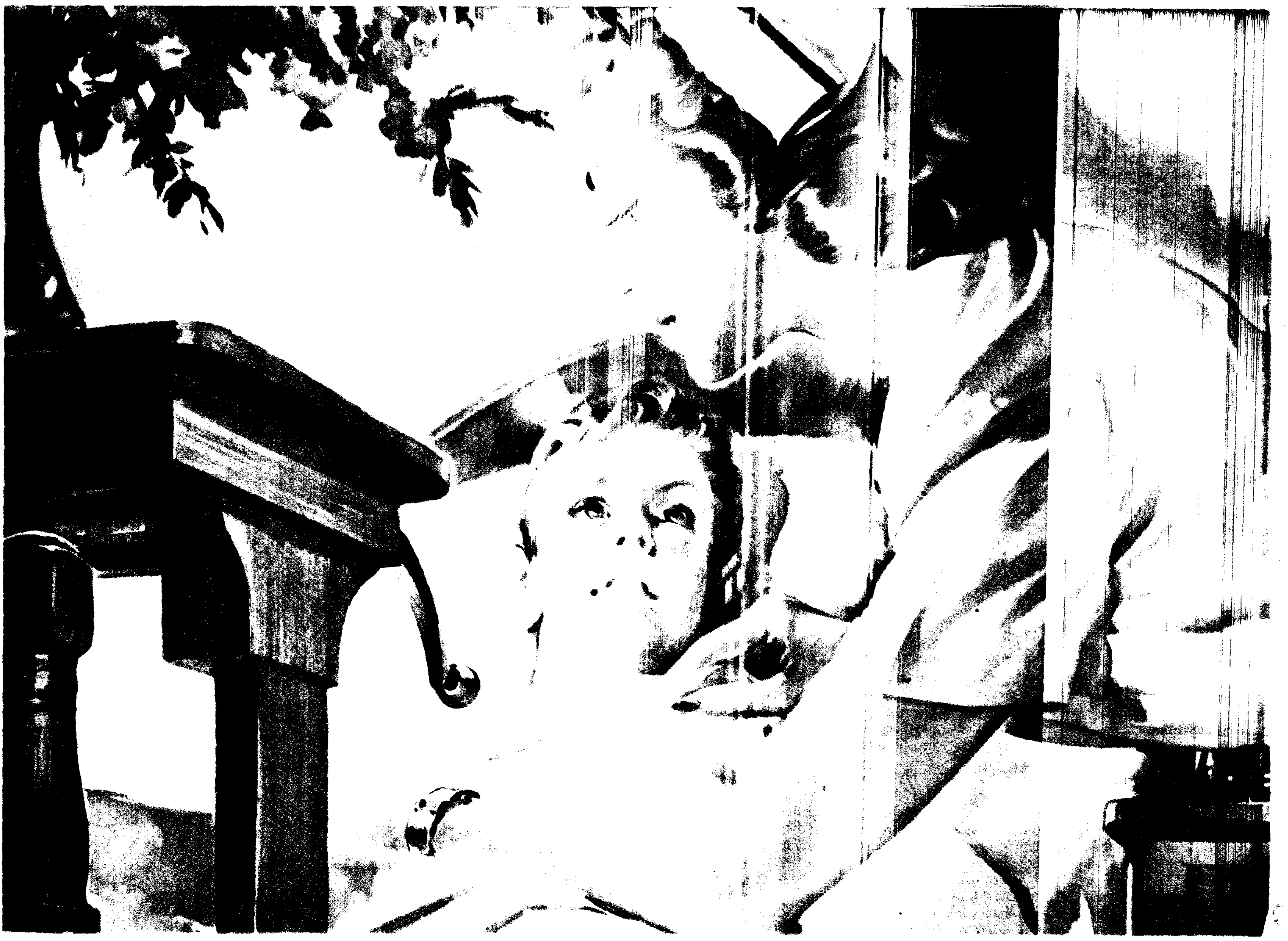


"Okay, Skipper," Jane said, "that's enough for tonight." In his new adult understanding Bobby sensed her feelings. "Are you worried, Jane?" he asked

THE LAST TRY

BY BETSEY BARTON

To triumph over crippling pain needs courage and a tenacious faith, as you will learn from this moving story by an author who accomplished just such a triumph

THE little boy lay in the high hospital bed with his eyes closed. He listened to the pain humming in his body and because it sang and filled him he could hear nothing else. Then he felt the soothing warmth of a hot, wet pack that the nurse was wrapping around one of his aching legs. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

She wasn't very pretty or very young. She was small and quick and her hair was blond. Her hands moved efficiently about him and when she spoke her voice was quiet. But it was not gentle. It was rigid, professional, indifferent.

And through the singing of the pain Bobby felt her coolness and shut his eyes. Now. Now. He needed warmth, someone to tell him it would be all right. And that the pain would go away.

He could barely understand what had happened to him, what had brought him there. He wasn't thinking clearly yet. Nor was he feeling. There was a numbness in his brain, a blind spot. He knew only that all at once he had been forced to notice his body, to notice it carefully for the first time in his life. He had never considered it before, so well had it served him, so easily had it run and leaped and walked at his command. Now, suddenly, it would not answer these commands. It would not obey. And he lay within it, caught in it, held by its inertness.

When they told him what was wrong with him he had listened and part of him understood. His mind took the new fact carefully, slowly, holding it away from the agony spots of fear and disbelief. Holding it, shielding him from the shock. All that had happened was so strange, so new. He heard the name—paralysis. And he said to himself—I am paralyzed. Yet still he did not believe this.

That morning he had heard his mother knock on the door to wake him. He had opened his eyes. It was dark still and the room was cold. The curtains blew in at the window; he took a deep breath of the damp winter air. And instantly the pain shot down all over him with the sharp pricking of a thousand needles. Bobby gasped and lay still. His eyes were wide. He cautiously took another breath and the pain still came, it grew steadier now, it filled his whole body. He tried to reach out his hand to push back the covers. He tried again to reach it out; it barely moved. Very deliberately he threw the impulse down into his arm; this time there could be no mistake, his arm was weak and motionless and full of pain. Frantically then he tried to heave himself upright while the aching drummed in his ears. Nothing happened. He could not move. Panic leaped sickeningly within him, clutched at his heart.

"Mother, Mother," he screamed. "Come here. Come quick. Something . . ." His voice broke and tears of terror welled in his throat. "Something awful's happened to me."

THEY lifted his small body from the ambulance and he made a little mound in the great plaid blanket that wrapped him to his nose. Inside the hospital the doctor bent over him carefully. His voice was quiet, it made unhurried comments. Bobby lay stiffly. If he tried to move, the ache sprang to life in all his muscles. His breathing was thick, uneven now. He gripped himself and hung on hard. His mind was bewildered. Deep down inside him something was running in fear, crying out, screaming. I can't move. I can't move. I can't move!

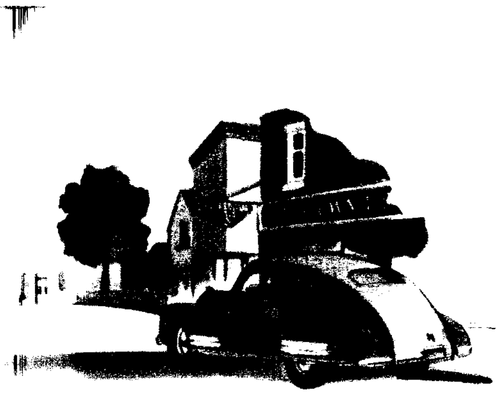
They wheeled him rapidly down long, smooth corridors and the lights flashed by over his head. The wheels of the stretcher bumped into the elevator. Bobby shut his eyes. He choked and his pain-filled chest heaved with dry sobs that hurt him, tore at him so that he held his breath and bit his lip hard as they lifted him from the stretcher onto the high bed.

Now he lay as he had for the past two days, on his back. He opened his eyes and felt the warmth again as Jane took his arm and, removing the wet pack that had grown cold, wrapped a fresh hot one around it. She did this as she had done it a hundred times before for other patients, unconsciously noting the respiration, the dilation of the pupils, the faint trace of moisture on the boy's forehead. The arm she held in her hand was small. It looked strong and round. She watched the boy press his eyelids together and he did not cry out. Then she pulled herself up and finished wrapping it. Don't care, Jane, she told herself. Don't get involved in this. It's the last one. Then you can go in the Army.

For Jane Richards had had enough of hospital life. And especially of infantile. She was tired of its slowness, of the many times she had broken her heart over the children who had come in stricken down by it. The country was deep in war; already our European forces had landed in Sicily. And Jane knew that in wartime big things always happen in medicine. New things. Thrilling things. She wanted to be part of that, she wanted to see medicine at its most creative. She wanted to see it win. . . .

Within a few days, as silently and as mysteriously as it had come, the paralysis in Bobby's body began to recede. The swelling in his spinal cord began to go down, to cease

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



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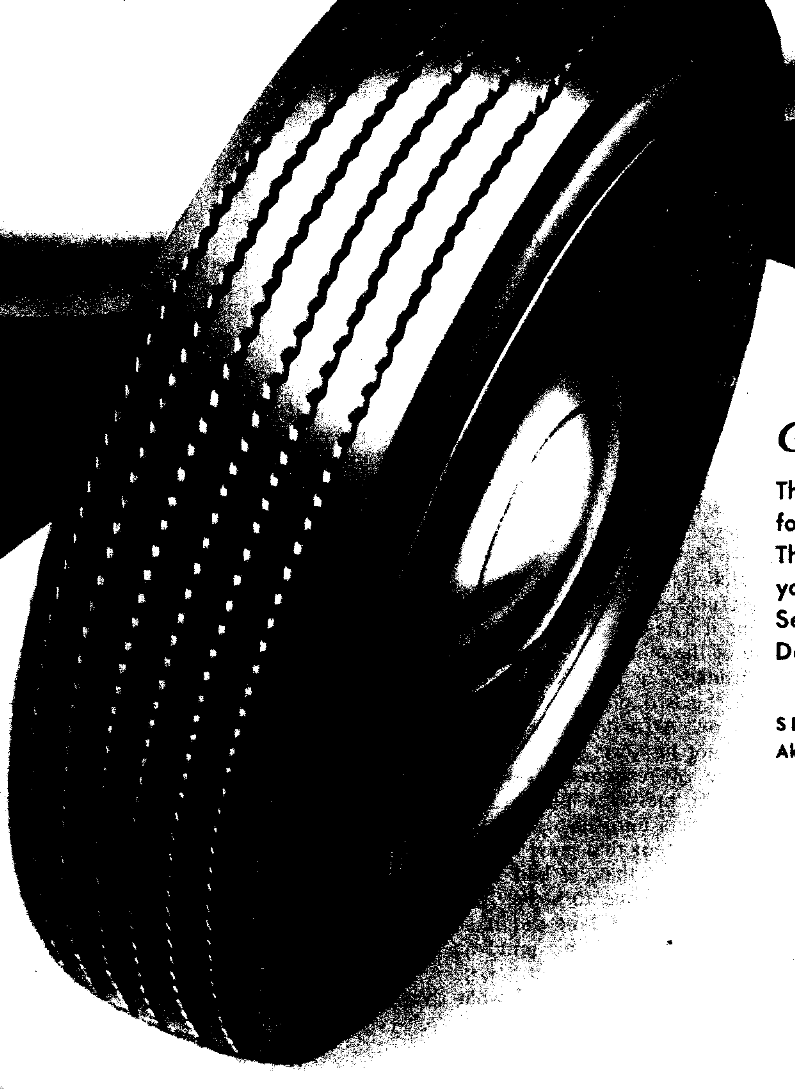

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FLIGHT FORUM

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• • •

Those spots are the 473 airports developed by the U.S. on routes over the Atlantic, Africa, Asia, South America, Alaska and the Pacific. They cost a pretty penny, some $820,000,000, but were worth it as stops on supply routes. They're expendable, but since you can't lug an airport to a bargain basement sale, most will go into commercial use, with much benefit to travel.

• • •

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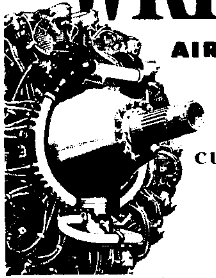
• • •

Many a foreign boniface has gaped at the traffic and American innovations, then rushed to talk with his banker about using such ideas to attract peace-time visitors. They noticed that visitors of all lands preferred the modern Americana.

• • •

Some war-built fields may never be used, except by jungle expeditions. The majority will be used for these benefits: First, they will make travel available to you in *all* the world. Second, they will serve as sales display rooms for American goods. A Near East potentate who ordered 12 complete American bathrooms after visiting an American field is an example. And it's just one more example of the way air travel with Wright Cyclone engines is adding to world trade and passenger comfort.



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pressing on the nerves and his pain eased. Now he looked back at Jane as she took the thermometer from between his lips. He didn't smile; he had not smiled for a long time.

"Breathe deeply and slowly," Jane said quietly. "Those muscles are weak and new. If you breathe deeply you'll give them more exercise and they'll grow strong again." She straightened the covers that were already straight for there was no movement underneath to crease them, and touched the board she had put at the foot of the bed, close against Bobby's feet.

"Pretend you're pressing down on this, Bobby," she said. "Think that the whole bed is tilted and you are standing up on this board. I put it here so your feet won't forget what it is like to be used. So when you get up on them again they won't just walk away and say they're not Bobby's feet at all."

He had felt his feet on the board, he had felt them there before the pain had left him, but he had not been able to establish the connection in his mind. Now he looked down. His feet seemed far away. His whole body looked small and strange to him, as if it did not belong. He did not recognize it. In the past few days his mind had wandered away from it—had retreated. And he had spent most of the time dreaming—dreaming about how he would wake up one morning and the power and the motion would have rushed back into his arms and legs in the night. He would get up then and run down the corridor screaming at the nurses to look at him, to just look.

But the dream had not come true. . . .

He looked for Jane but she was out of sight. She came back now with a man in a white coat. The doctor. He had white hair and glasses, and his voice was not impersonal like Jane's—it was kind and reassuring.

With the doctor, then, Jane examined Bobby. They tested the movements of the joints first. Six movements in the shoulder . . . five in the hip . . . five in the wrist. Then the muscles; they tested their reaction. "Now, Bobby," the doctor said, "raise that foot if you can. . . . Try to pull this leg up, now down. . . . How about these fingers? Can you close them, open them? Try to raise your head. Try to sit up."

And Bobby tried all these things as the doctor asked but there was no answering response to the orders he gave. He was hot and flushed and almost in tears as Jane recorded the remnants of action in the muscles; as she coolly and with composure watched him struggle, saw the reaction and calmly charted the devastation of the disease.

IN THE hall outside Bobby's room the doctor turned to Jane: "He has more power left than I had dared hope; it's lucky we got him right away. But it's going to take a lot of work to get him on his feet again. Don't let his mind retreat from the fact of the paralysis, don't let him escape into dreaming. Try to make him aware of the normal action in his arms and legs again as soon as possible."

When Jane came back she took Bobby's foot gently in her hands. She knew what she had to work with now.

"I'm going to move your foot up, Bobby, and then down. Try to follow the motion I am doing for you with your mind. But don't try to move your foot, just let me do it. And while I am moving it up, think here"—she pointed to a place in the middle of the ankle—"and when I move your foot down, try to think at these two points, here—" She pointed to two places at the back of the ankle.

Bobby watched her earnestly as she moved the foot carefully up and then down. After she had done it a few times he began to become aware of the motion. He sent his mind down the shrunken leg, searching, feeling out pathways to the two places she had asked him to think of. At first it was like feeling down a limb not his own, there was no answering twinge of response. Then, bit by bit, the thought messages pushed through the weakened fibers until he was generating a sensation in his foot that grew into needle points, like the ones that he had felt once when his foot had gone to sleep. He followed her carefully and Jane did it slowly until he was able to hook his mind on the two muscles she had pointed out.

Jane looked up. "Can you feel what I've been doing?" Bobby nodded. Jane looked down at the foot. "Now you try to pull it up by yourself."

Bobby fixed his eyes on his foot, he tightened up his mouth and threw the impulse eagerly down. Jane felt it under her fingers, shooting off in all directions, spilling into the wrong nerve pathways. The foot lay still in her hand. Bobby relaxed. His body was hot from the effort.

"Let's try it again," Jane said. "Only this time, relax completely before trying. Don't screw up your mouth. Think of something soft—a small fleecy white cloud with soft squashy sides."

Bobby sighed. He shut his eyes and imagined a white cloud floating near his foot, so soft it bounced off his toes. Then he searched down his leg and hooked his mind into the two muscles in his foot. Very definitely he felt his foot respond. He jerked his eyes open. Jane was looking at him with shining eyes.

"Did it move, Miss Richards, did it move?" he asked excitedly, eagerly.

Jane shook her head. "No. It didn't move. But the impulse came down evenly, it didn't go rushing to the wrong muscles."

She took hold of the foot. "Once more. Try once more," she said.

TWICE a day then through the long, cold winter Jane and Bobby worked. And each day Jane withdrew her heart from the boy and each night she congratulated herself that she was still immune, that this her last case of infantile had not caught her and would not again fill her with frustration. The staff at the hospital was getting low, the other nurses were leaving all the time and Jane envied them and followed their adventurous way in her dreams.

But the conflict in her grew as she strove to maintain her indifference, for she knew better than anyone else could know the importance of the nurse on a case like this; the extent of her responsibility for success or failure. So day by day, as our soldiers pushed painfully ahead in Italy, and the battle in the Pacific mounted in intensity, Jane was drawn into a battle of her own—the battle in Bobby's room. Sometimes, to her surprise, she forgot the wars of men entirely for a while. And Bobby made this easier for her. He forced her into honesty. To his child's wisdom there could be no answer but honesty.

"Your legs are fine now. They stand on the board as straight as a string," Jane said one day and looked down at him, smothering her pride, shielding her heart. But Bobby wasn't listening. In the first weeks when he had needed love and sympathy she had not given them to him. And Bobby felt no affection for her. The test had come to him and he had met it. He had learned to be on his own, and he had sensed that there are times when there is no one to turn to but oneself.

In his new maturity, that shone strangely in the eyes of a ten-year-old, he watched Jane carefully, gravely. His eyes tested her, her sincerity, her pride in her art. For he was aching to ask her something and he wanted the truth. He did not want to be fooled. He swallowed hard and his brown eyes searched her deeply. "Miss Richards," he asked, "Miss Richards—do you think—am I going to get well?"

Jane looked at him. It had been eight months now and the response had been slow. Her training checked the progress with detachment, counting the returning motions, the muscles that had been affected, adding the possibilities. But her heart suddenly was more impatient; it ran ahead and broke through the tight bonds in which she had been keeping it. When she spoke it was her heart that spoke for her. "You're going to get well, Bobby," she heard it say.

Then her armor crumbled. In her words to the boy whose eyes were now bright with joy she had promised life and freedom and happiness. Now, as she heard him laughing out loud, she realized she had never heard him laugh before. And suddenly she felt sick. She left the room quickly as it came to her that in her selfishness she had, she might have, held him back.

Through the summer and the fall and into

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the new year the patient's struggle for health went on. The slow battle of the boy and the woman in a hospital room. It was undramatic, it was tiresome, it was dull. Yet there grew up between them a gentle trust in each other. The boy's brown eyes lighted when he heard her steps coming down the corridor and Jane was repaid again and again for her months of work. There was the time the nerves broke through in his right leg and made it move waveringly up, to their great surprise. There was the time he stood up for the first time, and then burst into tears of happiness. And there was the time when they had fitted him for a leg brace with the aid of which Bobby knew he would walk. All these times with their laughter and their joy in achievement, rewarded Jane for that year, rewarded her a thousandfold.

She rebuked herself now for not thinking of the war. The beat of life and death that war made so plain had forced her into some sort of justification of her existence and she was finding in Bobby's winning struggle a relief from all the times she had been unable to help other children. In this way it had become necessary for Jane to have him get well. More necessary than for him perhaps. For after years of patching up kids and sending them back into life only partly recovered, this was almost a cure. So nearly a cure that she needed to have it complete.

IN THE brightly lighted room Jane snapped the short legs of the exercise table up and placed Bobby's right leg on it. She sprinkled some powder on the little table's shining surface and together, like experts in a familiar game, they exercised Bobby's legs. After much practice Bobby had become a master at casting his mind down into any muscle group, holding it there, calling on a muscle mentally, urging it, prodding it to move. He loved the quick response, the leap of vitality he got now when he did this, and always his heart jumped a little when he carried out a perfectly co-ordinated motion. He remembered the hopeless days when he had sent his mind stumbling, wandering blindly all over his body missing his aim every time he tried to pick out a certain muscle. He laughed a little and pinched Jane with his good left hand as she finished the leg exercise.

Now the right arm. Jane placed it on the table and smoothed the powder under it. Bobby looked at its limpness as she lifted it, and all the joy went out of him. It looked like a piece of string. Here the leap, the rush of vitality, never came. Here he was once again stumbling down the broken nerveways, fumbling, trying, feeling nothing. Silently they worked the fingers and they were coming to be fairly strong. But the arm had no power in it.

"Okay, Skipper." Jane slid the arm off the table and snapped the short legs down. "That's enough for tonight." Bobby looked at her, and in his new adult understanding he sensed her feelings.

"Are you worried, Jane?" She looked at him with troubled eyes and shook her head. Then she bent swiftly and kissed him lightly on the cheek. In all the weeks, in all the months, she had never touched him affectionately, had never given in to her feeling for him so completely. Now she turned quickly, her eyes full of tears and left the room.

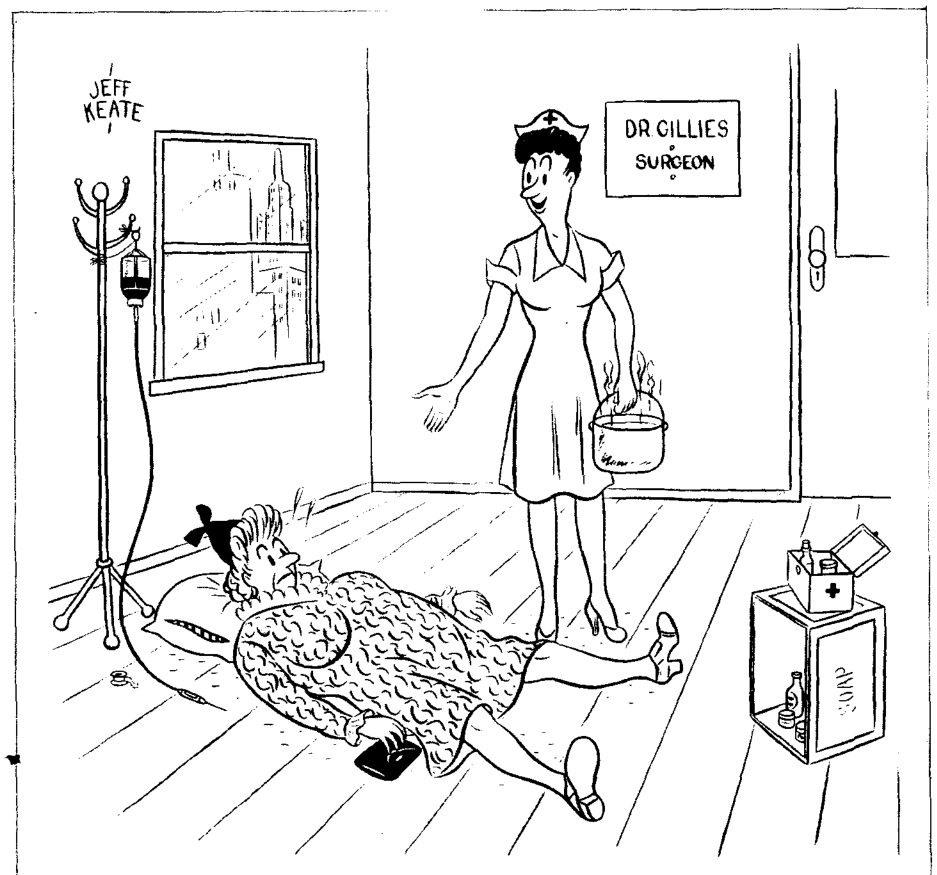
In secret, in the dark then, Bobby continued to work on his arm. Stealthily at night or in the afternoon he labored. He was so anxious to please her, to see her smile as together they saw it move. He was not working for himself now, but with all his devotion and gratitude, he was working for Jane.

As he lay there, again and again he began the patient search. He would feel down into the arm and then gently, gently without trying to try, he would begin to move it. Nothing happened. Again he pushed down the blocked ways and again nothing happened. He tightened his neck and his mouth screwed up and nothing happened. Even if he took a deep breath and tried to relax he could not. He kept a good grip on himself for about ten tries and then, when he failed each time, he would become frantic. Discarding all the careful rules of concentration he knew so well, he would shove the impulse down until the sweat rolled off his head. He would try until he was hot all over, until his anger made him want to take his arm and wrench it off and throw it away. He would try until weakness and exhaustion overcame him, and he just rolled back and forth in bed with the anguish of not being able to move his arm for Jane.

When she came in and found him like this, he would look guilty and embarrassed and she would soothe him: "Bobby, honey, you must relax. You mustn't try so hard. You're only throwing messages down helter-skelter and getting the nerves confused. Don't you see, the harder you try like this, the worse you make it?"

Bobby listened but he couldn't stop trying. If you want to do something, you try hard and then you do it, he thought. That's only common sense.

It was over a year since Bobby had come into the hospital. The battle for Germany



"Three years in the South Pacific taught Doctor Gillies how little equipment he actually needs!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

BALANCE

Balance is what the terrier must have to do this trick... and balance is what your motor oil must have to perform the many "tricks" needed in safe, complete lubrication.

Balance, in motor oil, means high score in all lubrication requirements — ability to do the whole job well. 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor oils of emblem★ quality are "balanced". They stand out on all points on which oils are rated . . . *all points, not just one or two.* You profit by insisting on 100% Pure Pennsylvania when you add a quart or when you buy a refill.

WHAT YOU GAIN BY USING THESE "BALANCED" OILS

These oils pump and flow freely;

They give a tough, friction-fighting film of protection;

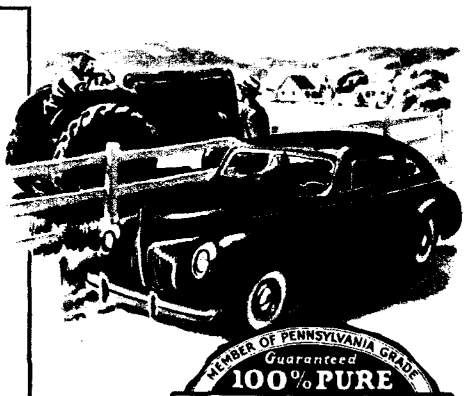
They are resistant to sludge and other oxidation troubles;

They stay on the job;

They are oils that can take severe punishment.

These oils are made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Your oil must be 100% Pure Pennsylvania, of emblem quality, if you want it to give "Pennsylvania" results.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania



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Guaranteed
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OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER..........
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world
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★ For your protection, only oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association

MOUNTAIN MOVING DONE HERE

Charleston, West Virginia, heart of a great chemical and industrial empire, is surrounded by some of the roughest mountain country east of the Rockies. Yet here the remarkable Kanawha Airport is being built. By slicing the tops off four mountains and filling the valleys between, engineers are creating a huge, modern airport with runways more than a mile long!

Here some 60 "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors — track-type and wheel — are at work on this mountain-moving operation. Slashing through rocky earth with their bulldozers, "Caterpillar" Diesel D8's are hewing away the summits and tumbling them into fills as deep as 230 feet.

On the medium hauls, these same track-type tractors are pulling scrapers that carry as much as 25 cubic yards at a time. And for the longer hauls — half a mile or more — "Caterpillar" Diesel DW10 Tractors, rolling on giant rubber tires, take the earth away at speeds up to 18 miles per hour. More than 5 million cubic yards will be moved.

Here also three "Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Graders level and smooth runways, and nine "Caterpillar" Diesel Engines power shovels and compressors.

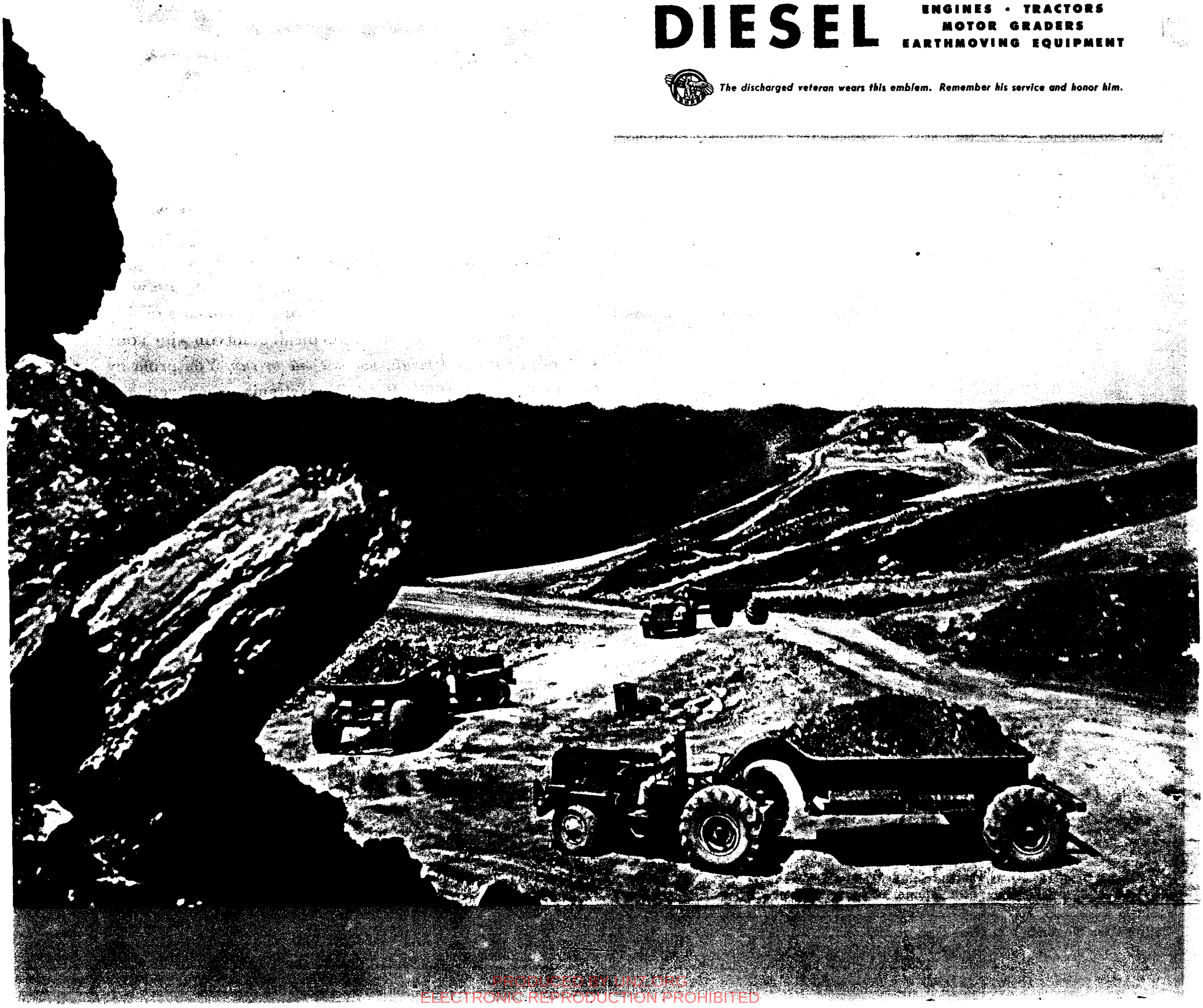
The fact that such a task can be undertaken at all is a tribute to the rugged power and performance of "Caterpillar" Diesel equipment. That it can be done without excessive expense is due in large part to the tremendous work capacity of "Caterpillar" Diesels, their fuel economy and low maintenance costs.

The age of flight is just ahead. More and more cities will build greater, finer airports. And "Caterpillar" will have the range of matched equipment needed to do the earthmoving.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILL.

CATERPILLAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DIESEL
ENGINES • TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

The discharged veteran wears this emblem. Remember his service and honor him.



was reaching its climax, but Jane did not pay much attention to it for Bobby's arm still would not move, and she knew she had been defeated. The thing was done now. It was over. Tomorrow Bobby was to go home. He would be coming to the clinic for treatment but she would see him rarely. Jane walked slowly toward his door before going off duty that night, and the heart she had tried so hopelessly to keep from hurt felt heavy within her.

THE room had grown dark early, and, as she looked in, the sight of the familiar figure in the bed gave her a twinge. Bobby was relaxed, asleep. He lay with his face turned away from the shaft of light let in by the open door, and the bedclothes around him were wrinkled and mussed from his terrible struggle with the arm.

Jane shut the door softly and went up to the bed. When her eyes became used to the dark, she looked out the window down into the street. The lights in the stores were still on and overhead the winter stars had come out. She looked down at the sleeping figure. He looked small lying there. And so relaxed.

Relaxed!

"Bobby," Jane whispered suddenly, on impulse, into the dark. "Bobby, move your arm. Move your arm, dear. You can. Try it."

She waited motionlessly. The boy sighed. He moved in bed a little as if he had heard her and did not want to wake.

Jane felt silly standing there. What was the use? Why didn't she give up? But still she stood silently, and the impulse urged her again.

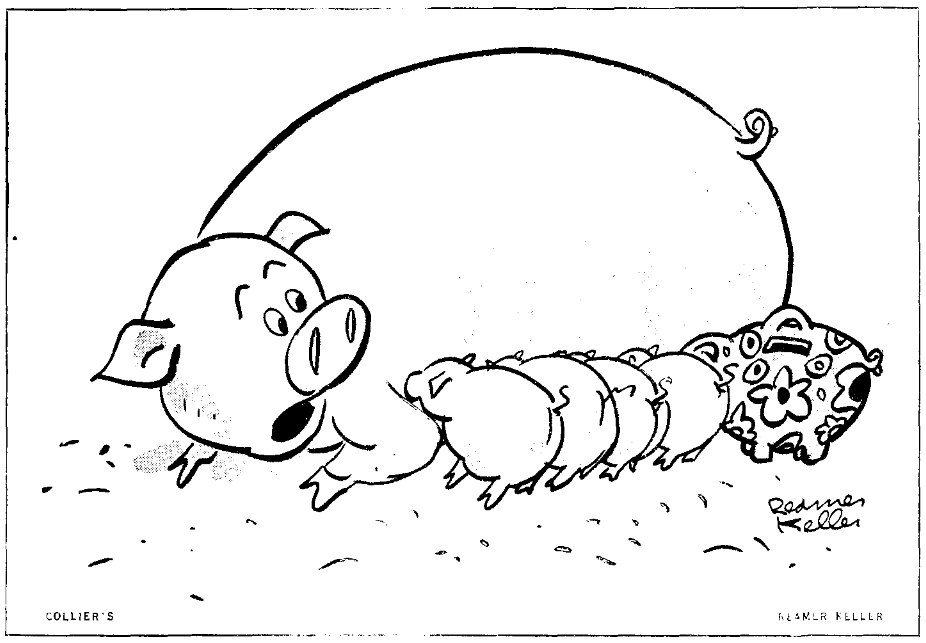
"Bobby, Bobby," she whispered again. "Try to move your arm. You can move it. I know you can. Try just once." Her voice became imperative, compelling. A thrill of confidence, of exaltation swept through her.

The boy mumbled something in his sleep. He moved his feet out and down as if stretching them. Then he turned over with his face toward her and lay still. Jane waited and her heart sank. Bobby's quiet breathing filled the room. Then, with a weary gesture, the right arm lifted itself slowly, weakly, and dragged off his chest from where it lay and came to rest limply at his side. The figure seemed to settle itself with a sigh into deeper sleep.

Jane saw it. The wobbly movement struck clean to her stomach. She gasped. A quiver passed over her as she looked at the thin arm lying lifeless now. With a little time it would be strong again.

Then gently, triumphantly, she pulled the bedclothes smooth. And as she went down the hall she knew that she would not leave the hospital. It was all right to stay now. For once, just once, she had been allowed to win.

THE END



Showdown on the St. Lawrence

Continued from page 13

industries alone that are engaged in foreign trade, and he asserts that all this is possible only because of a "genius for production that has partially offset the handicap of being hundreds of miles from deep-water transportation."

He goes on: "In the eleven Great Lakes states, there are 40,000,000 people. They produce in their factories and farms 37 per cent of the country's wheat, 67 per cent of its corn, 50 per cent of its packed meat and a large percentage of its dairy products.

"Three quarters of the nation's total production of steel is centered in this single area. It is greater by far in its output than the north of England or the Urals; it dwarfs the Ruhr; yet this great area is held prisoner within the walls of the Rockies on the one side and the Appalachians on the other.

"The Middle West is the workshop of the world, yet it is without a highway to the world. Its products are carried to the seaboards by thousands of miles of railroads and then transshipped. The service has been effective, but so expensive that the cost has always been a limiting factor.

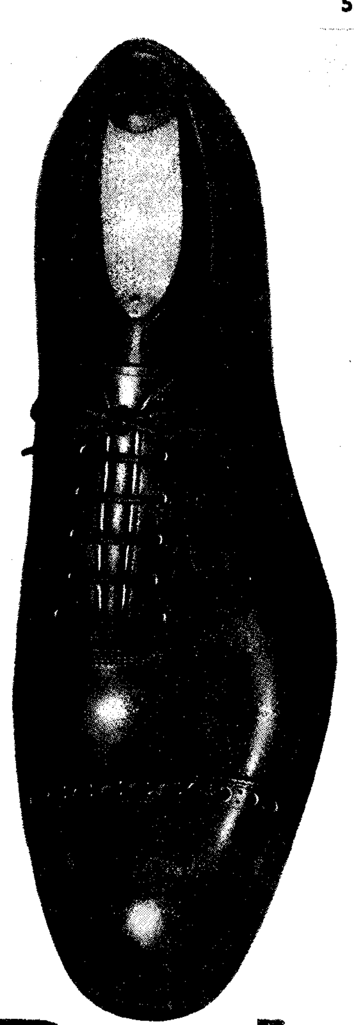
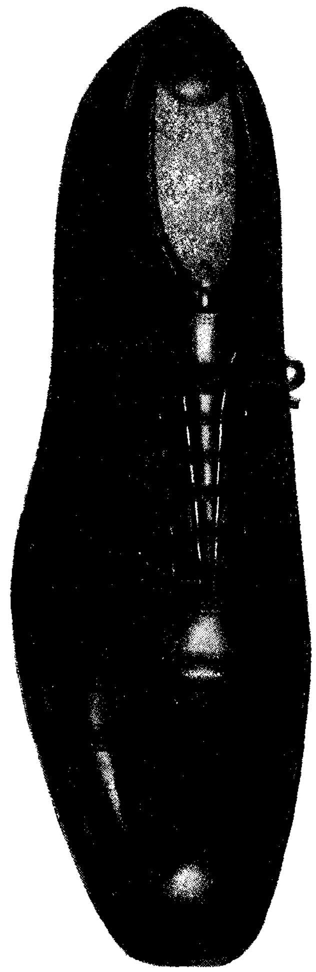
"With the St. Lawrence Seaway, we in the Middle West would no longer be landlocked. Automobiles would be moved by water to the East Coast and to foreign countries at savings of from $10 to $40 per car. Imports of crude rubber for the automobile industry could be brought to Michigan at savings amounting to $8.74 a long ton. Michigan dairy farmers could save twenty cents per hundred pounds in shipping butter, poultry and eggs from Detroit to Boston."

A thick, two-volume record of testimony at the Seaway Congressional hearings in 1941 is full of similar pleas, along with many hundreds of pages of testimony from those who swore that building the Seaway would wipe out the jobs of countless workers in already established industries.

One fact was brought out, however, about which there could be no difference of opinion. Before the war, even without the deep-water Seaway channel to the Atlantic, two small Dutch ship lines with shallow-draft vessels set up regular schedules to Great Lakes cities, and one Detroit traffic expert reported that this enabled Michigan manufacturers to deliver refrigerators and filing cabinets to Riga almost as cheaply as to a department store in New York.

Other advocates declared that wheat from the Northwest grain fields could be laid down in Liverpool at 5 to 8 cents less cost a bushel, with the Seaway.

By far the biggest amount of new freight to and from the Middle West over the new ocean route would, however, be purely domestic traffic. Florida oranges, West Coast lumber, and hides from Texas would come

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Style 4528
Brown Russia
Heavy Leather Sole
Rubber Heel

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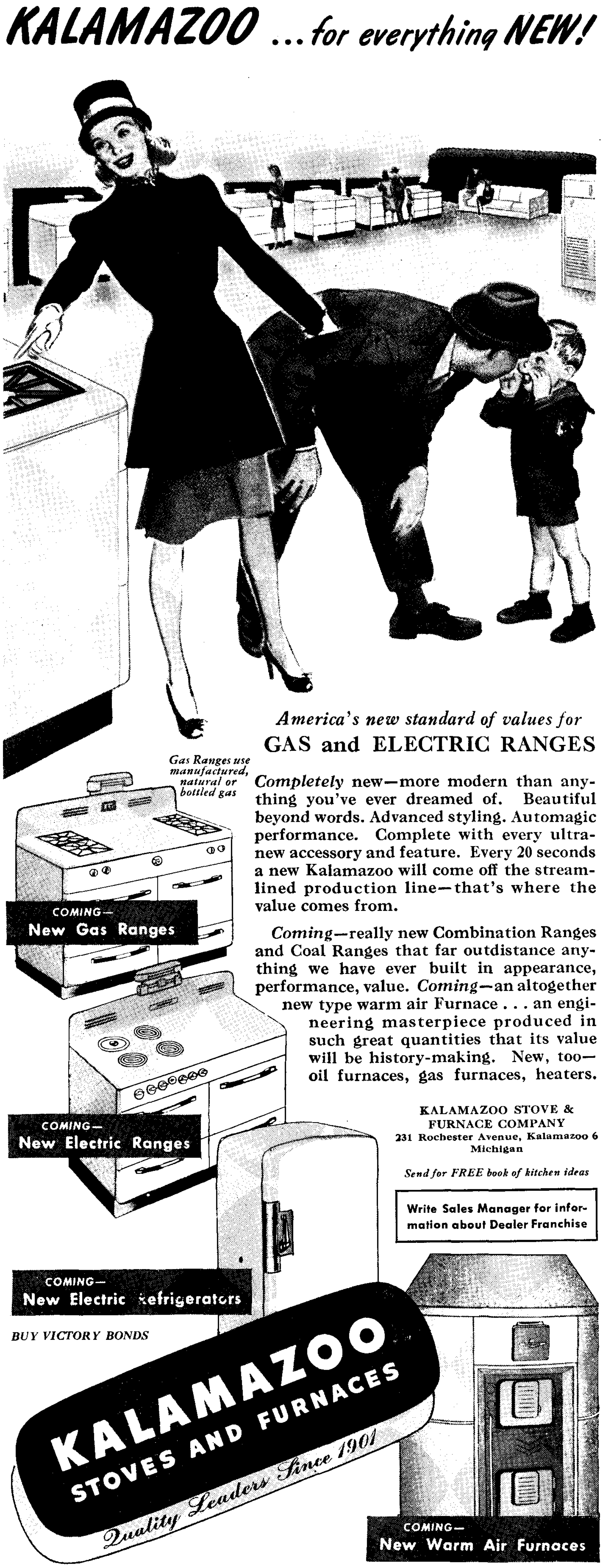
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Completely new—more modern than anything you've ever dreamed of. Beautiful beyond words. Advanced styling. Automagic performance. Complete with every ultra-new accessory and feature. Every 20 seconds a new Kalamazoo will come off the streamlined production line—that's where the value comes from.

Coming—really new Combination Ranges and Coal Ranges that far outdistance anything we have ever built in appearance, performance, value. *Coming*—an altogether new type warm air Furnace . . . an engineering masterpiece produced in such great quantities that its value will be history-making. New, too—oil furnaces, gas furnaces, heaters.

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STOVES AND FURNACES
Quality Leaders Since 1901

into Great Lakes cities at considerably lower cost, according to Seaway backers.

When a Detroiter builds a house today, two thirds of the price of the lumber is transportation cost. Lumbermen say they could knock at least $5 off the price per thousand feet. That might be enough, in crowded Detroit, to spell the difference between a housing boom and housing famine.

The pro-Seaway people make another point for the project, now that millions of veterans and war workers are streaming back to hunt for peacetime jobs. Developing a huge natural resource such as this, they declare, will directly and indirectly provide many thousands of new jobs. And, they argue, the Seaway will produce vastly greater employment in the decades to come by encouraging industry through the tangible boons of cheap power and cheap hauling.

None of these arguments put forth by the zealous senator from Vermont or others has lessened the opposition in any degree whatever. The attacks grow more fierce at every Congressional session.

It takes no crystal ball to see why the so-called power trust is rabidly antagonistic. Public power is Bogey No. 1 for any private utility man. But so many other pressure groups are lined up against the Seaway that if the power trust were wiped out, it would probably lessen the furious noise by only a couple of decibels. These pressure groups frankly admit that they are out to protect their own economic position against threatened competition, and they assert that the benefits of the Seaway to the Middle West would be more than offset by hurts to other sections.

Coal miners—both the owners and the men who dig in the pits—are violently opposed to opening up the St. Lawrence. They are against the cheap-power feature because most of the present steam-power plants in the Northeast are run by coal. Thus hydroelectric power, whether it comes from the St. Lawrence or from Niagara or from anywhere else, represents a threat to coal markets.

Anyway, say the coal men, an efficient steam plant turns out electricity just as cheaply as does a hydroelectric turbine harnessing a waterfall.

"Very well," counters the Honorable John Rankin of Tupelo, "why doesn't the power octopus cut rates?"

Coal men are equally opposed to the navigation end of the Seaway. They see the opening up of a ship lane to the industrial heart of America as simply inviting every coal-mining country in Europe to dump coal in the United States at cutthroat prices, despite the fact that New York, Boston and other East Coast ports are wide open today to the inroads of coal from Europe, and there is no tariff on coal imports. Yet imports amount, according to Representative Dondero of Michigan, to only sixteen one thousandths of one per cent of the volume of American production. Furthermore, he said, Canada prefers to buy most of its coal from the United States instead of from England, even though British coal can now travel in ocean vessels to Montreal.

The nation's railroads are naturally bitter-end opponents of the Seaway, since they fear loss of traffic to the cheaper water route. Seaway proponents, on the other hand, argue that the railroads make no allowance for the increase in business which the Seaway will inevitably bring, through encouraging industrial expansion.

Nevertheless, when one considers that the railroad labor brotherhoods number hundreds of thousands of members, and that every rail worker is anxious to protect his job interest, it is obvious that the total of the railroads' opposition adds up to a tremendous political pressure in Congress.

Labor Argues Against Seaway

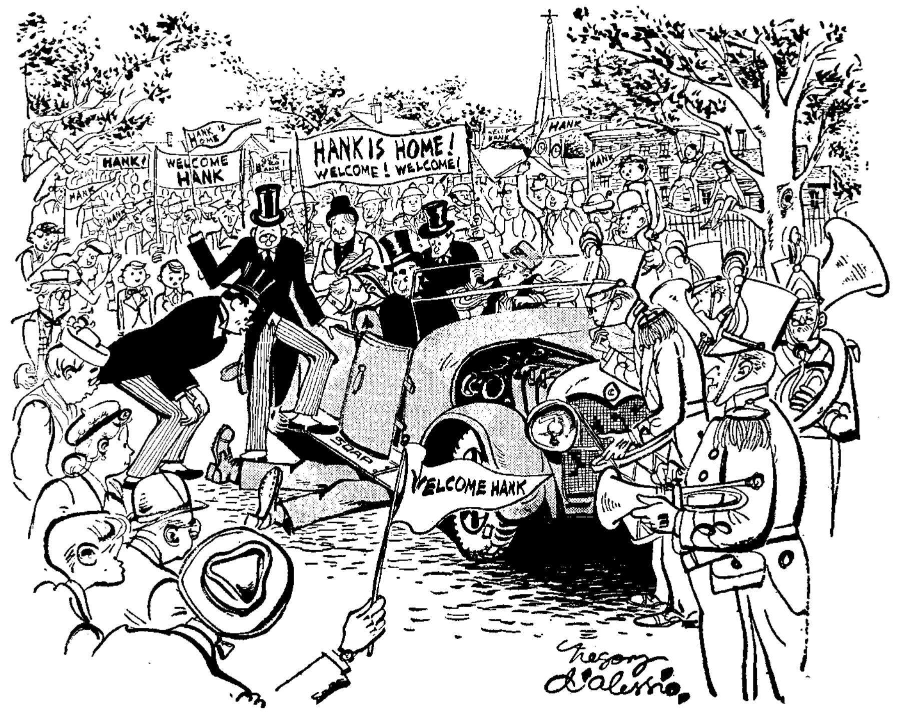
The American Federation of Labor executive council has gone on record against the Seaway, declaring that the country has plenty of transportation facilities already. Matthew Woll, an A. F. of L. vice-president, favors the word "monstrosity" in referring to the project; he says American dollars will be used to hire Canadian workmen. Furthermore, he declares the Army engineers' cost figures are far too low; he thinks the Seaway may cost well over a billion dollars. He and others add the point that ice closes the St. Lawrence for four or five months a year.

Operators of established Great Lakes ship lines, who now run the iron ore and wheat vessels on the lakes and do not relish the prospect of new routes in competition, are likewise opposed. An idea of their huge trade can be gained from a couple of statistics. The Soo Canal, linking the two upper lakes, normally handles five times the cargo tonnage of Suez or the Panama Canal. Last year the Soo transported 119,000,000 tons of cargo—as much as huge New York harbor handles in a good year.

Another charge made against the Seaway is that it would permit the dumping in the United States of foreign ores. This led a Duluth Chamber of Commerce expert to declare in exasperation to the Congressional committee that in 1940 one steel company railroad taking ore from the Great Lakes to Pittsburgh had paid a 900 per cent dividend.

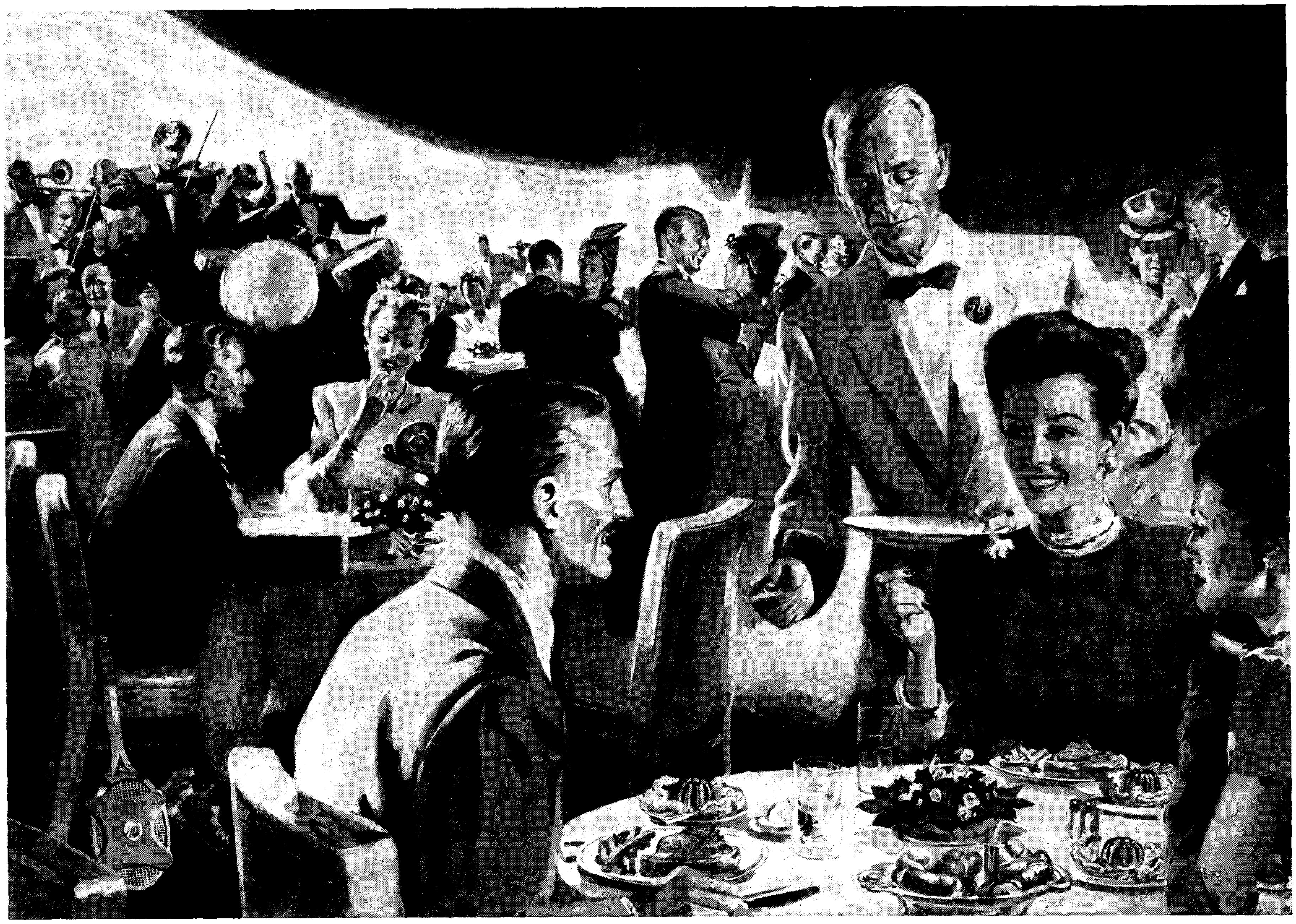
With profits like that being made, he asserted, he saw no reason for "crying your eyes out about foreign ores usurping the place of American ores." He declared that

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



COLLIER'S "Find the trouble yet, Hank?"

Meat Guessing Game



There are twelve uses of meat packing industry products in this picture . . . How many can you identify?

YOU, perhaps, have considered steaks or chops on your table in normal times, or billions of pounds of "eating" meat for fighters in wartimes as the one and only job of your meat industry.

Certainly the furnishing of meat, with those complete, high quality, essential proteins is the primary work of the American meat packer.

But where else does this vast business touch you and your life?

As an indication of the industry's versatility, look closely at the restaurant scene above. You will find in it the following products and by-products produced by the meat industry or from raw material which it supplies.

There is ***meat*** on the plate. The french fried potatoes were browned and beautified in ***lard,*** and the rolls were shortened with it. The aspic salad was prepared with ***gelatin.*** The dishes are made of ***bone china.*** The gentleman diner is wearing a ***wool suit.***

The shoes you see are made of ***leather from hides of meat animals.***

The violinist is making sweet music and a tennis player can play sweet tennis on ***strings*** manufactured from products of the meat industry.

The lipstick the woman is using spreads color more smoothly because it contains ***lanolin*** and ***glycerin,*** supplied by the meat people.

The drummer beats the time on a ***calfskin drumhead.*** The chairs are held together by tough animal ***glues.***

If we have overlooked anything (and we probably have) we invite you to set us right.

The modern meat industry has long been noted for using "everything but the squeal"—not only the kinds of products you see in this picture, but others contributing to this scene, such as air conditioning filters from animal hair, and curled hair for the upholstery; also such vital products as thyroid, insulin, adrenalin, and sutures that are lifesavers in the doctor's hands.

Have you considered just how this economical production affects your own life and living?

In normal times, it brings your retailer fresh cuts of meat regularly. And because "everything but the squeal" is utilized, it brings you those cuts far more economically than otherwise you could have them.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
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ĀKOM
Associated Knitted Outerwear Mills
sportswear FOR MEN
*REG.

Where Men Relax You'll See
THE MAN IN THE ĀKOM*
pep shirt

The Pep Shirt is tops for active sportswear. It has a pre-shrunk cotton fleece back for comfort and wear and an Aridex water-repellent finish for protection. The Action Sleeve (Pat. App. for) is the last word in freedom. Wind resistant, too! Choose two or three in glorious red, blue, gold, tan. At good stores everywhere.

If your store cannot supply you write

AKOM • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

For Men who Really Know Pipes

Royalton CROWN

MOUTHPIECE TUBE prevents backflow of moisture

CONDENSING CHAMBER traps and holds bitter juices and sediment

BOWL GUARD keeps shank and bowl dry

REMOVABLE SECTION eases thorough cleaning

CHAMBER GUARD bars tobacco fragments from bit

Patented

1.50 Selected Briar

ROYALTON CROWN EMANCIPATES SMOKERS from the annoyance of bitter juices and tobacco slugs. These nuisances are trapped by the condensing well and other patented safeguards found only in a Royalton Crown . . . This pipe never lets you down — always smokes extra cool and dry — no matter how often you light up.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC.
OZONE PARK 17, N. Y.

the same railroad, over a ten-year period, paid an average dividend of 610 per cent.

The irrepressible Mr. Bede, who at the age of eighty-five was full of anecdotes about past battles for progress, such as the fights which Eli Whitney and Thomas A. Edison had to wage in their day against interests who saw the cotton gin and the electric light as altogether too revolutionary, declared that it would be a fine thing if more high-grade ores were imported from abroad. Then, he said, America could mix the foreign material with our own low-grade ore and conserve American resources.

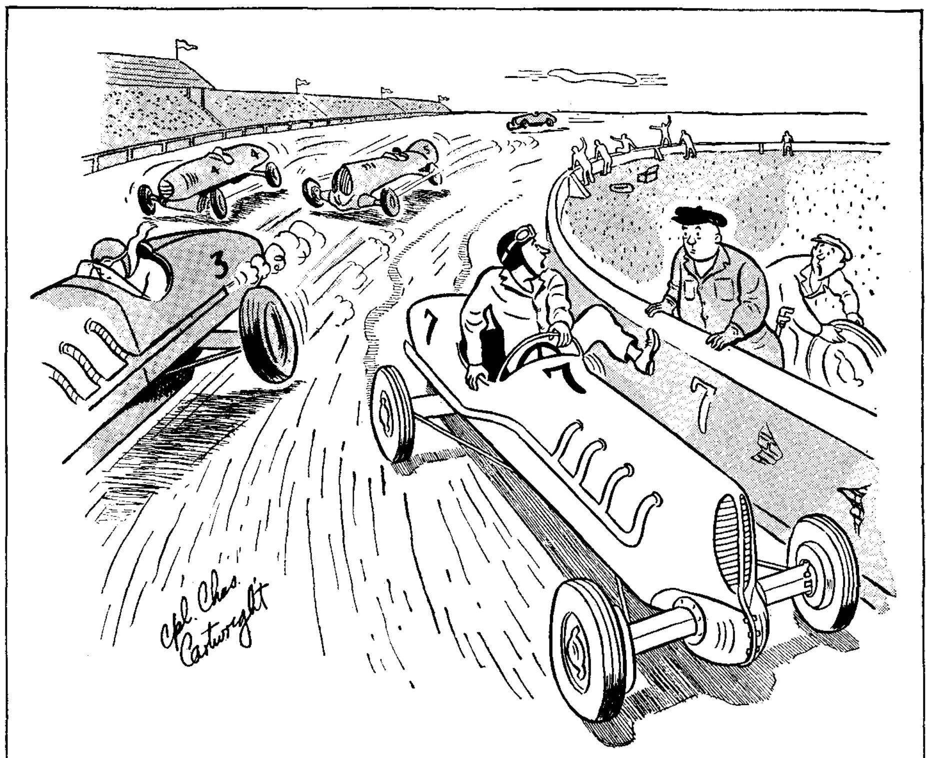
Just to complete the record, it must be reported that another source of Seaway opposition is from ports like Boston, Baltimore and New Orleans. They are strongly against any scheme which may threaten their present transshipment business to and from the interior.

Then there is Buffalo, on Lake Erie. It now unloads goods from lake steamers and transships them on railroads and barge canals running down to New York. Thus the Buffalo members of Congress can be counted on to set up loud hollers whenever the Seaway is mentioned. This also seems to explain why Senator Mead from upstate New York is anti-Seaway, while Senator Wagner from New York City is ardently pro-Seaway.

Frank S. Davis, a spokesman for the port of Boston, declared that if cheap St. Lawrence power were to supply all New England, it would ruin the port of Boston, if not New England. Eighty per cent of Boston's port traffic, he said, consists normally of coal and oil. Vast quantities of the coal, he went on, go to the steam plants which now produce New England's power. There are thousands of small investors, he continued, who have their life savings invested in those power companies. Therefore, went the argument, Seaway power would introduce such revolutionary changes in New England's whole economy that it "would ruin and disrupt the whole area."

Mississippi's Mr. Rankin asked incredulously: "You mean that giving the people of New England electricity at reasonable rates, and taking this overcharge of $97,000,000 a year off of them, would ruin New England?"

Mr. Davis replied, "Yes, I do."



"It's no use! I got too used to that 35-mile-an-hour driving"

COLLIER'S CPL. CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

A Protest from the South

The New Orleans port manager was equally frank in his appeal for sectional protection.

"Would you," he demanded, "take away funds from the pockets of the taxpayers in the struggling South and place them in the pockets of the already wealthy Great Lakes region? The Seaway will undoubtedly deter industries from locating in the Gulf areas. It will further congest the Great Lakes area. I submit," concluded the New Orleans man, "that this is not good national economics."

Perhaps the most interesting point about all this hue and cry concerning a public improvement is the light it throws on the technique of government in the stately halls of Washington. If any one fact emerges, it's the inevitable picture of lawmaking by pressure blocs—one pressure group balancing off against another, until a congressman can decide which one carries the most weight—and votes.

The St. Lawrence has its full-time Washington protagonists and antagonists. Two men will be key figures when the project next comes up before a committee.

Dean Acheson, Undersecretary of State, is leader of the pro-Seaway negotiators, but a slender, dark-haired young economist named N. R. Danielian will doubtless be his chief lieutenant in the campaign.

Mr. Danielian's offices are in the Department of Commerce, and he is the author of a lengthy study, crammed with statistics, called the St. Lawrence Survey. Armenian by birth, he came to America as a youth and was graduated in 1928 from Harvard, *magna cum laude*. Then he taught at Harvard for six years. Once he analyzed the blowup of the Insull utility empire in an article entitled, From Insull to Injury. He also investigated the amazing tale of Howard C. Hopson, another departed utilities king. Mr. Danielian was working as research director for a Senate committee five years ago, when the White House suddenly called up and asked him to help promote the Seaway. A philosophic individual, Mr. Danielian trusts that nothing can now stop the project, after such a long succession of mishaps.

His top opponent, the chief of the anti-Seaway lobby in the capitol, is a tall, graying Washington lawyer, Tom J. McGrath, whose offices are only six blocks away. Letters containing checks for the anti-Seaway lobby occasionally arrive by error on Mr. Danielian's desk. He forwards them to his rival.

Mr. McGrath, who is fifty-nine, was once a railroad call boy in St. Paul, but rose to become general counsel for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. In Washington litigation he has at times represented the National Coal Association as well as the United Mine Workers, which demonstrates his versatility. He declares the Seaway unnecessary and dangerous. Confronted with the argument that the country's development depends on more and cheaper transportation, he retorts that in normal times America has a glut of railroads ample to handle the business. As proof he cites the fact that in 1939, forty per cent of railroad mileage was in receivership.

"The railroads," he declares, "deserve a break."

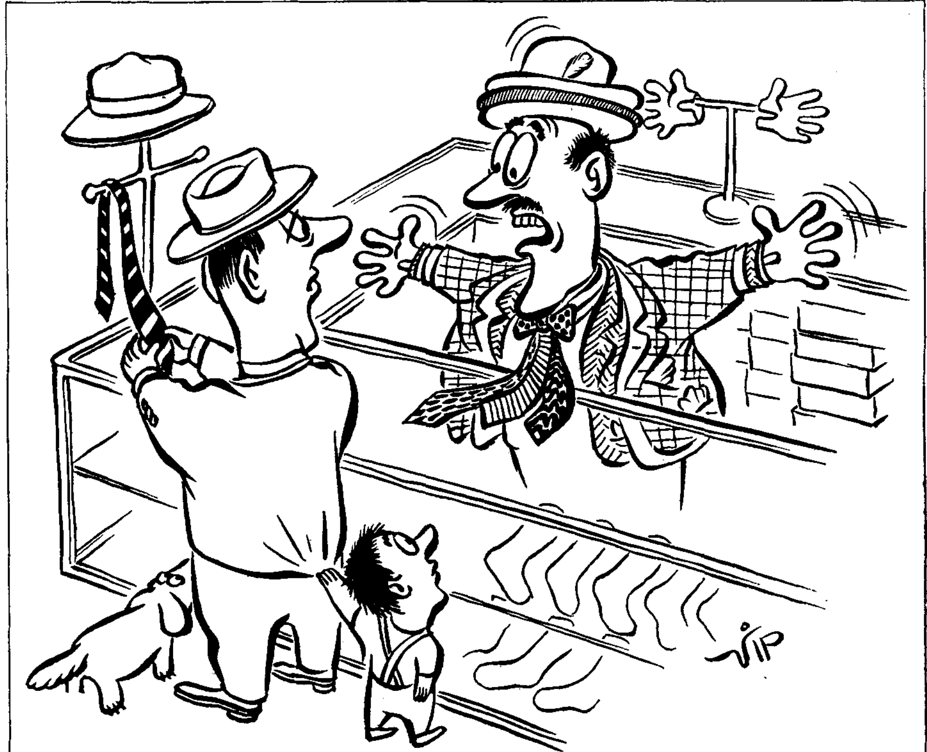
Senator Aiken and other Seaway men assert, in answer, that Western railroads were built by federal land grants and that virtually every town, county and state gave rights of way and cash donations. Rail overcapitalization, they declare, is not the fault of the public.

All this is enough to show the size of the battle which is shaping up once more over one of the most controversial works projects in history.

Senator Aiken utters what is perhaps the last word on the subject. "When the Panama Canal was proposed," he asserts, "the intercontinental railroads raised a hue and cry against 'this wasteful undertaking,' anticipating dire consequences. Yet when the canal was built, one of the first things the transcontinental railroads did was to get into the steamship business. Now none of the transcontinental railroads can claim that the tremendous development of our West Coast has hurt them."

Old-timers report that there was even a difference of opinion among railroaders over the Panama Big Ditch. Some declared the cross-country rails would turn to rust if the canal were built. But Jim Hill, the Northwest rail king, snorted scornfully that the canal would be so useless that it would only be good to grow water lilies.

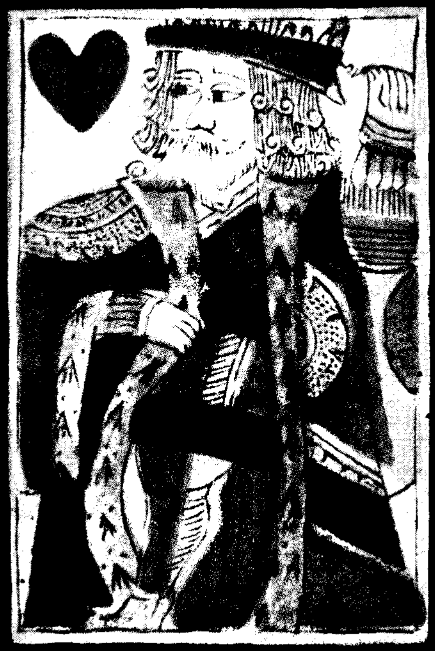
THE END



COLLIER'S "It's all top merchandise here. I wear it myself" VIRGIL PARTCH

Rare Playing Card of the Past

FROM A FAMOUS MUSEUM COLLECTION



This interesting playing card follows a style of court card established in the early 15th Century. Made by L. Hewson—London cardmaker, 1678—it is but one of hundreds of historic playing cards . . . beautiful in detail, exquisite in craftsmanship . . . presented to the Cincinnati Art Museum by the United States Playing Card Company.

FIVE CENTURIES of fine playing card craftsmanship culminate today in the attractive designs, the lustrous finish, the expert workmanship of CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS. To use these cards is to enjoy a special pleasure . . . a pleasure that marks

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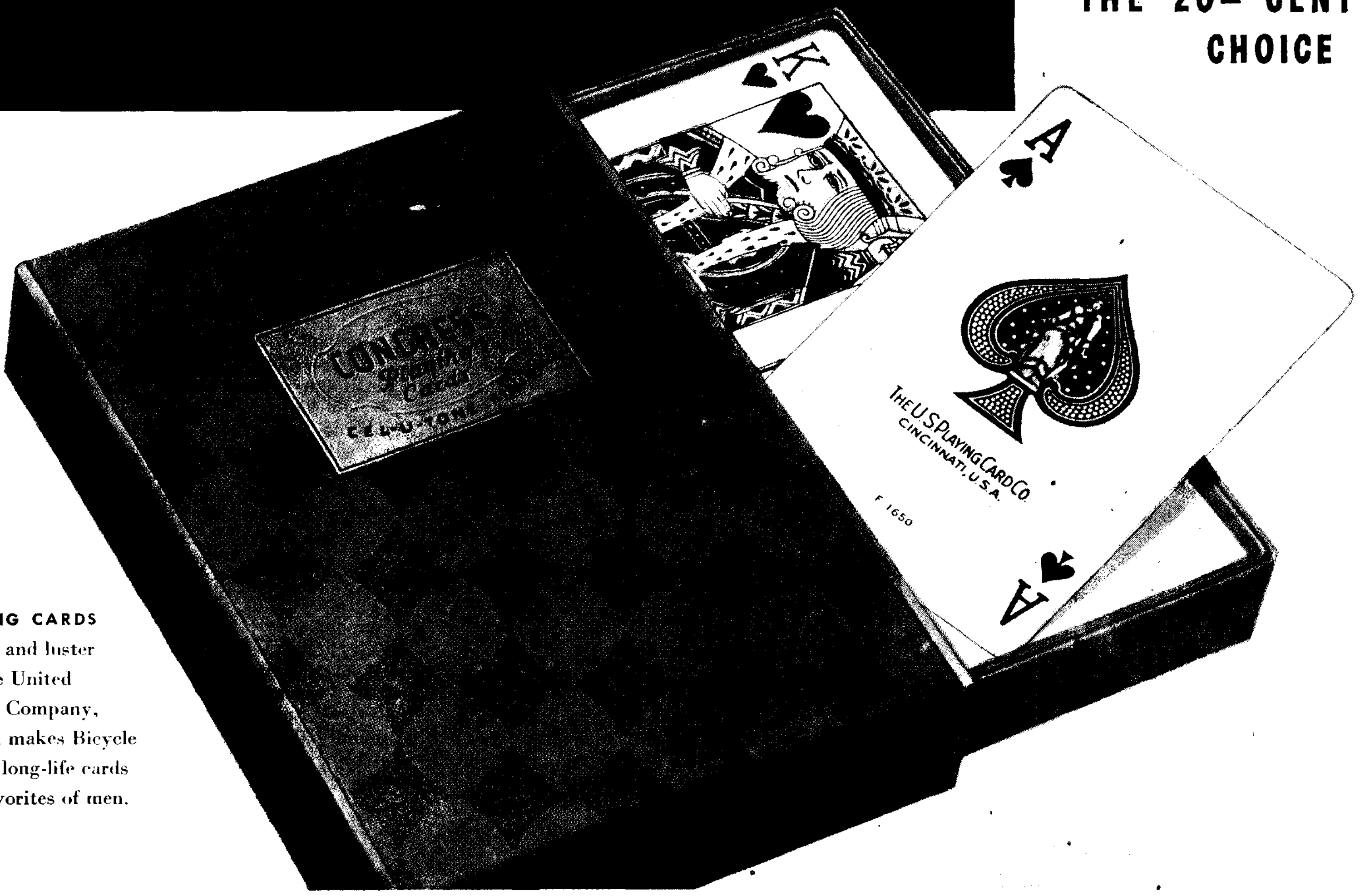

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by Marge
YOUR FORTUNE REVEALED IN THE MAGIC CRYSTAL
NO OTHER LIKE IT
TISSUES
REVEALED IN THE MAGIC CRYSTAL
NO OTHER LIKE IT
KLEENEX
NO OTHER LIKE IT
KLEENEX TISSUES
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KLEENEX TISSUES
A special process keeps Kleenex
LUXURIOUSLY SOFT —
DEPENDABLY STRONG

How to Read a Mind

Continued from page 40

of horoscopes. The shop also sold comic Christmas cards and the proprietor noticed me thumbing over the stack.

"We're having a lot of trouble with the printers this year," he told me sadly. "They aren't making anything but that type called Santa's Slipping."

Five months after this little chat, we were playing with a tent show in Tennessee. The Impossible was calling out objects and I asked the local doctor for something. Instead of handing me an article he called out: "This is the first year I've only gotten one comic Christmas card. If you fellows are mind readers, tell me what it was."

I'd forgotten all about the novelty dealer and was about to brush the doctor off with one of the standard routines. Suddenly the Impossible called out, "Santa's Slipping!" I glanced at the doctor to see if he'd been hit. That man's face was really a study. He followed the show around for days after that, begging the Impossible to tell him how it was done. He used to invite the whole troupe down to a bar, hoping to get them so liquored up they wouldn't realize what they were saying. He sure didn't know tent-show people.

A conscientious mind reader keeps watching for long shots all the time. They turn up surprisingly often. We were once hired to give a show at a hospital and the doctor who engaged us had a curious name like Gusselhoffer. I went to a stationery store to get some special carbon paper we needed for the sealed message reading. The girl behind the counter said to come back in a few hours. "Ask for me—my name's Gusselhoffer," she added.

"Isn't there a doctor up at the hospital by that name?" I asked.

She nodded. "My brother," and told me a couple of stories about their childhood.

That night when the Impossible and I gave the show at the hospital, we made medical history. We heard that afterward Dr. Gusselhoffer read a paper at a medical dinner explaining the scientific principles that made mind reading possible. "The telepathist does not necessarily receive the thoughts the subject is thinking at the moment," he explained. "He may, instead, pick up memories on the stream of consciousness that the subject has not thought of for years and has all but forgotten." It was a very fine paper and the Impossible and I read it with interest. Unfortunately, the doctor's sister also read it. They were good sports, though, and didn't give us away.

Stooges for the Asking

Most people think a mentalist needs a lot of paid stooges in the push. It's too expensive to hire stooges, and people will volunteer if you give them a little encouragement. I used to stand in the lobby selling paper-bound books on astrology, palmistry and dreams. When I saw a likely looking stooge I'd stop him and say, "Would you like a completely free reading by the Great Impossible Possible?" If he said he would, I'd add, "Please give me your name and date of birth. The Impossible Possible will give you your reading from the platform."

After we'd finished our routine with the code, the Impossible would announce, "I'm getting a strong vibration from someone with the initials J. S. Now I get the name—John Smith. Will you think of your date of birth, Mr. Smith? I get October 27, 1903. Is that right and have we ever met before? Now I see you have an artistic nature . . ." and so on. Then I'd go around collecting the dollar bills from persons who wanted a private reading after the show.

Sometimes we varied the routine. I'd stop a few people in the lobby and ask them to write questions on slips of paper. To make it easy I'd provide the slips and one of our paper-bound books for them to write on. The Impossible told me he could often sense what was on the slips by psychic vibrations, but just in case he couldn't I always took the precaution of putting some carbon paper under the cover of the book. During the show, the Impossible would pass out slips to everyone in the audience, asking them to retain the slips. "There'll be no collecting of messages in this show!" the Impossible would say emphatically. "That leads to abuses!" Then he'd read the messages I'd gotten for him in the lobby, while the rest of the push sat clutching their slips waiting for him to get around to them, which he never did.

There's an old feud between mentalists and magicians; the magician saying the mentalists are dishonest and the mentalists claiming the magicians are just jealous. One night while the Impossible and I were playing in Chicago, I started down the aisle to pass out slips. Suddenly I noticed five of my old magician friends sitting in the first row grinning at me.

In the routine we were doing, the messages were collected by a committee from the push and kept by them in a large glass fishbowl. The magicians got up and offered to be the committee. Fortunately, the audience thought they were stooges so five other men were selected. I helped them collect the messages and palmed off enough for the Impossible's act. While I was in the pit, a girl said to me eagerly, "I do hope he can answer my question. My sister Mary is in the balcony and she's asking the same question so we'll have a double chance."

Tricking the Magicians

When I handed the Impossible his crystal ball, I always had a couple of questions written on the back of it with grease pencil. I put down the girl's question as coming from Mary in the balcony. The magicians knew I'd palmed off some slips, but when the Impossible started answering a question from the balcony where I'd never been, it gave them pause for thought. A couple of them went up to talk to Mary and of course she told them I'd never been near her and she was still holding her slip. I admitted to the boys afterward that I had real psychic vibrations sometimes, but not often enough to count on for a regular act.

A few tricks depended on me more than on the Impossible, although I never appeared in them publicly. Sometimes the Impossible would ask a committee to bring in some unusual articles locked in a small box. The committee never let go of the box and the Impossible never went near them, but he could name the articles. When properly presented, this little act was very surprising.

The committee had the box locked and sealed before they came to the theater. I'd meet them in the lobby and explain, "We've found that committee members often forget just what they have in the box. Would you write out a list and have your chairman keep it?" I always provide a slip of paper and a book for them to write on. That was all there was to it, except the Impossible used to complain a lot about the bad spelling.

Sometimes I'd take the list myself and burn it as evidence of good faith. I had a wonderful mechanical cigarette lighter for this purpose that would switch slips for me. Unfortunately, the lighter sometimes went haywire and handed me back the original slip. Usually I'd have burnt it before I found out my mistake, and this often led to complications. The Impossible hated that lighter because he'd occasionally pick it up by accident and it would snatch the cigarette out of his fingers and hand him a slip of paper. Finally he told me:

"I heartily disapprove of any mechanical devices for deceiving the public, especially when the damn' things don't work. Just say to the stooge, 'I'm going to burn this slip before your eyes. Can you lend me a match?' Go through your pockets while you're saying it as though you were looking for a match, too. Switch the slips then. It's an honest straightforward sleight and it always works." It did, too.

The Impossible always put mechanical gadgets in the same class as magicians and detectives—enemies of the human race. Once I managed to talk him into using a mechanical ringing bell. The bell was worked by a thread but the principle was so clever that even the Impossible was impressed. We decided to use it for a wealthy lady who hired the Impossible so often he used to call her his annuity. We were working in her living room before a group of wealthy suckers the Impossible felt sure were good for half a dozen more dates. I was just about to demonstrate the ringing bell, when our hostess stopped me.

"Please, one moment!" she called lightly. Hurrying over she located the thread to the bell and carefully broke it. "I happened to notice that thread lying on the floor and I was afraid you might trip over it," she explained. "Now do please go on with your fascinating demonstration!" She sat down again, all starry-eyed and eager. That was the last time I ever persuaded the Impossible to use anything mechanical.

I never saw the Impossible caught but once, and that was by dishonest methods. We'd been engaged for a private show in Duchess County, New York, and one of the guests was a wealthy gentleman who later became the country's leading financier. The Impossible's eyes were causing him trouble and I used to cover him with a black cloth, handing him the carbon copies of the messages at the same time. He'd get out a flashlight, put on his glasses, and sit there in comfort, reading out the messages.

This afternoon the Impossible was reading away and I was off preparing for the next effect. Suddenly I heard a ripping noise. I looked up and was surprised to see the financier's little son calmly ripping up the Impossible's covering cloth with a jackknife. I grabbed the little brat by the seat of his pants, but it was too late. The cloth fell open, disclosing the Impossible with his slips and flashlight.

We were just giving a show, not claiming supernatural powers, but even so the Impossible was annoyed. Afterward, he went over to the kid's father and suggested payment for the cloth. The multimillionaire smiled.

"The little fellow has an inquiring mind," he said indulgently. "A little needle and thread will fix everything—just a little needle and thread."

The millionaire, who was later to collect billions from the American public, refused to pay. But the Impossible was something of a collector himself and we finally left with the money.

The Impossible and I finally broke up under painful circumstances that did much to shake my faith in the old man's honesty. One evening while we were setting up for a routine show, a low, moaning hum seemed to come from the crystal ball. The Impossible was so startled he nearly dropped it.

"The glass must be picking up some kind of vibration from the street noises," I said, and picked up the ball myself. Again the hum came, this time apparently from the table.

"Are you doing this?" I asked the Impossible suspiciously.

"You know I wouldn't fool you, my boy," said the Impossible seriously. "This may actually be a spirit guide sent to us from some Higher Power to show us occultism is real. If so, it would be worth a fortune."

We experimented, and found the sound could answer questions—one buzz for yes and two for no. We both began to get excited. I bought a notebook to keep a record of our experiments and the Impossible agreed to practice with me every night to develop our powers.

A few nights later while we were staying at a small hotel, the Impossible ran into an old friend of his who was en route for the Mexican border. While the two men were talking over old times at the bar, I went up to our room and got ready for our nightly tests. The Impossible came up a little later with a hand bell he'd borrowed from the desk clerk. He thought our spirit guide might consent to ring it.

We sat in semi-darkness concentrating, but the spirit guide refused to come. The Impossible got very angry. "That drunken bum!" he muttered. Finally he stamped out of the room, saying he'd be right back.

Friendship Severed by a Thread

While he was gone, the maid came in and turned down the dark counterpane on the beds. Across the white sheet lay a tiny black line, leading from the bell to the open window. After two years in the mentalist game, I knew a black silk thread when I saw one. I packed my clothes and met the Impossible out in the alley back of the hotel. He was trying to explain to his stewed friend how to pull the thread and make the bell ring.

"There's a very reliable little clockwork motor made for that," I told him. "Only you don't like mechanical devices."

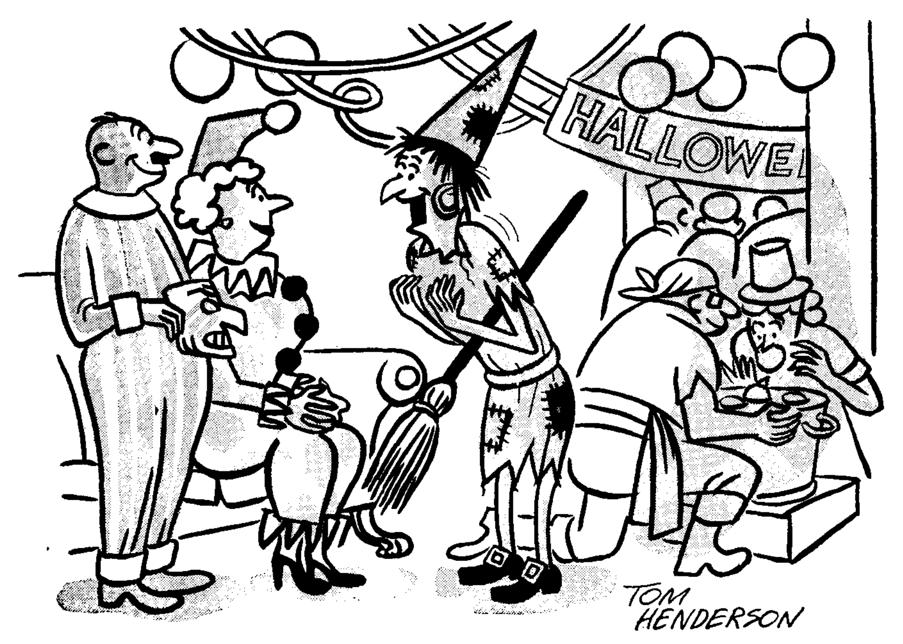
"My boy, you've frequently expressed great wonder how people could be fooled by an old codger like me who uses methods that went out with the shell-and-pea game," said the Impossible gently. "I thought you'd be interested to see how it was done."

"Okay, so you're good," I told him. "How did you make the hum? I've read all the latest catalogues from the big mentalist supply houses and they don't mention it."

The Impossible looked up thoughtfully at the stars. "Ever hear of a Punch and Judy Show? Old-fashioned things, I'm afraid. Used to run one. Have to be something of a ventriloquist. What you heard was the ventriloquial drone—the first sound a Punch man learns to make."

I never saw the Impossible again. I don't like people who'll try and deceive you like that. It isn't honest.

THE END



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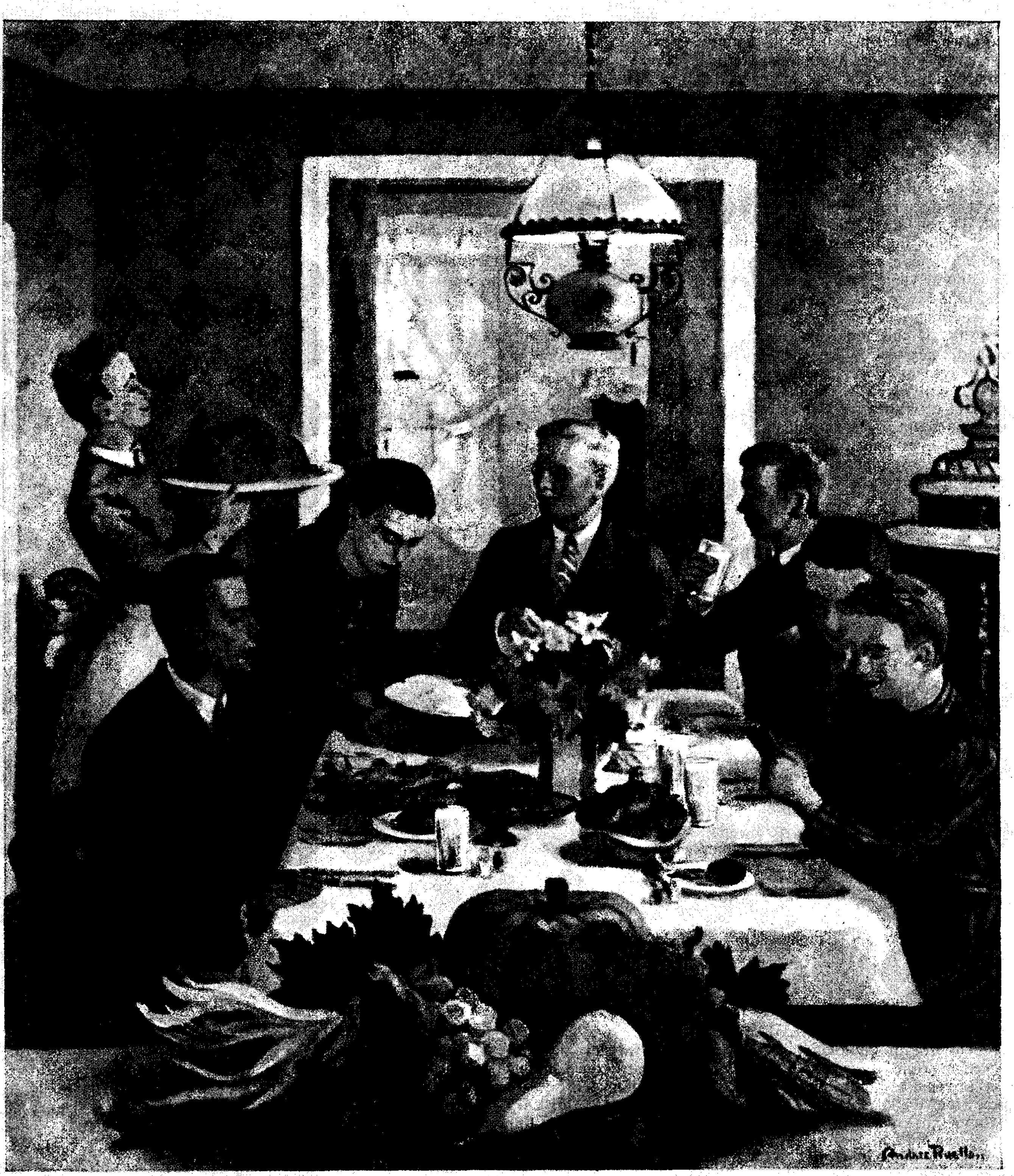

Thanksgiving Dinner

by

ANDRÉE RUELLAN

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists.

•

Full-color reprints of this oil painting, without advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent if requested on or before February 1, 1946. Write United States Brewers Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Thankful hearts and festive boards . . . under a hot and brilliant Texas sun . . . among the blossomed orange trees of Florida . . . where bracing Massachusetts winds hint of snow—perhaps Thanksgiving, more than any other custom, typifies America the land we live in, the land we love.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverages more fittingly belong than wholesome beer and ale. And the right to enjoy these beverages of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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Your Life TOMORROW

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FRANK BEAVEN

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Rayon from Under the Ocean

Your rayon garments of tomorrow will robably be made of seaweed. But you will ot know it, for they will bear no resemblance the leathery brown stuff washed up on immer beaches. They will be fine and soft, ith the sheen of silk and many other feaires actually superior to the best cotton r wood-pulp rayon today.

Seaweed yields a chemical called calcium lginate, which is easily made into thread. is flexible and absorbent, can be twisted ito a handsome yarn strong enough for any ind of weaving or knitting. It takes dyes pertly and holds them as permanently as any ther fiber. Most interesting property of lginate rayon is that it is noninflammable. lothes made of it won't burn, hence they on't need flameproofing. And this submane product is extremely inexpensive.

Seaweed rayon can do tricks in the textile lant that ordinary land-grown products canot do. Twisted with cotton, the yarn can e dissolved by a chemical solution that oesn't affect the cotton, making possible ecial fabric designs never before made. nd this same dissolving process, used with ohair, produces a softer long-nap cloth for pholstery than the old method of weaving.

Roofs That Float on Air

If sometime you go to a ball game or prize fight or outdoor concert on a rainy day and find the stadium covered with a shining roof of aluminum, you will probably cringe instinctively for fear the whole thing will fall on your head. But roofs even for ball parks will be common one day and will stay in place without visible support. The roof will be held up by the most reliable support possible—air. The whole stadium or park will be blown up like a rubber life raft, holding the roof in position more securely than the strongest iron pillars could do it.

An installation of this kind has already been designed and will be built in Baltimore as soon as materials are available.

The roof will be made of thin aluminum sheets welded together and sealed tightly to the walls. The whole space inside will then be "blown up" by a group of ventilating fans in the basement.

And you will not need to be alarmed about the air pressure. The aluminum will weigh only one-and-a-half pounds per square foot, which will mean that the air pressure inside need only be five hundredths of a pound per square inch greater than that outside. That difference in air pressure is about the same as you experience when a storm clears up and the sun comes out, and much less than you are used to in going down in an elevator in a tall building. You will not notice it at all.

Engineering figures show that air-supported roofs will stand the worst hurricane without collapsing. Acoustics will be much better in a stadium smoothly covered by aluminum roofing; so will lighting. But the best feature will be the entire absence of the usual iron supports that interfere with the view and snarl up traffic after the show.

Flashlight Batteries That Last

Chemists have been at work improving the *insides of small dry batteries with such good* results that the new ones that will go on sale in postwar stores will last from four to six times as long as the best dry cell batteries do today. The construction of the new battery is still a military secret, but a number of its advantages have been revealed. First of all, this cell won't wear out while sitting idle on the dealer's shelves. This will mean that dealers won't have to throw away unsold stocks that have been on hand a long time. It will also mean that the purchaser will not have to worry about the "freshness" of the battery he buys. It will stay as fresh as if it had just come out of the factory.

People who use these batteries for portable radios, walkie-talkies and hearing aids won't be annoyed to find that they weaken after a few minutes use, as present batteries do. Their current and voltage will hold up as long as there is any life in them at all. And it will be unnecessary to "rest" the new battery frequently to give it long life. You can either use it steadily till it is gone or intermittently over a period of years.

Watch for These. . . .

A new kind of screen paint with DDT mixed in it. Paint your screens and kill every insect that lights on them. The paint will retain its killing power for a whole season.

A shot-in-the-arm device that injects alcohol and water into the cylinders of an automobile for emergency bursts of speed. The Army uses it now and claims it increases the engine power thirty per cent for short periods of time.

A liquid far better than water for use in home-heating boilers. A chemical called tetracresylsilicate, it boils at 800 degrees F., thus carries several times as many heat units for the same volume as water does. Smaller pipes, smaller furnace, no danger of freezing when you go off on your winter vacation.

A new airplane beacon for marking lonely mountain peaks. It will burn a year with no attention at all. ★★★

Give Us Tomorrow

Continued from page 17

and the gossip about her bad luck in marriage and the compensations she had probably found for it. Certainly she had known Peter Wymark before they crossed on the plane together.

"All London's mad about him!" she declared and that exaggeration went into some of the newspapers.

His publicity preceded Peter back to the Middle West, even to his own small mining town. Carmine did not get out the band but it was cordial. He was asked to speak at the High School, to talk to Rotary, and at the Eagle Tavern he couldn't pay for a drink during his first week at home. His father hadn't said much. Conversation between Chris Wymark and his motherless son had always been scanty. But the pride in the aging, leathery face had been as evident as it was when Peter graduated from the university. Peter knew how his father felt.

It was only at the offices of the Company that he felt let down. Mr. Kane, the local superintendent, had been friendly but brief when Peter reported that he was ready to go back to work. There had been no fanfare whatsoever.

"You must have had some very interesting experiences, Wymark," Mr. Kane commented. "I'm certainly glad to see you back with a whole skin. It must be a great relief to your father."

That was about all. There was no mention of advance or change ahead. And when Peter said that he'd like to have a talk with Kane some time, the superintendent had looked him over again and asked, "Something special on your mind?"

"I'd like to talk to you about the future," said Peter.

KANE had chuckled. "I wish I knew enough about it to be able to discuss it," he said.

"What I had in mind was my personal future with the company. I think I've learned a good deal in these last two years."

"Those Britishers know anything we don't know?" asked Kane jocosely. "Well, young man, come around some time and we'll talk things over. You know where to report now. You're no stranger around here. Glad to have seen you."

Peter knew that the invitation to come around some time was actually a brush-off. It would be difficult to find the time when Mr. Kane would talk things over. He felt baffled and discouraged. His discouragement had turned to cold anger when, on the way out, he had seen the lettering on another office door.

It read: Asst. Supt. *Robert Lindley.*

Then Lindley, that apparently easygoing blond giant who never missed a trick, had come out and stopped to say that he too was glad to see Peter back. He mopped his brow —Lindley always sweated a lot in and out of season—and put on no airs. Peter had to congratulate him and Lindley said, oh well, they had had to put somebody in and he was the nearest man. You're probably getting about seventy-five hundred now, thought Peter. You're in a position to marry Ellen.

He had wished that night that he could get out of Carmine, call off the whole connection there, and try his fortune somewhere else. In the little house where he and his father had lived together for years, he almost came to that decision. But he was short of money. He'd have some refunds for traveling expenses when they came through, but that might take weeks. When he left England he had thought he had enough to live on for some months. But being in New York while Violet was there had been expensive. He'd gotten to flinging money around when he had taken her out one night. It wasn't her fault. She wanted a farewell party before she took off for St. Paul and ended up with quite a crowd of people to entertain. Peter had paid most of the cost of that party, very willingly at the time, though many of the others could have better afforded to be

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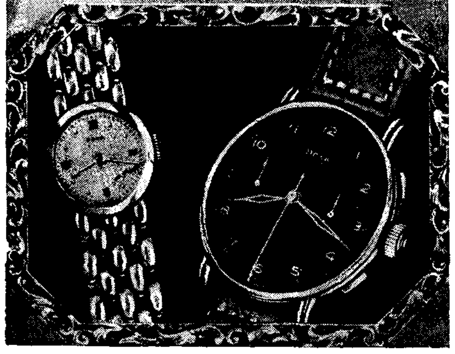
AT BETTER JEWELERS



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hosts. He had a feeling that it was cleaning up any obligation to Violet.

Then there had been civilian clothes to buy, and as Peter bought them, he had kept thinking that these were the clothes in which Ellen first would see him out of uniform. He didn't want to let her down or look like a hick. But the clothes ran into money. It was necessary for Peter to begin to earn again and right away.

There were other things that held him in Carmine. To work in the mines, on the big physical job, eased his restlessness at being out of the dangers of war. They needed engineers badly. He was useful. He knew that he couldn't endure work that didn't feed the struggle now that he had seen it. Also he must stay until Ellen came home.

He had told her he was going to come back here and he was going to keep his word. Then, when she returned, he would make her see the whole situation. He planned their first meeting in a dozen ways. Sometimes she seemed very close, his own girl no matter how far apart they were. Then what had happened grew dim and uncertain and he would wonder what on earth he had to count on and why he assumed he had anything. Perhaps when Ellen got back, Lindley would naturally have the inside track. But after Peter went over all the possibilities, he knew that the necessary thing was to see Ellen and to find out if she had the same sense of a claim established by their brief hours of love-making, as he himself had.

NOW, though his manner was cool enough, it was a restless young man who tapped on the door of 605 in the Taconite Hotel and went in to shake hands with Joe Lacey. Mr. Lacey was not alone in the big corner suite. He was talking to a couple of other men, and they looked as much like conventional politicians as he himself did not.

Mr. Lacey did not smoke. He did not reek of whisky or intrigue. He was a tall, clean-looking man, carrying his shoulders in a relaxed and almost deferential manner. His face was pale and unsunned and his hair was still mostly reddish brown with little white markings. It was very straight hair and combed precisely. The lines made by the comb showed. His eyes were the color of the darker brown tints in his hair, and almost too large and soft for a man's eyes. He didn't look like anyone else and that seemed rather deliberate. But he was handsome in his special, untyped way.

"Well, Major, this is certainly an honor," he said cordially. "How are you?"

"Fine, thank you, sir."

"You know Peter Wymark, of course," Lacey said to his companions. "Everyone's heard of him and what he put over for the Army abroad."

Peter shook hands with a pulpy, middle-aged doctor from a near-by mining town, and the other man, who owned lake resorts and camping places. Both names were familiar and both men had local power. But Mr. Lacey had an air of dismissing them in the friendliest way possible. Their time was up, and they knew it. They exchanged a few sentences with Peter and left the room.

"Can I give you a drink?" asked Lacey.

Peter accepted a sociable one and Lacey drank his health with a second compliment and settled down with a manner of being ready for a good talk.

"How does it feel to be back?"

It was the stock query but Lacey seemed to put a little finer point on it than usual.

"Okay," answered Peter. "Takes a little time to shake down."

"It's a tough proposition," said Lacey quietly. "You boys who come back from overseas must have a lot on your minds."

Nobody knew how much, thought Peter. For an hour or two you might forget it but never for very long. The news in the paper, the blatting on the air, seemed to mean one thing to him and another to other people who were reading or listening. If you'd been over there, you came back with a lot of things in your mind, and they gave you a slant you couldn't get over. But Lacey got the point, or pretended to.

"Are you home for good, Major?" he asked.

"It looks that way. Unless something unexpected turns up."

"Well, you've done your share. The people in this state are very proud of you. Of all our men in action. That's what I wanted to consult with you about, Major. I need the advice of a man who's seen service and who also knows this state of ours. Tell me, what are we going to do when all these boys come home?"

"Is anything going to be done?"

"We've got to find them jobs. And a lot of men who come back aren't going to be content with what they had before."

"You're dead right about that, Mr. Lacey."

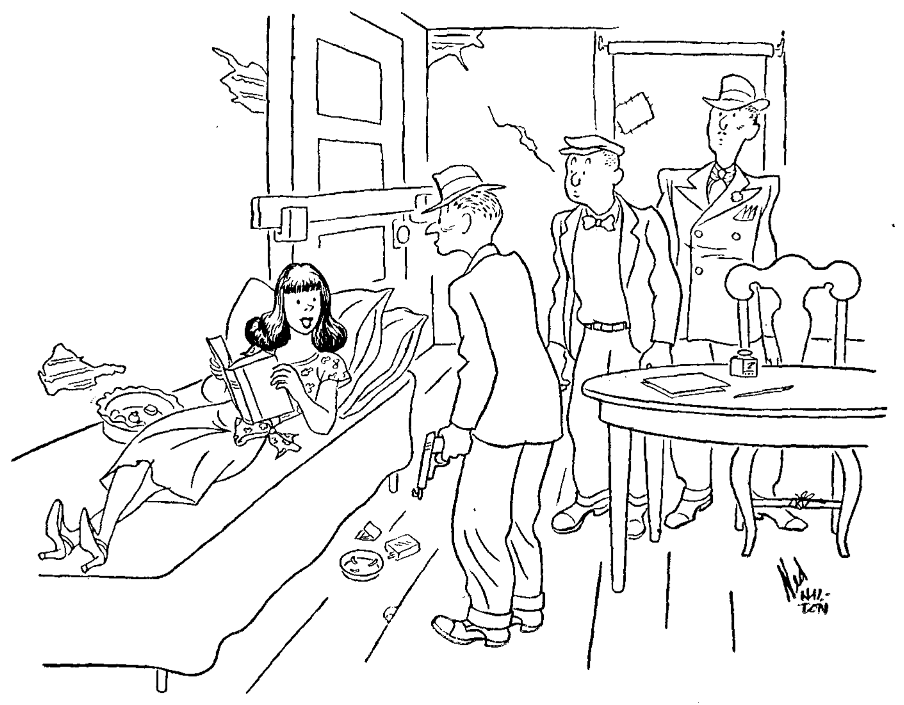
"What's more natural? A boy goes into the army at twenty. He's immature. He comes out a man, with three years maybe of hard living and useful experience behind him. He's got new ideas."

"Too bad more people don't realize it."

"That's just my point. That's why I wanted to talk to you and to ask you to do something for me."

Peter became a little wary, and Lacey seemed to sense it.

"I'll put my cards right on the table," he announced, "so you'll see just what I have in mind. The thing I want to ask you to do is simple enough. We're arranging a banquet, followed by a larger meeting, in honor of the veterans who have already returned—their wives and families—in St. Paul for a week from Saturday. We're very anxious to have you as honor guest—to make a little talk—



COLLIER'S "Why should I write a ransom note? I like it here" NED HILTON

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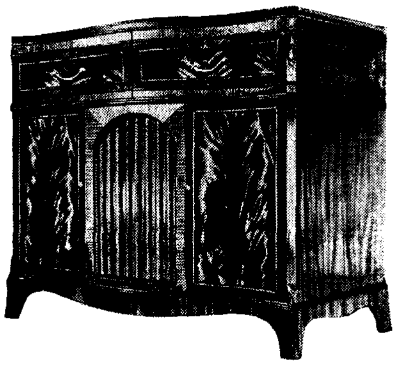

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it needn't be formal. But you'd be a big *drawing card*."

"I think you're barking up the wrong tree if it's a celebrity you want, Mr. Lacey."

"We don't want a celebrity. We want one of our own regional boys who's seen action and knows what it takes to win a war. Your reputation may be bigger than you realize. A lot of people knew you before. At the time of that convention row four years ago, you got in the public eye. And you've had a good deal of publicity lately. We'd do some feature advertising too, of course."

"But what's the point of all this—banqueting? People don't need celebrations."

"You never said a truer thing. That's what I wanted to get at. This banquet is just the first step in getting an idea across I'll be perfectly frank because I want your help. Can I freshen up that drink?'

Peter shook his head very definitely He meant to be clearheaded. Lacey went on.

"The legislature meets in January and it's going to be riddled with veterans' bills of one sort and another. That's a foregone conclusion. Every crackpot will come out with his own idea. We also have a general election just ahead of us. Now if the people who are up for election to state offices, and even some of those in line for national ones, would commit themselves to a good line of veteran legislation beforehand, we'd be that much ahead. And I want to touch the whole thing off with this big meeting."

"I still don't know what you want to touch off."

"I want to make that very clear. And be perfectly frank with me, for I need your reaction. There's already been considerable activity in various small communities in the state looking forward to providing employment and opportunities for servicemen when they come back. It's been spotty work. Some few communities know just where they stand and are ready for the boys, but most of them haven't an idea of how to meet the situation. If it gets bad, we'll have trouble. These veterans are going to think they should be taken care of with proper employment. They don't want a run-around."

"You bet they don't."

"I knew we'd agree on that."

"But what's the solution?"

"I WANT to see a commission set up by the legislature to explore the resources of every non-farming community in the state. They'd find out what the present employment situation is in every town and city, how many veterans probably will come back to that particular place, and then see what can be developed. I mean in the way of new industries or expanded ones."

"Where would the money come from?"

"It's a time to spend money," answered Lacey, obliquely. "It's a time when money's got to be spent. This state has been piling up resources in the past few years. If we had such a commission, with a large appropriation which could be used for loans of state funds to new industries to employ veterans preferentially—and I include the handicapped—we'd use the state money as the taxpayer would like to see it used. Now am I right or am I wrong?"

"It's a hell of a big proposition, Mr. Lacey."

"So was the war. So was the draft. The income tax was a hell of a big proposition. I know that ten—even five years ago—such a proposition would have been considered Red. I'd have said so myself. We've changed a lot in our ways of looking at things in the last years. We've had to, or be left behind. There's nothing really new or startling about this. It's state subsidy for good private businesses which might want to expand and can't do it under the present tax load. So we can give the veteran who wants a job, one that's worthy of him."

"Well, it sounds fine anyway. If it works."

"Why wouldn't it work? Take your own line," said Lacey, "there's plenty of undeveloped low-grade ore in this state. Why aren't there good jobs for veterans right there, in a stepped-up mining industry?"

"Could be. If they can mine at a profit and sell the ore."

"Maybe your big companies wouldn't like the idea at the start. They're conservative and of course they're all tied up with absentee interest. Of course I don't always see eye to eye with Jay Desmond." He chuckled. "I haven't got anything against Desmond. I think he's a very able fellow. Must have been to come up from scratch the way he did. But he ought to be willing now to let younger men do the same thing."

Peter didn't answer that directly. If Lacey's liquid brown eyes had seen a reaction, they must have been sharp. Peter had hauled out his own cigarettes, stretched out his legs and was thinking. Lacey might be a slick bird but he had ideas. They were good ideas too. Peter knew of state-owned lands which had mines on them, of mining leases on state lands that would soon expire. The possibilities were enormous. And he thought of fellows saying to him in France, "That mining business must be a good racket. What's the chance of getting into it?"

"Well, what do you think? Have I got something there or not? From your point of view as a returned soldier?"

"You've got a good idea. If it could be made to work."

"That's all I want to know. There are hundreds of details to be ironed out of course. And there'll be obstacles. Maybe mistakes. But if we get headed in the right direction, toward jobs and away from doles no matter what they happen to be labeled, that's the main thing. I want to talk over a good many details with you as we go along and shape up an organization. But we have to get started. We can count on you, then, for this first meeting in St. Paul? Of course your expenses will be paid."

"I don't rate as a public speaker."

Lacey grinned. "You do all right. You can make them listen. And anyway, they'll want to see you. You're something of a legend, believe it or not. After the invasion of Normandy, a good many stories floated around about you."

"Nothing to them. Well, suppose I think it over, sleep on it."

"Okay. The only thing is that we haven't much time. We're sending the program to the printer and to the press tomorrow, if possible. It would help to add your name. But I don't want to rush you. Sleep on it and if I don't hear from you tomorrow morning I'll tell the boys they can count you in."

Peter felt that he should be able to make up his mind, without fussing. But he wanted to get away from Lacey now and size the whole thing up.

"That will be fine," he agreed. "And I guess I'll get along now."

"I'll go down with you. I want to send off some wires and there isn't a bellhop here with sense enough to take one downstairs."

They walked toward the elevator together. As he rang, Lacey said, "The more you think it over, Peter, the more you're going to like the idea, I believe. Of course I've been talking confidentially and entirely off the record. The bill I mentioned won't be proposed until we're absolutely sure that we've got the backing to put it over. But that will be forthcoming if we lay the groundwork right. We want to begin by preparing public opinion. You get the idea."

Peter got several ideas. He knew that Lacey was figuring out a smart political move, probably to enhance his own popularity with the voters. He wasn't doing it out of philanthropy or sheer patriotism. But that didn't alter the fact that it was a good plan. Nor change the inevitability of men coming back from war and looking for jobs that wouldn't be blind alleys. And Lacey seemed to be the only person in sight who was doing something about it.

THE lobby of the Taconite Hotel was a general rendezvous for citizens of Carmine as well as travelers. The bus stopped at its door bringing people from Duluth and from near-by towns. It had the best drugstore, the best beauty parlor and the best barbershop for miles around. Bob Lindley, coming out of the barbershop and looking extremely cleaned up, met Peter and Lacey in the lobby. He was slightly taken aback by the combination of the two men, when he saw them emerging from the elevator in conversation.

"Hello, Pete," he said with some surprise in his glance.

"Hi, Bob." Peter would have let it go at that but Lacey was halted right there and they were all confronting one another.

"You know Mr. Lacey from St. Paul, Bob? Mr. Lindley."

Lacey was glad to meet him. Nothing else was said.

"Got your car, Bob?" asked Peter, ready to offer a lift.

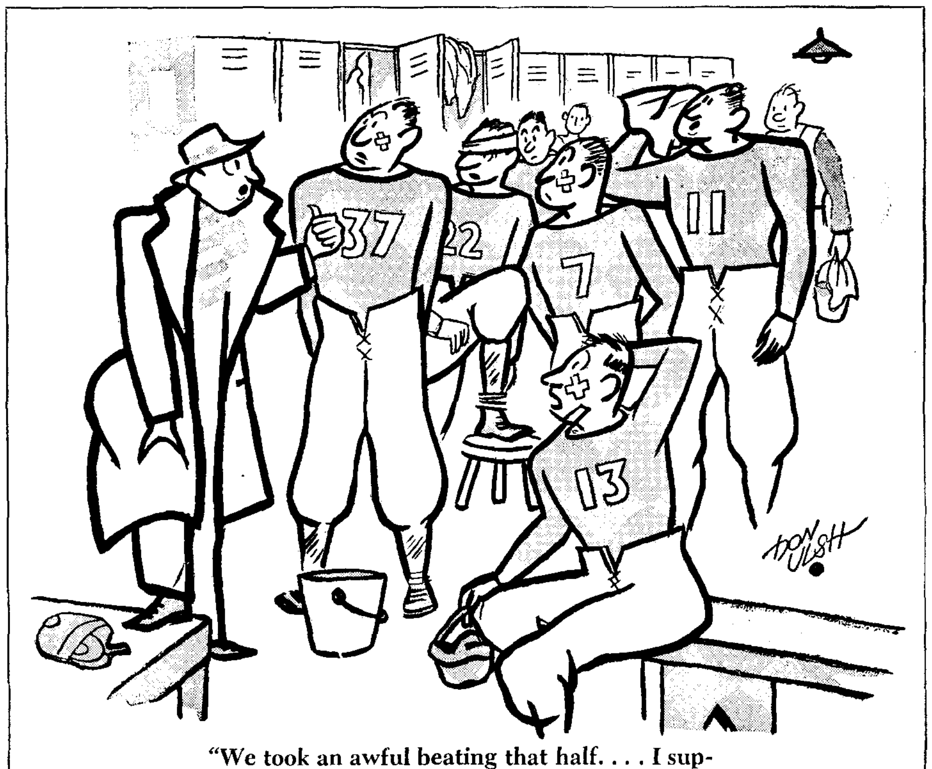
"Yes. I'm just off. Driving down to Duluth. Have to get started."

"I suppose so," said Lacey, smiling wisely as Bob disappeared. "The girl's getting back from abroad."

Peter's mind stopped on dead center. "What girl?"

"You know—the Desmond girl. Isn't this the Bob Lindley who's being groomed for the succession? I saw somewhere she was due back from Europe and I suppose that's why he's all polished up, like a brass knocker."

Peter said goodby and got away. He had been watching the Duluth papers for any word of Ellen's return, but now he realized that he wasn't quite caught up on them. Yesterday they'd been sold out and today he hadn't tried to pick up one because of the conference with Lacey. He stopped at the cigar store and took the most recent edition away with him and a block farther on he paused under a street lamp and opened it up. It was an odd sight to see the big young man



COLLIER'S "We took an awful beating that half.... I suppose I'm a big disappointment to you boys" DON ULSH

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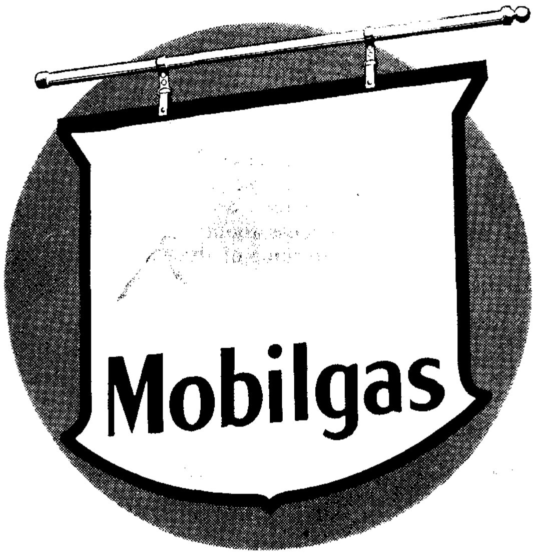

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reading the society page under the White Way Light, but Peter wouldn't have known if anyone was staring at him. Yes, there it was, the item that Lacey must have been referring to. Ellen would be home in the morning. She could have telegraphed, he thought. She could have let me know.

The morning train from Chicago pulled in among warehouses and terminal sheds, and between them the passengers could get glimpses of the low gabbro hills of Duluth sprinkled with houses, and on the other side the green-blue water of the great harbor. It was all completely familiar to Ellen Desmond. She had returned to this station and left from it dozens of times, a homesick little girl going away to school after her mother's death, a popular debutante with a crowd of boys seeing her off a few years later when she went back to college. She had been bored with the town and everything in it when, at twenty-one, she had gone off to take a job in New York and to seek a personal future. The war had crashed into that. And when she had left here last time to go to England in wartime, she had been torn by pity for her father's worry and yet exalted at getting into what was almost a battle area.

This morning she felt older, graver and yet happier than she had ever felt before when she came back home. She felt that this was her own place. Destiny had decided that for her, sparing her from death by bombs, keeping her safe on the dramatic flight across oceans and, most of all, bringing her life and Peter's together. Now that she was back, everything would work out. He might even be waiting for her at the station. Peter might have gone to her father and had a talk about them. He hadn't written but of course he could not, as they had known before they parted that day in London; her stay was too uncertain. If he had taken a chance and written anyway, she had missed his letter. But that didn't matter now.

WATCHING through the windows she saw just what she expected. The big blue car pulled up close to the tracks. There was her father, the same sturdy, powerful figure with grizzled hair and coarsened red cheeks, shorter and older than she had remembered him, and dearer than she had realized. And with him—that was Bob Lindley watching the car windows. Bob was better looking than ever in his big blond way. And—she waved at them eagerly and looked beyond them. No, apparently not. At least Peter wasn't with those two and she couldn't see him anywhere.

"Well, well," said Jay Desmond holding his daughter by both arms and looking her up and down after he had kissed her, "you look all right anyway! I'm certainly glad to see you back after that crazy junket of yours. Don't know why I ever agreed to it. It doesn't seem to have hurt you any, though. Except you're too thin. Well—here's a friend of yours I couldn't keep from the train."

"How nice of you, Bob. Yes, of course. I kiss everybody today."

"Someone called up and wanted to see if a reporter could meet you. I said certainly not," announced her father. "The car's over here."

"It's grand to have you back, Ellen," said Lindley.

She thought, I'll have to make things clear to Bob. But not until I get in touch with Peter.

"How's everything on the Range, Bob?"

"Just fine."

"Bob's gone up in the world. He's assistant superintendent now."

"Good for you; that's wonderful. Tell me—is Peter Wymark back?"

The flow of enthusiasm halted. She felt it instantly.

"Yes, he's back," said Bob.

"I met him in England, you know."

"Here we are," said Desmond. "Had breakfast, Bob?"

"Yes. I had a cup of coffee."

It was a chance for Ellen to say something. But she didn't. And in the car her father mentioned it. Lindley had left them.

"Thought you might like Bob to come back to the house with us. He was all excited when he heard you were due back."

"Decent of him."

"He's certainly got you on his mind. Bob's doing very well too."

"He'd better get me off his mind," said Ellen lightly. She felt let down. Disappointed. But she didn't show that to her father.

Being home was weirdly familiar. As she poured her father's second cup of coffee, remembering instantly that he didn't take sugar in the second one, she took the talk back to what was uppermost in her mind.

"Have you happened to see Peter Wymark since he got back, Father?"

"Who? Young Wymark? No, I haven't seen him around. Why?"

"I met him in England. I wondered how things were going with him."

"He's back on his job, I think. From what I hear he's just as unstable as ever. Got the swelled head."

"You're wrong about that. Nobody ever had it less than Peter."

Her father put his cup down. "What's this all about? Are you interested in that young pup?"

"I like him very much."

"How much have you seen of him?"

It always astonished Ellen to answer that question to herself. She had seen Peter so little, as time added up. There was the first afternoon, when they had skipped over many preliminaries and conventions, the hour in the rose garden when he had held her in his arms and all the loneliness and fears and questions that she had stored up had seemed to be solved. There had been the other days at Windower, none quite so happy as that first one when they had found each other and yet every moment exciting. There had been the intolerable hours when she had imagined that his senses and imagination were preoccupied with Violet, the meeting in London when she was sure that wasn't true. That was all. But it was more than was needed. She thought of him all the time now. . . .

"I asked, how well do you know Peter Wymark?" her father was saying.

"He was at Windower when I was there the last time. I wrote you about that. And then I saw him afterward in London. Once. Then he was sent back."

Desmond frowned. He felt a worry biting him. He had felt it before when he received that letter of hers from the Dunn place. Queer doings went on in those English country places, so people said. But Ellen wasn't that kind. It wasn't in her blood, not in his own honest, respectable blood—nor in her mother's who was as sweet and true and modest a woman as ever had lived.

"What are you trying to fight Wymark's battles for?" he asked, irritably.

"What battles do you mean? Is he in trouble?"

"He will be if he hangs around with Joe Lacey. And Bob tells me that just last night he saw Wymark with Lacey at the Taconite Hotel in Carmine. Thick as thieves!"

"Just last night?" That made it real. Peter had been in Carmine only a few hours ago. That was the first thing that Ellen realized. Then the rest of her father's remarks sank into her mind.

"What's Bob doing? Spying on people?"

"Not at all. I asked him if he knew what Lacey was doing on the Iron Range—I'd heard he'd been up there for a couple of days and there had to be a reason. He said he didn't know but that he'd happened to see him with Peter Wymark at the hotel."

"That's perfectly natural. Peter's interested in politics."

"You seem to know a lot about him."

"I want you to know Peter better, Father. You'd like him."

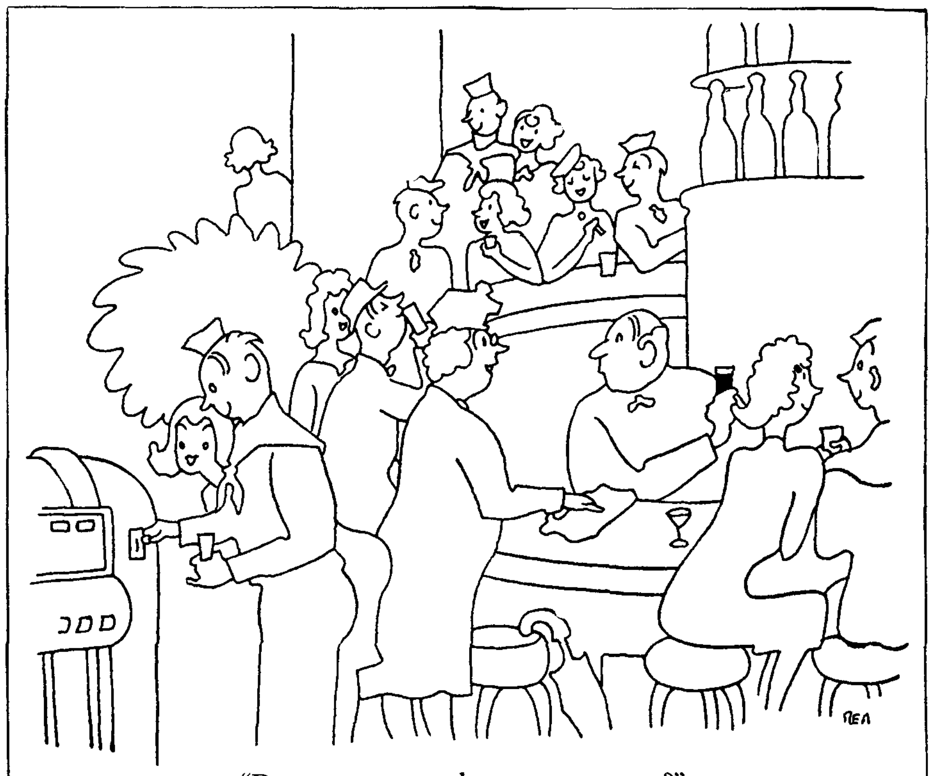
"I know enough about him. He's a good engineer. If he hadn't been, we'd have fired him long ago. And he's got a great old father. One of our old-timers. Been with the company for more than thirty years."

"I'd like to meet him," said Ellen.

Desmond peered at her. "Keep your feet on the ground, child. Just because you met this fellow over there and he looked good because he was from home, you don't want to get foolish ideas."

"Sure enough?" she asked and laughed. "How do you know they're foolish?"

"I certainly hope they're not."



COLLIER'S "Do you serve people over twenty-one?" GARDNER REA

He dropped the subject of Peter Wymark and began to ask other questions. But the memory of that conversation, so out of place in its intensity on her first morning home, stayed with him even after he went down to his office. And when Superintendent Kane came in for conference later in the morning, Desmond still had it in mind.

"How's young Wymark getting on, Kane?"

"Oh, he'll shake down," said Kane easily. "He's a crackerjack engineer. They don't come any better. Especially since he had this experience abroad."

"HOW do you mean shake down? Nerves gone to pieces?"

"Not that fellow. But you know how some of these veterans are when they get back. Full of big ideas about themselves. The Army does that to some of these kids. They go up awful fast in the Army if they're good. And they want to keep that pace in industry."

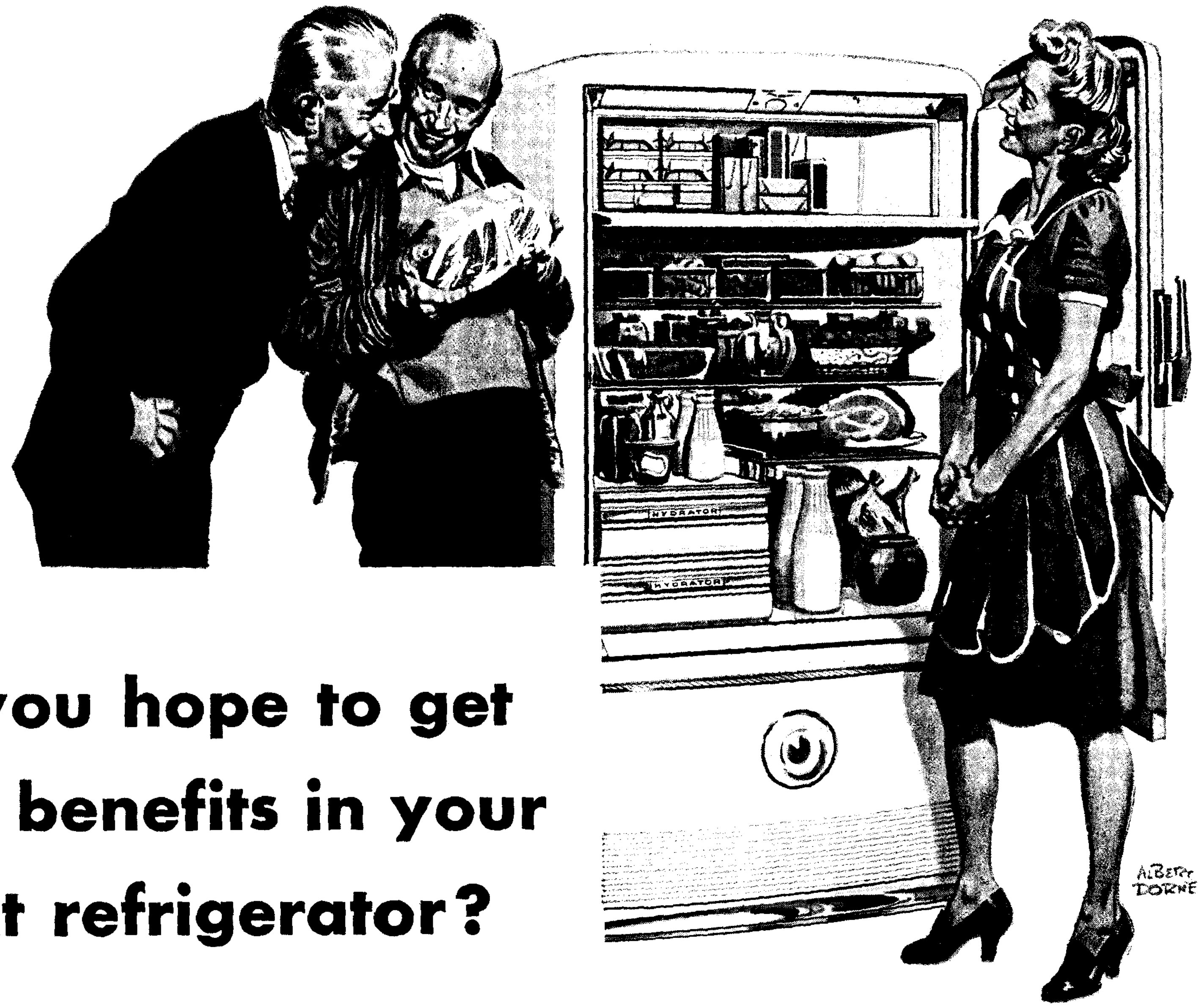
"Has he been making any trouble?"

"No. He came in to see me when he got back and asked for his job. I gave it to him of course. Then he wanted to know what future there was for him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him to come around some time and we'd talk it over," answered Kane, grinning.

"Think he wants your job, Kane?" That was obvious kidding.



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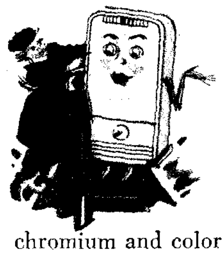

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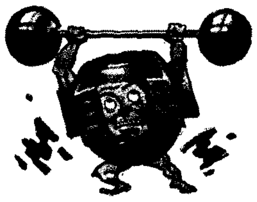

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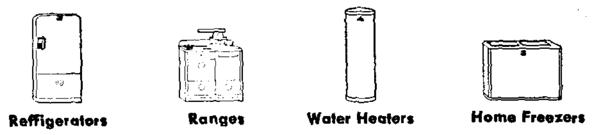

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"Looks that way."

"Or maybe it's mine," said Desmond. "He's probably got it all figured out just when I go on pension."

They laughed.

"He's a likable fellow, though," remarked Kane. "Gets on well with the men under him."

Desmond grunted. He'd heard before today that Wymark was likable and the remark didn't sit too well. Somehow he had taken it for granted that, when Ellen came home this time, she and Bob Lindley would come to an agreement. Lindley was in a position to support her. There was everything to be said for that. She'd be safe. Desmond had wanted for twenty years, ever since he lost his wife, to assure his only child's safety, and these last two years had been an especial strain and worry.

He would have worried now if he had known how immediately Ellen had tried to get in touch with Peter Wymark. She hadn't even unpacked before telephoning him. But he was out on a job and could not be reached. She left her number so that he could call her but it wasn't the way she had planned.

He telephoned at noon. By that time she felt as if she had been chasing him.

"Hello, Ellen. This is Peter Wymark."

"How are you, Peter?"

"Okay. It's swell you got back all right. When did you leave?"

They talked of that. But there was a sense of strangeness between them.

Then Peter said, "Look, Ellen. I want to see you. I've got a lot of things to tell you."

"Can't you drive down?"

"I don't see how I can this week end. I won't get any time off except between shifts. We're working against the time navigation closes and it's busy up here. But next week end I'll have a day off. I've let myself in for a trip to St. Paul, and I could stop in on my way down there if it's all right with you."

"Of course. Is Violet still in St. Paul?"

"I suppose so. Unless she pulled out. She planned to stay there for a while. I have to go down to a veterans' banquet."

"Good. They're feeding you veterans, are they? Who's doing that?"

"I don't know exactly. Lacey put it up to me."

"Oh."

"I'll tell you all about it when I see you. I'll get an early start Saturday morning where can I find you when I get there?"

"Come to the house."

"All right."

"Well, I'll see you Saturday then. A week from tomorrow."

"It's a long way off—Ellen—" his voice was suddenly urgent and all the stiffness in her melted—"it's wonderful to know you're back."

To him the conversation seemed silly, insufficient, incomplete. Peter wanted to call her back an hour later and tell her so. But he was out on the job again in the big pit. And constant telephoning was a kid's trick. I'll send her some flowers, he thought. Roses. The best ones in the market. She'll get the idea. They'll make her remember that afternoon at Windower, complete with roses.

"WHERE'D you get the flowers?" asked Jay Desmond. They weren't to be overlooked—two dozen long-stemmed, beautiful, thorny roses holding their heads high in the morning room.

"Peter Wymark sent them to me. The Wintons sent the gladioli. Bob sent the chrysanthemums in the hall."

Desmond was looking only at the roses. "He can't do that very often on what he makes," he said dryly. "Bear that in mind."

"Peter is coming here to see me Saturday. I hope you'll be nice to him."

"Here for dinner?"

"No, more likely around noon. He's stopping on his way to St. Paul. He has to go down for some veterans' dinner."

"I've heard about that shebang. Wymark's letting Joe Lacey use him for a front. These politicians are trying to tie onto the war so they can get votes for the November election. Then they'll try to put their games over in the legislature. I wish I knew what Lacey has up his sleeve. Bound to be something."

"Maybe he really is trying to help the men who come back. You might just be prejudiced, Father, because you don't like him."

"No," he growled, "I'm not prejudiced. I've seen too many Lacey deals. They all get down to one thing—feathering Lacey's nest. Lacey's fought the mining companies—the whole industry, not just our company—for years. He's always had his cut in one way or another when taxes went up for us. I don't like Wymark's ganging up with that fellow. It isn't loyal."

He snapped out the last word in finality, but Ellen came back with spirit. It was a spirit Desmond usually liked, for in it he recognized himself, but now it rose against him.

"You don't own him, Father! Because a man works for you, you don't control his politics. Not any more. That's terribly old stuff."

"I don't want to control any man's politics. But I expect the men who work for me to know what they're doing."

"Why don't you talk to Peter about it?"

"Talk to him!" That was affronted dignity. "I don't make a business of arguing with every young upstart who thinks he knows it all."

Ellen became beguiling. "They liked him so much in England. I wish you could have seen him at Windower. Lady Dunn was especially keen about him."

Lady Dunn had even wanted Peter to marry Violet, thought Ellen, but didn't bring that up.

"Uniforms go over big in wartime."

"He won't be in uniform on Saturday," said Ellen.

"No, and he may look pretty different to you now," warned her father; "maybe not so good."

Ellen had no such fear. But she was curious and eager. Peter would be more real out of uniform, she thought; not typed. She tried to remember the details of his face but it wasn't easy and she did not even have a photograph of him to help her.

THE Desmond house was not grand in the manner of Windower, with suits of armor in the hall and tapestried corridors and a picture gallery hung with portraits of ancestors. But its size and luxury bore down upon Peter even more than that of the English country house, as he parked his old car in front of Ellen's home on Saturday morning. For Windower had been something to stare at, like a tourist. It had been out of Peter's world, but this house of Jay Desmond's was not. Peter knew, of course, that Desmond was a self-made man. This big brick house on the Lake Boulevard, trimmed now with glowing autumn vines, had come out of the iron mines. It had been earned by a first-class operator who had pushed to the head of the organization. This is what Ellen's used to, thought Peter. All this is hers, every day of the week.

He half expected to see a butler open the door, another old Bindle, but it was a maid in a dark red uniform who answered his ring and almost immediately Ellen came running down the broad carpeted stairs at the back of the hall. She had meant to let him in herself, but at the last minute had decided that she would look better in a green tweed suit than in the blue flannel dress she was wearing, and had rushed back to her room to change.

"Peter, it's grand to see you!"

He took her hands and said the same words but he didn't try to kiss her because this was her house and things might be different. She was all he remembered, lovelier and somehow rarer than any girl he had ever seen.

But Ellen, in that first moment, saw a stranger. He was not quite so tall as she had thought, or perhaps that was the effect of the overcoat and the white collar and gay tie. He was very good-looking, dark, lean and alert, but the civilian clothes seemed to accent a challenge, almost a defiance, in his face. She didn't know why but here he seemed less heroic and more masculine.

"Take off your overcoat and come in here," she said. "I want to thank you first for the roses and then we'll begin to catch up."

The maid took his coat and he followed Ellen into the morning room with its bright chintzes and view of the lake through long windows. He was conscious of the lavish-

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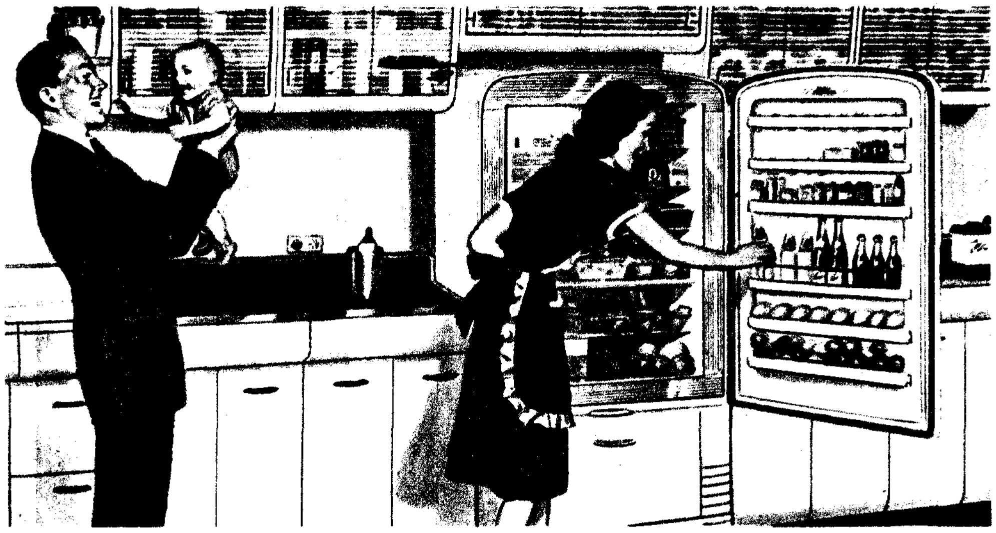

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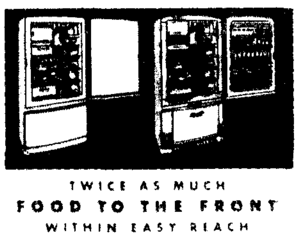

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ness and signs of wealth and of how she fitted into all this. He saw his roses, now cut down and purpled, in a vase, and was rather ashamed of them.

"I've always wondered what this place was like inside," he said frankly. "It's certainly something."

"This is the best room in the house. The rest is pretty much McKinley period and plush."

"It's very handsome," he said, glancing through an open door into an apparently endless drawing room and thinking of the little six-room house he'd left this morning, with its cheap, commonplace furniture and the smell of bacon seeping through it. There was no maid. A woman cleaned up for him and his father twice a week and occasionally baked a batch of bread. A far cry from that to this. Last night when he had been thinking of seeing Ellen, everything had seemed possible. But all this elegance put him off.

"Sit down and let's talk about ourselves," she said.

"About you."

"No, you're the interesting subject."

"Oh, I'm just back in the old rut."

"Aren't you glad you did come back?"

His face hardened. "Since you ask me right out—I'm not at all sure I am."

"But why, Peter?"

"Let's not go into that right now. I'm not griping. I let myself in for it."

THEY dropped helplessly into silence. She reached for a cigarette and he lit it. They hardly knew what was wrong but it was like trying to breathe in a new altitude. It had been possible to hurry emotion and free it when they had been in strange places. They both had been close to death, they had taken great risks, they had flown the ocean carrying hope of this meeting in their hearts. And now safety and familiarity constrained them. They felt as if they had to begin something and didn't know how.

Peter put it in words with a smile that was a little wry.

"Has the fizz sort of gone out of things," he asked, "with me in my good blue suit?"

"It's a very fine suit."

"You don't have to make any bluff. You don't have to put on any act at all, Ellen."

"You don't either."

"I knew of course that when you got back and got things in proportion, it might be different."

She looked at him again and suddenly there was the man she loved and had been loving all these weeks.

"Don't talk that way—" she protested. "It's not different."

Hungrily and because he couldn't help it, he pulled her into his arms, and for a moment they stayed close, not doubting their desire.

Then Peter let her go easily and tenderly, and stood up, lighting another cigarette though the last one still burned in the ash tray. "What a break!" he said under his breath and he didn't sound as if it were a good one.

"Peter. Tell me why you're sorry you came back to Carmine."

"I said I wasn't sure. It may turn out to have been the thing to do. But not for the reasons we thought when we talked in London."

"Wasn't the company fair?"

"I suppose so. According to its ideas. I'm right back where I was."

"But just for the present."

"Definitely. I've learned my lesson. I tell you, Ellen, there's got to be something done about all this. I'm not thinking just about myself but about the whole setup for men who come back from overseas. They get a lot of buttering up and the magazines are lousy with articles on how to treat them. They get a little wad of dismissal pay and someday maybe they'll get a bonus, enough to live on for a few months. If they're bright kids they can go back to school and if they can find their way through the red tape, they can borrow money. Not very much. But what they're looking for is jobs, the kind of jobs that won't make them always feel that they've lost the best years of their life."

"Of course you're right."

He looked at her to see if she meant it.

"I think so. That's why I'm going down to this meeting. And if some people don't like my doing it, that's all right too."

She knew who he meant. And she heard her father come in just then, at the wrong time. Ellen had hoped he wouldn't come home until later. She wished she hadn't suggested his meeting Peter today.

"Ellen—" called Desmond.

"We're in here. It's my father," she told Peter. "He said he'd stop in on his way out to play golf."

Desmond came in. He wasn't sorry to have a chance to look this fellow Wymark over at close range and maybe give him a piece of advice.

"This is Peter Wymark, Father."

Desmond shook hands. "I know your father, Wymark. Have a great respect for him. Chris is an old-timer in the mining business, like me. All through with your job overseas?"

"Yes, sir. It was temporary construction. Served its purpose."

"You had good training. Everything's temporary in the open pit. Find your experience with us came in handy, did you?"

"Very much so. We had to pump out water in a lot of marshy places and lay tracks where nobody believed they could go. We're used to that in the pits."

"Good." A flash of appreciation went from the older man to the younger one. They both understood that job. He's a fine-looking fellow, thought Desmond, who hadn't exactly remembered Peter Wymark's appearance, though he'd undoubtedly seen him around. "Ellen tells me she met you over there."

"Yes, sir. In England."

"Well it must feel pretty good to be back. You boys will be streaming home from now on, I suppose. As we clean up Europe and Japan. We'll try to take care of all of you. You deserve it."

He was being exceptionally cordial and Ellen was silently thanking him. This meeting was going off very well.

"I'd like to talk to you about that some time, sir."

Desmond looked surprised. "Yes," he said and vaguely remembered what Kane had said about this young man wanting to discuss his future. "Something on your mind?"

"I'd like your opinion as to the feasibility of increasing development of low-grade ores in the state, so as to employ more returned servicemen."

A FROWN gathered on Desmond's forehead. What was this glib talk?

"Industry doesn't work that way," he answered shortly. "A new development follows exhaustion of resources or excessive demand. We don't try to make work. Who's got that fancy idea?"

"I heard it mentioned, as part of a general scheme," said Peter, not intending to bring Lacey into it.

But Desmond did. He was sharp. "Sounds like a notion Joe Lacey might have for getting his hands on other people's money."

"Don't get personal, Father," interrupted Ellen.

He growled something and nodded a kind of farewell. At the door he turned again.

"Help for veterans is all very fine," he said. "But when the thing gets to be a political football, it's something else. And that's what Joe Lacey will make of it every time. No matter how many banquets he gets up."

He left them with that parting shot.

Ellen said, trying to make a joke of it, "Father doesn't make any secret of his opinions, does he?"

"No. And since I'm on my way to one of those banquets, I'd better take myself off."

"Oh, Peter, not so soon?"

"I just stopped for a minute anyway. To say hello and see how you were. And you're looking very lovely."

"When am I going to see you again?"

"You're also being very kind. But when I came in, you had a little shock. You thought, 'Is that the same fellow?' Sorry, but it is."

"It was just that I hadn't seen you out of uniform!"

"You'd have worse shocks than that if you played around with me."

In misery she watched him get his coat, shrug into it. She couldn't beg him to stay, couldn't ask him to take her in his arms again.

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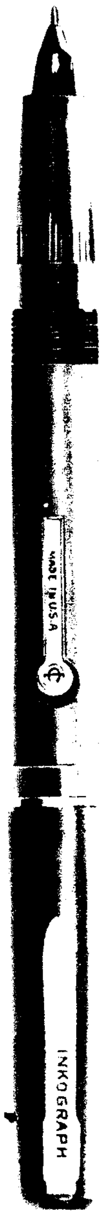


She managed, "Peter, will you come again?"

"Oh, of course. I'm here in town often. I'll ring you up."

It sounded uncertain and it felt uncertain to Peter as he drove through the city and out on the long highway. He knew every mile of this trip. When he was in the University he had often hitchhiked on this road going home for vacations. Then, as today, he had often gone along feeling completely determined to show what he could do. But never before had he carried along this fear that he might not do it soon enough.

The meeting was well advertised. Peter met a sound truck conveying a general invitation to it as he drove through the St. Paul streets.

"If you have a husband or son in service," roared the truck's invisible mechanical voice, "come to the St. Peter Hotel tonight to join in the discussion of the future of the veterans of World War II. Meet heroes who will tell you how they feel—Major Peter Wymark, Corporal Sam Cushing—" the truck rolled on and Peter felt like a fool and wished he were going the other way.

But he was committed now. He went to the hotel and found that Mr. Lacey had registered for him so his room was ready. There were also messages—there would be a drink in one room at five-thirty, and at six o'clock those to be at the speakers' table would assemble in the room at the right of the east door of the ballroom. There was also another sealed envelope. Tearing it open, he found a note.

"My hero—I shall be in the audience tonight listening to every word! I shall clap like fury. And will you break away afterward and meet me in the Flame Room here? Unless you call me at the Clydes', I'll be looking for you."

He didn't want to see Violet. Peter didn't want to see any girl tonight. He'd call her up, he thought, and say he had to cut right back. He'd decide whether to call her or not after he shaved. Peter stuffed the note into his pocket.

THE whole affair was well done. From start to finish. Regarding it critically and almost with suspicion after what Jay Desmond had said, Peter couldn't find anything wrong with this show. There was a good, responsible group at the head table, an editor, a famous war correspondent, a chaplain, a very rich shipbuilder, and the heroes, with Mr. Lacey himself seated inconspicuously among them. It wasn't a politicians' party and the great ballroom was packed with the relatives of servicemen. Flags floating above their tables were balanced by placards showing in what area of the globe the sons or husbands of the diners were fighting. And when, after the ice cream was finished, the great doors at the back of the ballroom were rolled back to show a tightly packed crowd of more hundreds and the balconies filled up, it was an impressive gathering with martial music and tender songs rolling over it every minute.

Lacey leaned over to say to Peter, "I'm sure you're glad you came, Wymark. It's a good crowd."

"Fine. I don't know what I've got to say. I didn't write anything out."

"All the better. You'll be fine."

Joe Lacey hadn't written anything down, either. He was toastmaster tonight, and an easy, witty one. His tall, spare figure in the dark suit had something Lincolnesque in its attitude as he drawled out a joke, juggled the program to suit himself, called the speakers by their first names, and yet never forgot to make each of them important.

"Why are we here? Because thousands of young men from this state are elsewhere—that's the reason. They haven't time to think about themselves and their futures. That's our job. We're here to get acquainted and maybe to be reminded of what we owe these boys. And there are others here who can tell you far better than I can."

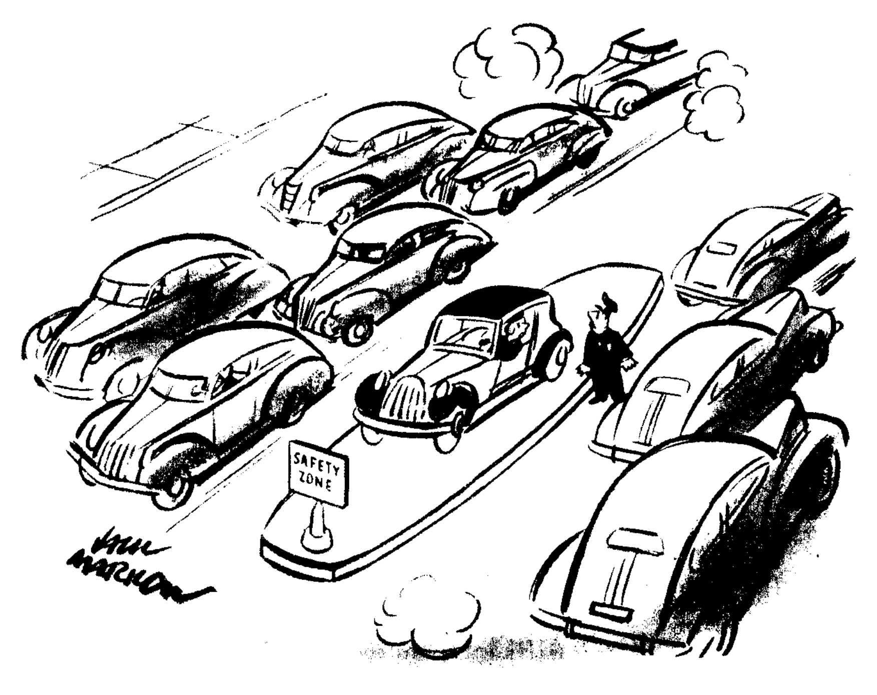
That was Joe Lacey, ex-Senator, the politician who seemed to have just as much influence whether he held office or not. Everybody knew Joe Lacey. He was always master of his party's state convention. He hadn't missed a national convention for years. He never missed a trick, said his friends. You couldn't get rid of him, swore his enemies.

Now he was introducing Major Peter Wymark, saying, "When I heard of the feats of this young man during the invasion that saved civilization, I was proud of my country and my state. He will not talk about himself. I honor that reticence, and I will not talk about him either. But I have asked him if he will represent your sons and husbands to you tonight, speak of their hopes, their needs when they return from action, and if he puts them as rights or demands, as a proper charge upon this state, we shall all respect his judgment. Major Peter Wymark."

Peter moved the loud-speaker so he could control it. The crowd looked friendly and he smiled. They were waiting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm glad to be here tonight. And I didn't think I was going to be. It's possible that I've got something to say to you that hasn't occurred to you. Or maybe it has. In which case we can thrash it out together. I'm not going to tell you what your men are doing over there. You get letters—you read the papers. But I'll tell you what's worrying a lot of them. It's how they can make up for lost time when they get back. It's the matter of what jobs they can get. For the man who comes back doesn't want just any job. He wants one that's good enough for him, that's right for him as he will be when he comes back. . . ."

The room was very still because he spoke



"Of course I know it's a safety island. Why do you think I drove in here?"

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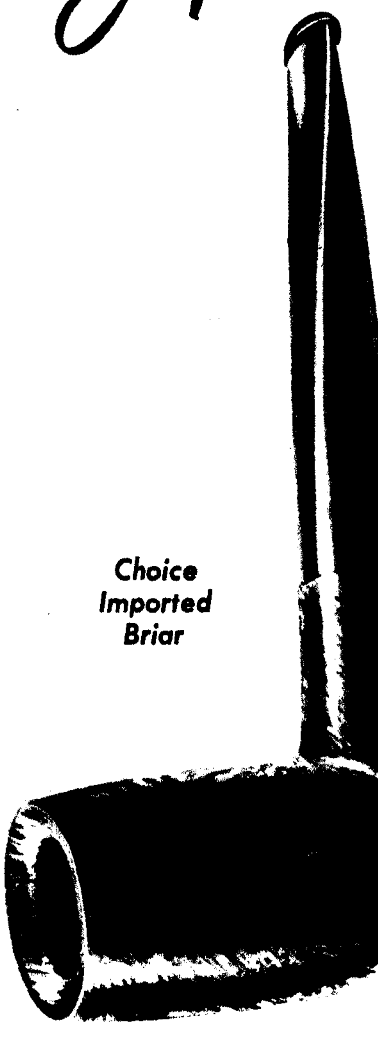

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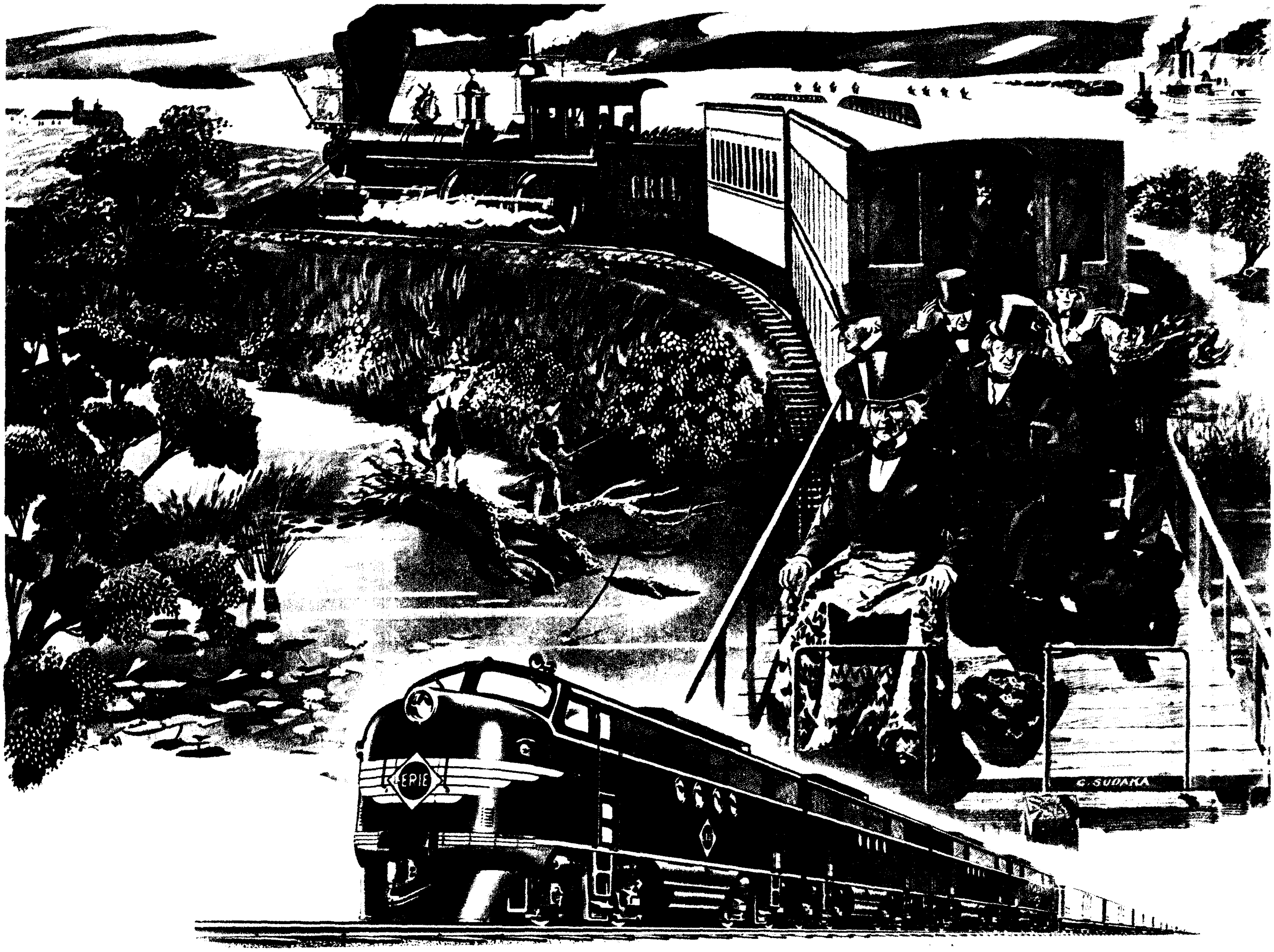

To celebrate the opening of the then longest rail line in America, the Erie Railroad arranged a now famous junket for May 14, 1851. Included among the guests who made the 427-mile trip were President Millard Fillmore, several members of his cabinet and Daniel Webster, who is pictured here as he elected to travel.

SAMPLE OF THE NEW AND BETTER

In his hair was the snow of 69 active years—but in the heart and mind of Daniel Webster was ever-youthful eagerness to sample new and better things.

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ENGINES ...... 150 to 2000 H.P. ..... CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio so plausibly and was so deeply in earnest. Lacey's head was bent a little and he half smiled. Violet, in the back of the room and very bored until now, thought that Peter really did get people. He certainly had charm. . . .

"You had them eating out of your hand," she told him, when she met him in the Flame Room. "I'm so proud of you!" Her face was pale as ever and her hair like a red crown. She took his hands and leaned to kiss him.

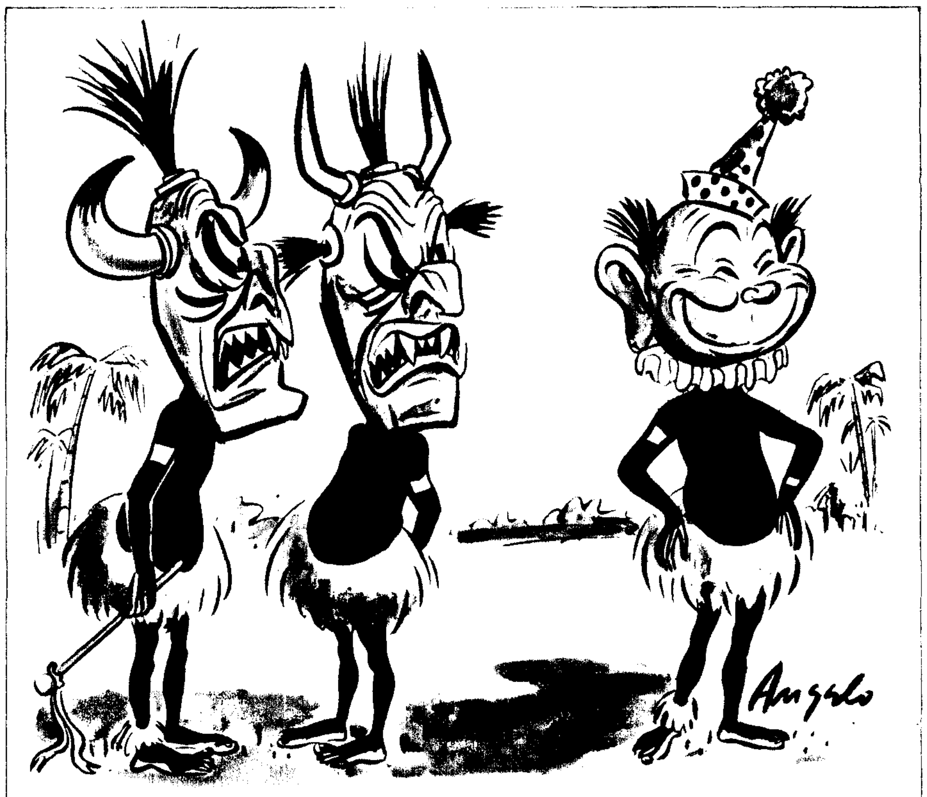
"I don't know you nearly as well as I think I do," she went on. "But don't undeceive me now. You don't know how I needed that kiss. That's the thing to say to stir your emotions, isn't it? Oh, how good it is to get out of that house!"

"Sit down and enjoy it. It's good to see you. What will you have to drink?"

"Scotch. You want to look out for me, Peter. I'm apt to marry you tonight."

"Don't worry, you won't do anything so disastrous; I can look out for myself. What's wrong?—I thought you were crazy to get back. Isn't your child all right?"

"My child is beautiful. I want you to see her, Peter. You'll be crazy about her I simply adore her. But there's a strain of Them in her. Her grandparents. Or else she's caught it. She does everything she ought to do. You know what I mean? I've got to get her away from there or she'll be a stupid little snob when she grows up. I won't have it. She's my child and I won't have people thinking that's the best I can do."



COLLIER'S "He's a baby specialist" EMIDIO ANGELO

Peter put his head back and laughed. He hadn't laughed that way in months.

"Why don't you run off with her?"

"I would if I had any place to go Or any money."

"Isn't that mink?" he asked teasingly.

She glanced at the beautiful fur jacket she was displaying before she tossed it back.

"I didn't have to pay for that. It's not like breakfast."

SOMEBODY had given it to her. Probably Lewis Hewston. But you didn't blame Violet as you might another girl; she was so frank about everything.

"What are you here for?" she asked.

"Just the meeting. I'm going back tomorrow."

"To your mines."

"They're not my mines. To the hole in the ground where I work."

"How does it feel to be back home?"

"How does it feel to you?"

"It has its moments of disillusion."

"Right."

"And how's the beautiful Ellen?"

"Fine."

"Are you in love with her?"

He didn't know what to say. He couldn't answer that for there was no lightness in his heart.

"What good would that do me?"

"She's a fool not to grab you," said Violet.

Peter said, "Let's talk about you. You're looking like a million dollars."

"It's an uphill job with my in-laws watching every touch of lipstick. If they'd only bribe me to go away. But they won't; they endure me."

"Where's Hewston?" he asked.

THIS time he was the one who had struck a bruised or raw place. He saw the expression of her face break. Its gaiety fell to pieces and he was reminded of the hysteria he had seen in her when the bomb fell on Windower.

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "That's none of my business."

"Peter," she said, "I want to talk about it. I don't know what to do. He told me he'd come. You don't know what it's like."

"Go on and tell me. Get it out of your system."

It took a long time. The orchestra left before they did. And when they were in the street looking for a taxi, Violet shivered inside the mink coat and said, "Do I have to go back to that house, Peter? Just yet? Can't we go somewhere else?"

Deliberately, Jay Desmond had postponed the autumn inspection trip, which he usually took with the most important members of his board of directors, until after the election. He didn't think that it would sit quite right before that. Not that there was much swank now to an inspection trip. They no longer took the special train with its paneled walls and vases that always were filled with fresh flowers, its special cook and perfect service. Now the directors went up in big cars and lunched in a private room at the Taconite Hotel. That was all there was to it, except actually looking over the job.

When Ellen asked to go along, he didn't quite know how to fit her in.

"I used to go on the private car," she insisted.

"It's a little different now. This is just a working trip."

"That's what I'd like best. I haven't seen the mines in years. I won't make a sound and only speak when I'm spoken to."

"Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't come. You're a great favorite with Harold Bates."

Harold Bates was always the most important visitor from the East because he held the controls.

"Then you tell him I'm coming."

Her father looked at her again. If she was going up to the ore country with some notion of seeing Wymark, he wasn't for it. Yet on the other hand, it might be a good thing for her to take a look at the iron country. It would help her to see things in their right proportions.

"Bob Lindley will be showing us around in his district."

"Good for Bob."

"He makes an excellent impression on these people."

"Of course he does."

He couldn't make her out. It might even be Lindley, after all, that she had her eye on, Desmond thought. But anyway she'd had her way and it had tickled him to see her put it over even on himself. She was here in the big car with himself and Bates. Her father was proud of the way she looked, of the enjoyment Bates himself obviously took in having her along.

"How did they vote up here?" asked Bates.

"About as usual. Followed the state lines, with a slant to the left. We didn't come out so badly, except that Lacey got too many of his men in the legislature. He played up the returning veterans, fed their families a lot of political promises. He's a smart bird. He made a stooge out of one of our own men, a fellow who's just back from overseas and hasn't got back into the groove."

Ellen was listening. "Who was that?"

"Young Wymark."

"I thought you meant him. He never was a stooge."

"Friend of yours?" inquired Bates.

"Yes," she said simply, "I think he's fine."

"Ellen's very loyal to her friends," her father said dryly, "right or wrong."

"It's a good fault, Ellen," said Bates. "You stick to your friend if you believe in him, no matter what this old man says."

I am sticking, she thought. That's why I'm here, having the nerve to come. I can't stand it any longer. I have to see him.

WHAT do I care if he took Violet out in St. Paul? Why shouldn't he? I let him go away that morning without telling him how I feel, how I want him, how I can't think of anything else. Naturally he would look up Violet. Why not? Bob thought he would accomplish something when he told me about that. As if I didn't know Violet. Peter doesn't care about her. She takes on any man. If I let her have him, that's my own fault.

She whipped herself with her determined thoughts, but her hands within her fur-lined gloves were cold.

The great square ridges of the dumps began to show on the skyline.

"We're getting there," said Desmond almost exultantly. He always felt like this when he came to the ore country. He was showman, and guide, and expert, and a little nostalgic for the early, hard years he'd spent here. He boasted about them.

"I camped on that hill while we found section corners for the old Crowley mine, Harold. We lived in tents and it was ten below zero more often than not."

"Were you very poor?" asked Ellen.

He chuckled. "You can't imagine how poor!"

Bates smoked and listened.

"Now this is what I want you to see. Slow down, Joe. This is where the new development will be, what we've got to open up next."

"We own it?"

"We do."

"Rich ore?"

"Good enough. It will never be the easy picking it was in the first days when they could spoon it out, but the stuff's there all right. If I were a younger man I'd cast my fortune right there. It's going to be a beautiful operation. Plenty of chance to use your imagination. You see the town should be laid out over there on that side, because of drainage—this whole area slopes one way and you have to look out for that—"

"Interesting, isn't it?" said Mr. Bates to Ellen, who was leaning forward and listening to every word as the car took them in slow observation past the wooded landscape that covered the untouched one. "You'd build a new town?"

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"Or move the old one. It's no trick any more. I've seen them jack up a house and move it down the street with the supper on the stove and the children leaning out the back door laughing their heads off. We're adventurers up here. Nothing stops us."

He talks like Peter, thought Ellen. Peter loves it like that too. And there's plenty for him to do. We could do it together, if only he'd ask me. . . .

Bob Lindley met them at the hotel, very handsome in his brown shirt and working jacket, deferential, ready to show them around. He sat beside Ellen at lunch and the older men made a few pleasant jokes. She had worn a scarlet dress under her gray opossum coat and had a scarf to match it to tie over her hair. The meal in the private dining room seemed to her to drag endlessly and the bits of flattery tossed at her had no flavor. Peter hadn't been walking along the street, nor in the hotel lobby. She had looked into the bar but he wasn't there. If she didn't see him, what would she do? And why had she been ingenuous enough to imagine that of course she would? Had it been only wishful thinking? Was she going to drive back all that long hundred miles without having said any of the things that were rushing through her head?

THEY inspected the great mine. In little cars, the visitors drove down along the little roads that curled into the heart of the pit. Ellen watched every face as they went by.

"If you gentlemen don't mind getting out, I'd like to show you our big shovel. What I need all that money for equipment for," said Desmond cheerfully. "Well, hello, Wymark. How are you?"

Ellen started. But it wasn't Peter. Her father was shaking hands with the man who ran the machine. He was operating it for them now. Then she knew. This was Peter's father. He could tell her what she had to find out.

The visitors were getting back into the car. She went back to the great shovel and called up to the man in the cab.

The leathered face peered down at her with honest eyes.

"Mr. Wymark, I'm Ellen Desmond. Where's Peter today?"

"Peter—you mean my boy?"

"Yes. I'm a friend of his. I'd like to see him while I'm here."

She felt as if he saw right through her. But she stood up to that glance.

"I'm not sure where he would be. He's been working with a night shift and should be off today. He might be home. We live on top of the ridge right there—second house from the south end."

"Oh, thank you. I'm awfully glad to have met you, Mr. Wymark."

"Ellen's fascinated with that shovel," said Harold Bates. "I think she's getting the old fellow to let her run it. No, here she comes."

She had to get away from the rest of them now.

"Do you mind if I don't go over to the Arbutus mine with you, Father?"

"Played out?"

"I can take just so much inspection. Let me walk back to the hotel. I'll meet you there."

"Do you feel all right?"

"Of course. I just want to stretch my legs and see the town."

"Lindley had better go with you."

"No—please, Father. Bob ought to go along with you. I'll see you all in half an hour if you're back."

"She always gets her way," said her father.

"That's what you admire most," Bates chuckled, "anyone who can put anything over on you."

The cars were out of sight now and Ellen could turn. The row of houses on the ledge, he'd said. The second one on the south end. This was it, then. It was where he lived. I can't do it, she thought. I can't walk up there and ring the bell. I'll just walk past.

The house where Peter lived sat on the other side of the road which bordered the pit. It was a plain, utility frame house, one of a row of houses that were small but not set too closely together and not identical. They all had plots of grass and their own willows or lilac bushes. They were neither ugly nor pretty.

But they fronted an extraordinary sight, the largest man-made hole in the world, with the November sun bringing out the color in the red and yellow ridges. Roughly made as each ledge had been, the whole pit had gradually been patterned into a tremendous geometric design. The strings of ore cars on the tracks which wound about the pit were like toy trains and even the great shovels looked too small as they worked against their gigantic task. Before many years they would approach the little houses on the ridge, greedily and remorselessly, and dig for ore underneath them after the little structures were wrecked or moved away to safety.

Ellen knew all that. She looked at the house and then back at the pit and as she hesitated, the house door opened. Peter came out, his hat carelessly jerked on, his face rather sullen. He couldn't sleep and he thought he'd walk down the street and stop in the Eagle Tavern and see what was going on. He saw the girl with a red scarf under her chin, took a look at her half admiringly, because he liked the cute high school kids, and then stopped in his tracks.

"Hello," Ellen said and it came out shyly.

"Ellen—my Lord! Where did you drop from?"

"I came up for the day on an inspection trip."

"Oh sure. I heard the big boys were coming to look us over. I forgot. Having a good time? How did you happen to come along?"

"I came to see you," said Ellen. She had a curious sense of success as she said that. It was said and done and she was deadly pale.

"Me? I can't quite believe that."

"Why can't you believe it? Don't you remember Windower? And London?"

"Yes," he said harshly, "I remember both of them. And every time I do I take a look at this. On the whole, I'm glad you came today. Now you've got the whole picture. You know why I faded out. You don't fit in here."

"No, Peter?"

"Look—this is where I live."

"I know. It's got a grand view. It's like living on the edge of creation."

For a second he hesitated. Then he said, "Come in a minute, will you?"

HE TOOK a key out of his pocket and opened the door for her. The sitting room was dark and smelled of tobacco and the green shade on the one large window was torn. There was a safety-pin holding it together. Through the other square uncurtained doorway was a round oak dining table with six chairs with black leather seats. A cheap set of yellow glass stood dustily on the sideboard. Between the sitting room and dining room the door to the kitchen was propped open. She could see the coffeepot on the stove, and realized that Peter and his father used that room for cooking and eating.

"I saw your house. Now you see where I live," said Peter, "and don't make any mistake. When we moved here, this was pretty fine for us. This has hardwood floors and a bathroom and a furnace."

"That's all you need."

"Don't be polite."

"I'm not being polite. Peter, what's got into you? You can't think a little rubbishy overstuffed furniture means anything to me!"

"It's what it stands for," he said shortly. "The company blocks me all it can. I'm in the doghouse with them because I have ideas they don't agree with. Okay: I've still got the ideas."

"I'm glad you have. Why shouldn't you?"

"Ellen, don't kid me. Don't be nice."

Her eyes filled with tears. "You're being terribly unfair, Peter."

"Unfair to you?"

"Yes. I love you, Peter. But it's terribly hard to say when you take this attitude. Please, Peter, don't put all the burden on me!"

He took a step toward her. "Ellen, I didn't dare— Why, I've loved you since the first minute I saw you!"

"Then why don't you ask me to marry you? What are you waiting for, darling?"

(To be continued next week)

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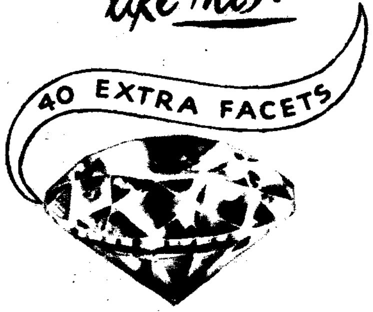

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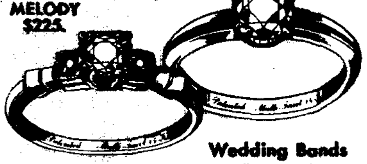

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Dark Water

Continued from page 20

sit watching it under a hot sun," she said. "What are you trying to do—make the water mad at you? Next thing, you'll tell me that you're not from Scotland. You certainly haven't much of a burr."

She had started to turn away when he said, in a grotesquely thick accent, "I can put it on as heavy as need be."

She stopped turning away. Grinning, he was homelier than before. "Just like Harry Lauder," she said. "I heard him when I was a child."

"Oh, I can put it on good," he said, getting up. By now, the children had begun to gather around them. He had been about to put on some sort of act, she saw, when he paused and said: "By the way, my name's MacTavish."

"Oh, sure," she said. "Sandy MacTavish."

"No," he said. "Bart. Isn't that all right?"

She was about to say, "I wouldn't know," when one of the children said, "He's a real soldier, isn't he, Miss Bourne?"

"Of course." Her own annoyance at the question surprised her.

"I was going to amuse them," MacTavish said in mock gloom. "But now I suppose they would think it detracted from the dignity of the uniform."

The children, looking at him and the returning grin on his open face, had begun to smile with pleasure. The children liked him and she had great respect for the intuition of children. He seemed to appreciate their liking and to be embarrassed by it. "You were talking about Sir Harry," he said to her, and turning, he began a kind of crooked and waggling strut, chanting:

> *"Sure, they could tell his Scottish b'ilt*
> *By the wiggle-waggle, waggle-wiggle,*
> *Waggle o' his kilt!"*

The children whooped with pleasure. One of the older ones, a boy about nine, said, "Is he a friend of yours, Anne?"

She felt MacTavish watching her, and it was suddenly more difficult to answer the child than it should be. "Why," she said, and again: "Why, yes, I suppose so." She turned suddenly to the Scotsman. "You'd at least be cooler in a bathing suit," she said. "We don't insist on your going in the water."

"All right," he said slowly and almost gravely. "If you won't." He turned and went in to the lockers.

Anne walked to her high chair, feeling self-conscious. When MacTavish came out, she was surprised at the hard whiteness of his body against the dark bathing trunks. Somehow, from the grotesque strut he had affected for the children and the homeliness of his face, she had not expected this hard, white and symmetrical body. The plates of his pectoral muscles lay smooth against the sharp lines of his ribs and the muscles of his arms were long and rippling. He came toward her, stepping gingerly on the coconut matting, and she said: "You'd better get some oil on you, or you'll be burned to a crisp."

He looked at her as quickly as though he had been struck, then caught himself. "Where could I get some?" Anne noticed that even in that short sentence his whole tone of voice changed, from something like alarm back to normal.

"I have some here." She took a half-filled bottle out of the little cabinet attached to the side of the chair. "Rub it on your arms and shoulders. Wherever you can reach."

"And where I can't reach, say the middle of my back, you might put it on for me," he said.

"Listen—" she said. Then: "Go and sit at the shallow edge of the pool and dabble your feet in the water. That's a good way to start getting confidence."

"What makes you think I have none?"

She shrugged and looked at her knees, not quite covered by the towel. "You practically said so."

She felt his eyes on her; then he said suddenly: "Look, that's why I've come down here these few times. I've watched you teaching the kids and I thought by watching them I might get some sort of confidence. Or learn how it's—I don't know."

ANNE looked at him and was torn between suspicion and pity. She finally said: "I suspect you might be a faker."

His smile was halfhearted. "I wish I were—about that. But I see your point. Your teaching me to swim would certainly offer its opportunities for me, wouldn't it?"

"I imagine it would," she said, not looking at him. "But I'm not going to teach you."

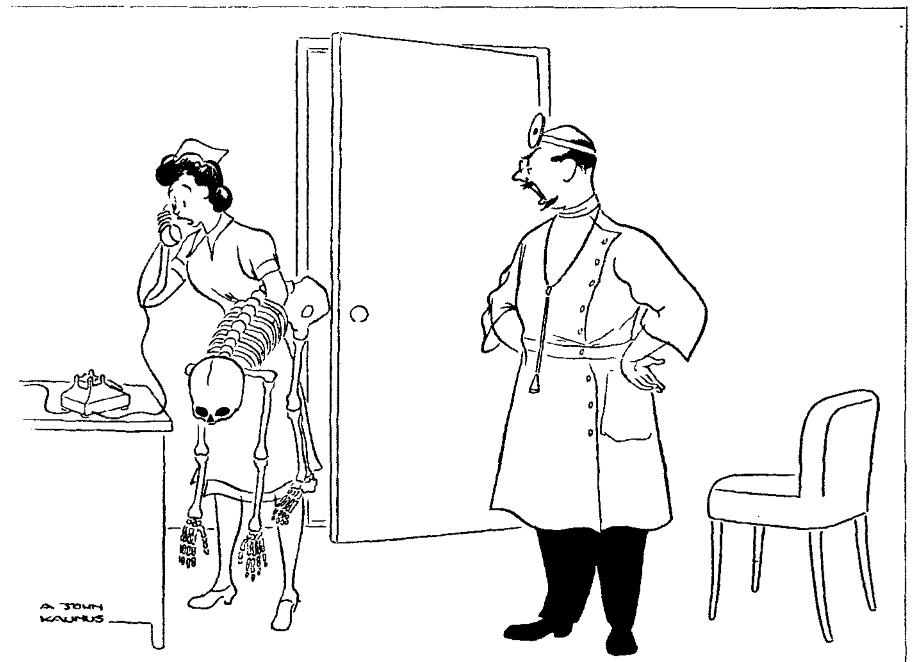
They were silent for a moment, looking toward where the children paddled and awkwardly swam a few strokes at the shallow end of the pool. Then Anne said: "Your fear of the water must be a hazard, especially if you do much flying over water."

"Kid," he said, his manner made ludicrous by his accenting the wrong words in the American, "you finally said it."

In a moment of sharp and curious insight she saw in great and imagined detail the flame, vapor and noise of planes fighting and falling, and she could even feel some of what she knew was his strange weariness; the weariness that comes from having fought an intangible for a long time. She heard herself say: "What is it you fear about the water?" and felt a small coldness come over her, as though she had taken a step from which now there was no retreat.

"Things that are in the water. I know it's foolish."

She said: "There's nothing in the water near shore that could hurt you." It was not an uncommon fear, she knew; and she even



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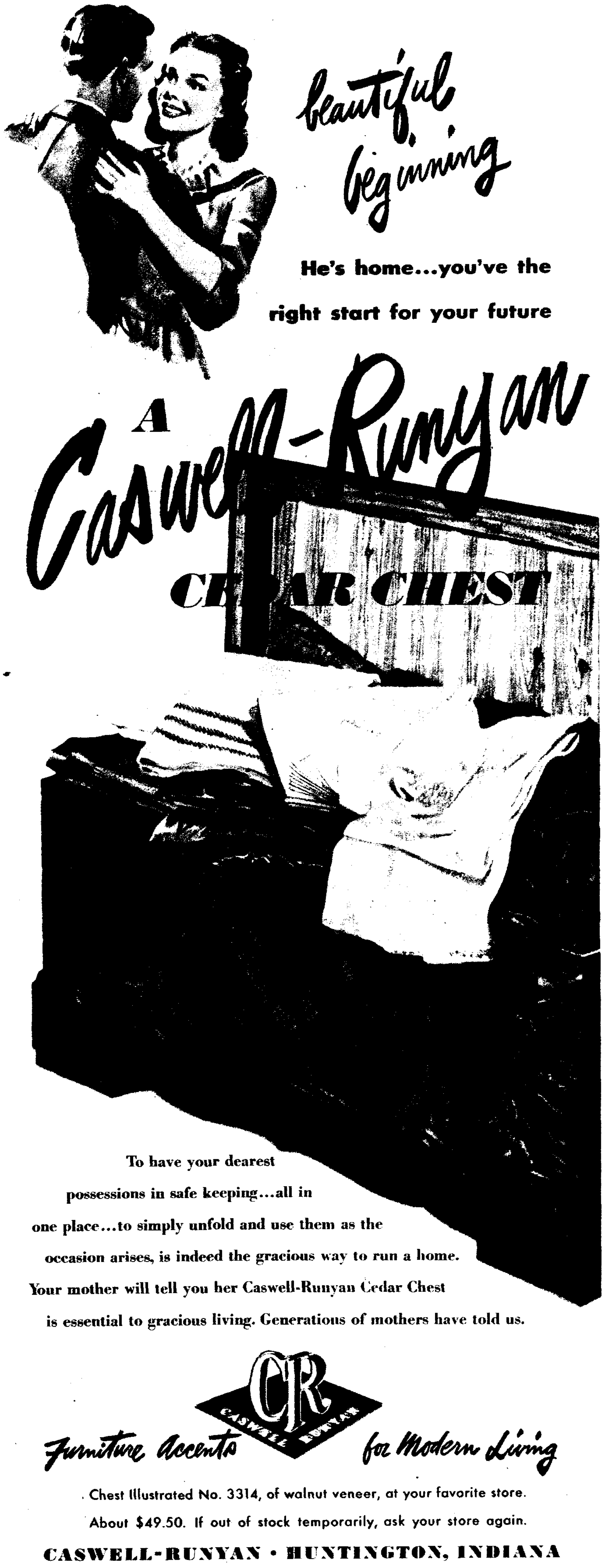
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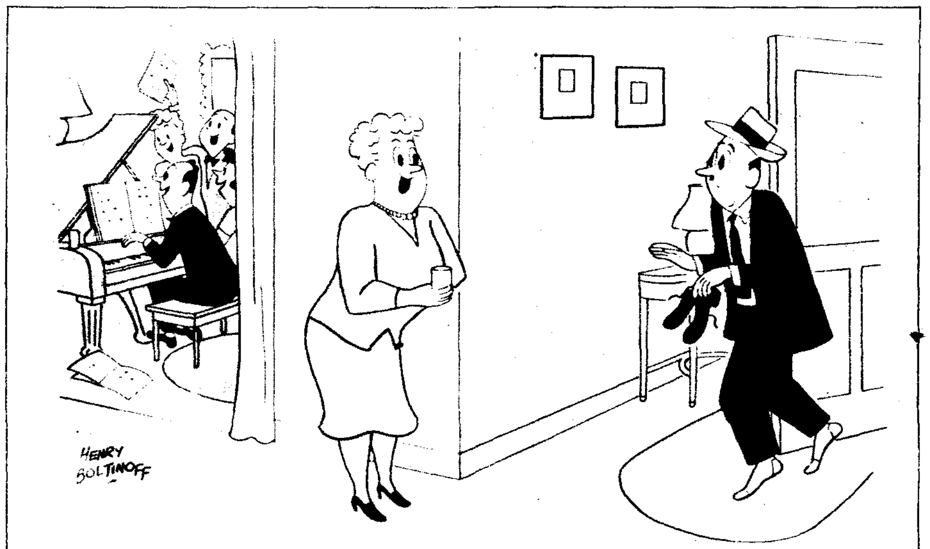


"Oh, hello, John, come on in. We're having a wonderful party"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

knew his reason, not an uncommon reason, before he spoke it.

"It seems sometimes," he said, "as though it goes back to the old nursery tales or fairy stories about sea monsters. . . ."

"I know," she said. "We find the same thing in the children at times. But you're older. You ought to be able to whip it."

He had lighted a cigarette and was looking out beyond the seats and tables to the sea. It was as though he hadn't heard what she said. "Then," he finally said, "my brother went down with a burning tanker."

She winced as she remembered her reference to his using oil on his skin and how the skin might be burned by the sun. "Look," she said, recklessly, "I could teach you to swim. How long before you have to go back to England? And how many mornings a week could you be here?"

He looked at her. "You mean here in the pool? Even if I could come down mornings, I don't want to have to learn with the kids."

Anne paused again, the old distrust still in her. "It's not customary to give lessons at night or in the afternoon. There are too many people in the pool."

"How about the beach?"

"There are quite a few people there, too."

"In the evening?" he said.

Again the hesitation before she said: "No, not then. Only a few."

"That would be better," he said. "I object to having an audience while being taught to swim—especially by a girl."

SHE could not read his face. How much he was telling the truth, she did not know, and perhaps he could not know himself. She started to think that, in a way, it was a duty, but she cut herself off short, telling herself that she was not going to kid herself. She wanted to help him, but not because she thought of herself as a patriot. "When could you come down?" she said. "I mean how many times a week?"

"Almost any night," he said. "It's a bit of a trip to and from the field, and it would be best to do it on my day off. But that wouldn't be often enough. I could come almost any night."

"And how long before you go back?" she said.

He smiled. "War or peace—in the Army you never know. But I guess I'll be around another ten days or so."

"You're here now," she went on, not looking at him. "I could meet you in front this evening, on the beach."

"How about dinner first?" he said.

"No, keep it impersonal. You'll learn more. It may not be easy for you to learn to swim."

"As you wish," he said. "And I will behave." Before he turned away, Anne could see in his face his wonder at her own severity.

It was her custom to go home afternoons to the quiet house where she lived with her parents and rest after the morning of instructing the children. It was always easy to sleep then, for like most teachers she used up considerable nervous energy.

The shadows in the room changed and she rose and dressed carefully, feeling irony and chagrin and something that might have been fear. Before the dress dropped over her head, she looked at her body in the mirror. She could not remember the last time she had looked at it so. Undying, her old resentment of the crowd rose in her, too, as she looked. She raised her arms and the dress fell about her, light and cool. It was curious, she thought, that at twenty-three she should feel or think she was so much older.

At the swimming club they were surprised to see her there by evening. People she had not seen in months or even years spoke to her as she moved past the now lighted pool. Her smile was secret, but without intent, as she moved past them, the white robe billowing slightly.

Leaving the bright box of talk, light and people and going down the wooden steps into the darkness of the shore, she could feel that leaving the light for the darkness was a symbol. She shook her head and moved on toward the white line of the surf.

A few people, mostly in pairs, showed in the starlight, and then against the line of surf and the sky lighter than the water she recognized the Scotsman's build as he came toward her. "Just fashionably late, my girl," he said. His burr seemed more apparent now.

She said: "I didn't know we had set a time; I mean other than after dark."

"I suppose you're right," he said. "It just seemed long waiting for you."

Annoyance quickened in her. "Look," she said, "that isn't going to help. Or were you kidding—about the water?"

"I never kid," he said. "By the way, I'd be interested in the etymology of the word. Is there a relation between the noun and the verb, I wonder? One means a child, the other—"

Anne said, "I came down here to give you a swimming lesson. Are you ready?" She had dropped the robe, and he seemed to be studying her.

"Aye, ready," he said, the burr thicker than ever.

"There's a low jetty down this way a little," she said, beginning to walk. "If the tide is about right, and I think it is, you could hold on to the jetty and learn breathing and how to kick your feet." When he did not speak, but only followed her, she added: "The water is quite shallow there, only two or three feet."

When he still did not speak, she felt pity come into her, then the full knowledge of his fear. It was curious, she thought, that here, now, the emotions should be swifter and more accurate than the mind. By the jetty, she started to move out into the shallows that creamed as the waves struck a little farther out and sent the water rushing in. He did not follow her. Not hearing him moving through the water, she turned and looked back. He stood just beyond where the farthest water reached, died and retreated. She moved back to him. "Is it that bad?" she said.

"I soloed at the end of three hours flying," he said almost indistinctly. "They were going to break me for disobeying orders. But they needed pilots bad then."

Without thought or any premeditation, she took his hand. "Come," she said. It was he and not herself who trembled as they moved into the water. By the jetty they were almost waist-high in it. It flowed with a smooth insistence, the roughness of the waves taken out of it by the jetty. She said: "If you'll put your hands on the jetty and flatten out in the water . . ."

She was no longer touching him, so that whatever went on in him could not communicate itself to her through her hands. But she saw that the graceful and powerful body had grown awkward, like an unsure child's. His hands touched the jetty, its surface almost awash, and he remained bent, as though his legs refused to come up level with the water so he could begin the kicking.

"Get your feet up," she said. In the water he floundered badly. The feet came up gradually and he began a ponderous and unrhythmic splashing with them. Then he broke suddenly, his arms pulling him up to a sitting position on the jetty.

The reason for her own annoyance was obscure to her. She began to wonder if he was really as good a flier as he had indicated. She said: "I can see this isn't going to be easy. And I don't think the night is helping any."

He spoke at first unintelligibly; she could not be sure how profane he was; then, catching himself: "All right," he said. "Let's try again."

She thought: He ought to be angry with me. When he began to splash again, without rhythm, she took his ankles in her hands and tried to indicate how they should move. It was almost as though her touch made him understand. The legs straightened, and the flutter of the feet became rhythmic. She said: "A little play at your knees and ankles."

He turned over, half-floating, holding with one hand to the jetty. "That's a help," he said, "your hands on my ankles."

"To help you get some rhythm in the beat," she said.

"I didn't mean that," he said thickly, and turned in the water again.

He floated face downward in the water and she stood over him, barely touching him. Her hands moved, hovering but not touching him in the darkness, and for an instant it was as though she brooded over him in that dark light. She could wonder, then, at the return of his fortitude. He lay with his face in the water. But only a few seconds passed without her touching him, when he turned and stood.

"You've tried to learn before," she said. "You know the breathing comes next."

He stood by her in the water. "Yes. The breathing comes next." He was so close to her that the old fear and anger stirred vaguely in her, but he didn't touch her. "Let's sit down a minute," he said, and moved toward the shore.

They sat just above the tide line and did not speak. After a while, Anne said: "You were doing all right there for a minute. Better than I expected for the first time."

"It isn't exactly the first time," he said, "as I've told you. There's another reason, too. I went back to my quarters this afternoon and found that we're leaving in two days. So it has to be done fast if at all." He spoke calmly, but his burr had thickened so that she had trouble understanding him.

"I suppose you were a little desperate, then," she said. "That's why you did so well tonight."

"In part," he said, a note of strain returning to his voice.

"If you go this fast," she said, "you might be all right by tomorrow. If you can come tomorrow."

"I can swim," he said. "I know it in my body. It's the fear."

They sat silently, without touching, before she said: "Do you want to go in the water again now?"

"Not tonight," he said. "I can come back tomorrow night. That'll be the last time."

When she did not speak, he touched her bare shoulders with his hands, but she stood and began to walk toward where the steps led upward to the bright lights of the pool.

WALKING the next evening past the lighted pool and the people she had known a long time and going down the wooden stairs to the darkness of the shore, she had the feeling that there had been no lapse of time between last night and this one. He was waiting now again as he had been the previous night, rising out of the dimness, his body white above the dark trunks. He was suddenly so close to her that she felt he was going to embrace her and she slipped past him. "It looks as if the fog might blow in," she said.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said. "We leave at three."

For a moment, Anne did not understand him. "Leave?" She would be gone from here long before three. Then it came to her with a rush, and she was ashamed that she had not known. "But how?" she said.

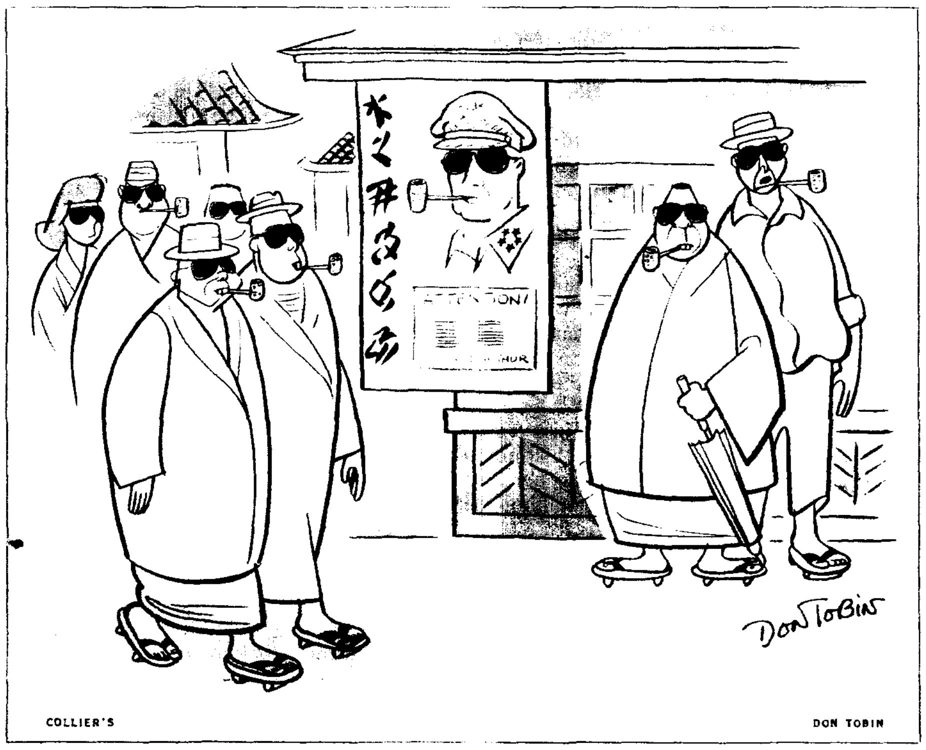
His tone indicated he was grinning. "Does it matter that much, my sweet?"

The term of endearment annoyed her and she turned away, murmuring: "I'm certainly not going to be able to do you much good, learning to swim."

"I told you," he said, "I can swim, after a fashion. Things like that come easy to me. Flying and so on. It's the water."

She said: "Let's go in." Dropping the robe on the sand, she moved toward the jetty. Purposely, she did not look at him, not wanting to see the fear manifest itself again. She said: "Flatten out in the water again and begin your kick. I want to check on your breathing."

He moved to do what she asked, lying face down in the water, then breaking suddenly upward and out of the water and onto the jetty. "To hell with this!" he said. She could hear him only indistinctly in the wind. "I'm going to sink or swim." He raced out along the slippery wood and she followed



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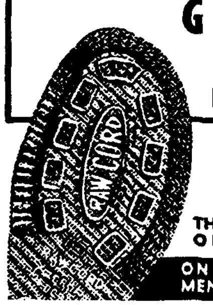
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more slowly, now alarmed. He moved swiftly ahead, obscured by the darkness and the sea wrack. "It's slippery," she called. "Be careful."

There was no answer. When she heard the heavy plunge of his body in the water, she could not be sure whether he had dived or slipped. It was easier to see him now than when he was on the jetty; the mist was several feet above the dark water, so she could see clearly the whiteness of his body moving before her. His swimming, inevitably awkward, alarmed her. The fear in her was more terrible than she had thought it could be—this new fear for him. But the old fear of people made her hesitate, before she said: "Are you all right?" When he didn't answer, the new fear choked her.

Her body flattened and straightened beautifully in her dive and, knifelike, cut just under the surface to where the Scotsman moved. He had not been swimming but only thrashing awkwardly. She stayed under water approaching him, then touched his knees and thighs, turning him so that she could come up in back of him and be clear of the thrashing arms. He turned easily in the water, and then her head came up into the air and she was just in back of him, reaching to get her hands under his chin and begin the carry, when he broke clear—his strength was terrible, frightening her—and half-choked out: "Let be! I'll swim alone or not—"

She said: "Don't be a damn' fool. You can't swim as tense as—" His arm struck her shoulder randomly and she went under. Under water, her growing fear left her and again she was smooth and flexible, a knife to cut the water as her body turned curving, again coming up in back of him and turning him with light, quick movements, almost slaps of her hands. Surfacing, she said, "Please be quiet. You're all right. Let me carry you."

Insight was again quick in her and she remembered what he had said about her touch on his ankles the previous night; she knew now that it was not her telling him to be rhythmic but her touching him that had worked the change in him.

"Bart," she said, almost desperate now. She could never hold him except he willed it, she knew. "Bart," she said again, the old hesitation still incredibly in her. Then: "Come here."

SHE moved into the circle of the thrashing arms, gathering the heavy body to her as though it were a child's, her own. Feeling the swell of her body against him, he grew quiet, so quickly that it seemed almost miraculous to her. Locked together, they sank in the water. Anne no longer felt alarm. This was her own element. What was wonderful now to her was that, in the dark airlessness of the water, the Scotsman also did not seem to fear.

Now is the time, she thought. She knew that the bottom was near their feet; the water was only seven or eight feet deep here. When she wanted to, she could push on the sand and they would come to the surface. But if he could stay here, like this, quiet for whatever reason, under water and without air, it would be a great and perhaps the final victory. She held him almost fiercely, feeling the tense quietness of the hard body and knowing a kind of glory that he should respond so to herself.

The sandy bottom brushed her feet as they floated in the darkness. She bent her knees and pushed against the sand. They moved upward through the water and he gasped as they came into the air; he moved but it was not the movement of panic. She said, "Are you all right, Bart?"

"Fine," he said in an odd voice.

"Then let me hold you as I want to and bring you ashore."

He flattened on his back in the water and she began her carry, one hand under his chin, her legs scissoring whitely in the water. They were almost to where they could walk when he said: "Let me swim. I think I can, now."

She let him go, with what she hardly knew was reluctance, and turned, watching him. The long-muscled white arms beat the water in a savage and awkward rhythm, the feet churned up a foam, and the head stayed above water to breathe. But he swam, a good six strokes, then straightened. His head was above water and his toes touched the sand.

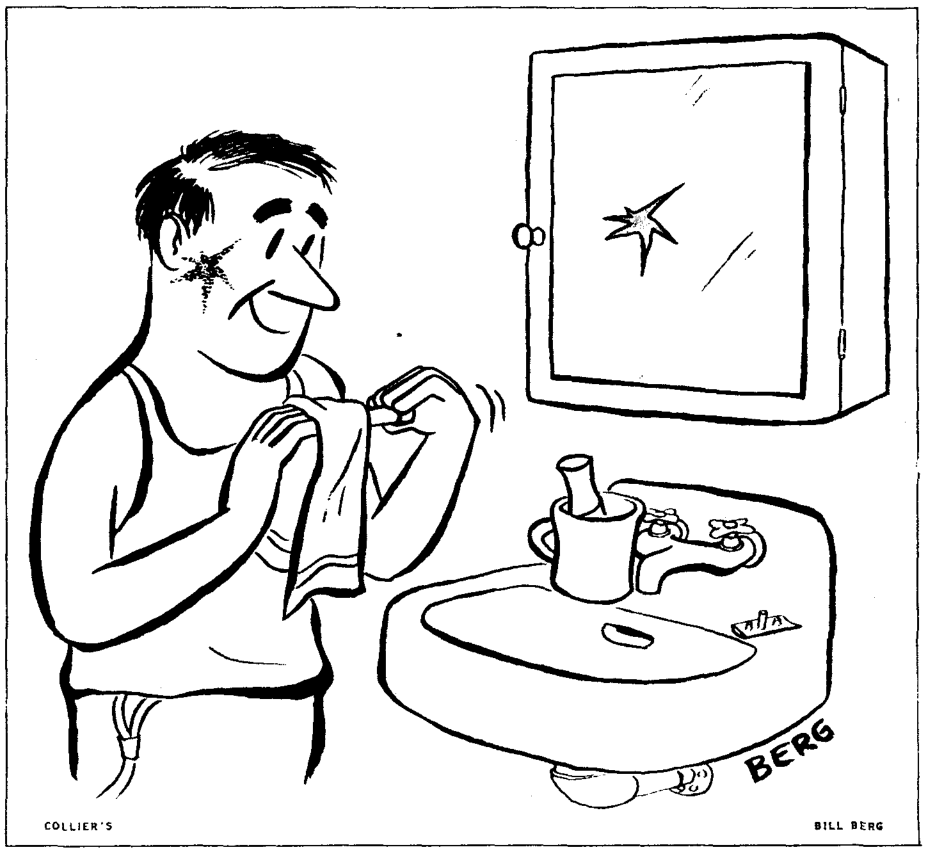
He turned to look at her, but in something she hardly knew was joy, she put her head in the water and swam past him as fast as she could, feeling again the old and almost forgotten joy of swift and rhythmic movement in the water. Her hand touched the bottom and she stood up, only knee-deep in the shallows. Turning, she watched him coming toward her, white from the dark water. She waited for him and they moved up the sand, not speaking, their arms brushing.

The sand retained some of its heat from the day and was warm against their feet. He breathed in long, even gasps, facing her and watching her in the dimness. He put his hands on her shoulders and said: "You're a fine girl."

She wanted to laugh out of sheer joy and thought ridiculously that she could curtsy with a finger under her chin. She said: "I'd curtsy very prettily, except that I'm not dressed for it."

"I'm very grateful to you," he said. Something puzzled him, she knew; it should puzzle herself, but she was too happy. "You really have done more . . ." he went on in grave awkwardness.

Now she thought, surprisingly, he is going to be noble. "Look," she said gently, "supposing I told you that we were no more than even in the matter of obligation. That I might even be slightly in your debt—"



"I don't know—" he began, his voice thickening. She knew he was wondering if he was being kidded.

"It's rather difficult to explain," she said softly. "Now, anyway."

He stood, the stance awkward with ignorance and embarrassment. "Come here, Bart," she said.

HE WASN'T that awkward or that embarrassed. While he held her, she shook her head, torn by too many things, the long time of fear, the sudden release, the warmth of him close to her. He said, "What are you shaking your head for?"

"I'd have trouble telling you," she said. "So just kiss me, will you?"

It was a long time since she had kissed anyone. But there was a restraint in his mouth against her own, that told her how her own strangeness and elation must puzzle him. He said, "I have to go soon. What is it?"

"You're a fine boy," she said. "It's too bad you have to go."

"Don't be evasive," he said.

The hint of anger in his words pleased more than frightened her. She said: "Sit here, on the jetty." The warm edge of the longest waves touched their feet. She thought: It's over now. If I tell him it will seal its being over. She said: "I was a girl swimming champion for a long while."

"It couldn't have been for very long," MacTavish said.

"Oh, yes, it was. I was in the Olympic games when I was thirteen, an Olympic champion when I was seventeen." She paused and he waited, noting the strangeness of her tone rather than her words. She went on, almost heavily: "We used to compete almost all the year around. I got pretty sick of people looking at me."

MacTavish growled to himself. Anne went on: "I realized it as I grew older; and instead of being proud of my body, I became, perhaps not ashamed of it, but, we'll say, excessively shy about it. I suppose it affected my relations with people—adults, anyway."

IN THE silence, she heard his heavy breath and she said, hurriedly: "So to hold you as I did tonight was more of a victory for you than myself. I—well, I taught you to swim, but you—you made me feel good about people again."

MacTavish caught her to him as she silenced her own little cry. After a moment he said, "I don't know why we should become so important to each other just when I have to leave."

A clock struck eleven in the town, and the wind brought the sound to them. "I have to go," he said. "But I promise you I will be back sometime."

"I don't want you to go," she said. "And yet it doesn't seem terrible. What you've done will stay with me."

"I hope so," he said. He didn't speak, then said, "Flight, solo flight, is the greatest thing that ever happened to me—up until tonight. And this is like it."

She smiled with tight lips. "You are a fine boy, Bart."

"Oh, wonderful!" he said savagely. "A wonderful boy!"

He held her hard, hurting her, then broke away, starting to run heavily through the sand. Anne watched him for a moment. It was ridiculous, perhaps, but she felt that they would meet again. She called after him and he turned. She wanted those others at the pool, who numbered among them some of those she had avoided for so long, to see her with the Scotsman. She could even feel more kindly toward them now.

"Let me walk with you as long as I can," she said.

"I ran only because it was hard to bear," he said.

"Look, Bart—you've got to come back."

"I shall come back to you," he said gravely.

They walked through the sand, their arms touching, brave against the night.

THE END

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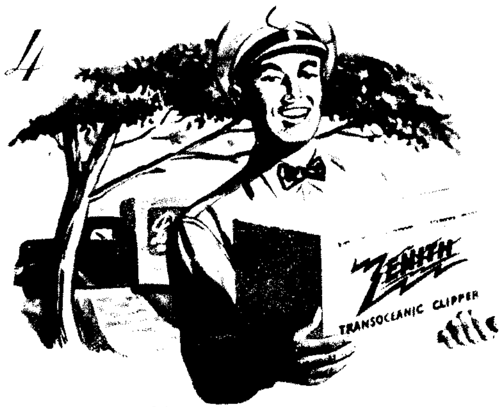

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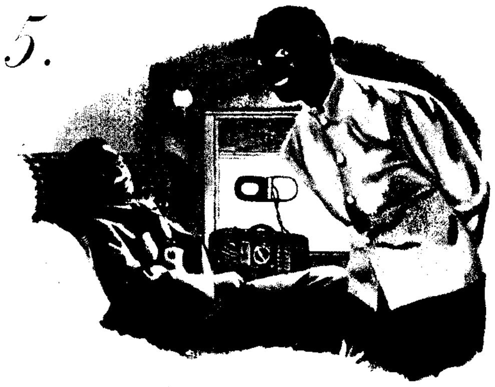

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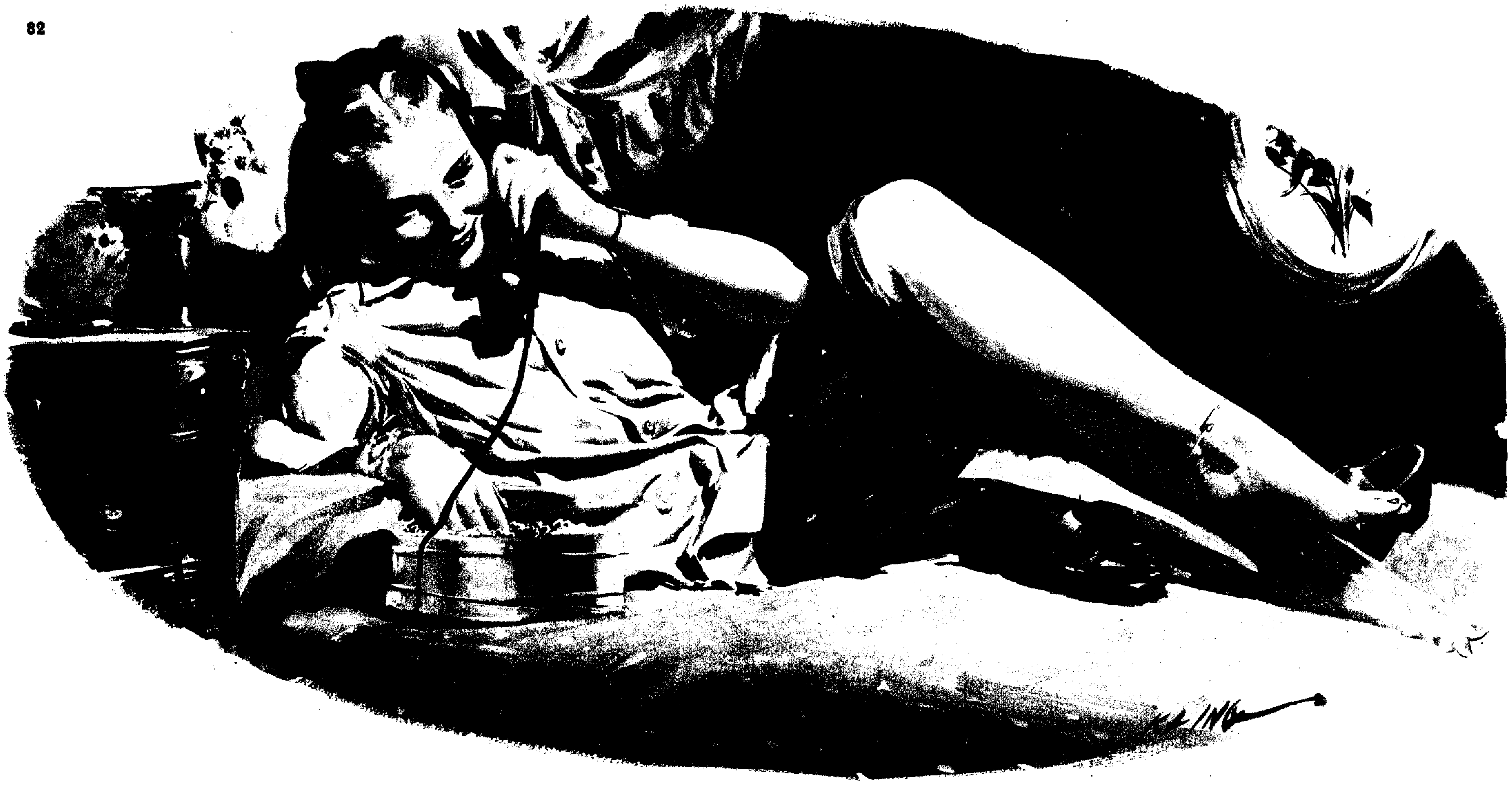

AH LOVE! AH ME!

BY MAX STEELE

"Would you like to go to the show with me?" Dave asked. Sara answered slowly and coolly: "Well, I don't know. What's on?"

IT HAPPENED six years ago—when I was in my junior year at high school—that I saw Sara Nell Workman for the first time and—not to be sentimental—I liked the girl. I liked her so much, in fact, that I would go to the library and read the cards in the back of the books to find the ones she had borrowed. I would take these out and read them carefully, including one called Needlepoint and Needlecraft.

"It's for my sister," I said hoarsely to the librarian who was looking at me curiously. There were some penciled notes in the margin about hemstitching, and whether Sara made these notes or not, I don't know. At the time I liked to imagine that she did, and I read them over and over: "Two skeins of black, 2 orange, 1 yellow, and the tulip stencil. Mother's Day, 17 days."

But when you're sixteen, you can't keep reading marginal notes over and over. At least I couldn't. And so the time came that I decided to ask Sara for a date. That day at school I couldn't find her by herself, and juniors in high school don't just up and ask a girl for a date in front of everybody.

At home that night I went out into the hall where the phone was and shut the door behind me. I wrote Sara's number on the pad and then one sentence: "Sara—Jezebel is on Friday night and I was just wondering if you'd like to see it with me."

That sounded casual and easy enough to say, but when I heard the operator ringing the number, I got excited and crumpled the paper in my hand. For a second I considered hanging up, but then someone said, "Hello."

"Oh," I said. "May I speak to Sara Workman?"

"This is she," she said, rather impatiently it seemed.

"Uh, Sara," I said, "uh, this is Dave . . ."

"Yes," she said.

"Do you know what our history assignment is for tomorrow?" I asked hopelessly.

"Just a minute," she said. She got her book and gave me the assignment. I thanked her and hung up. Then I untwisted the phone wire and went back to my room to brood.

About an hour later I decided that the thing to do was to jump up suddenly without thinking, rush into the hall and phone her before I had a chance to become flustered. I jumped up quickly, but then I turned back to the dresser and brushed my hair before rushing out of the room.

When Sara answered the phone, I blurted out, "Would you like to go to the show with me Friday night? This is Dave."

"Well, I don't know," Sara said very slowly and coolly. "What's on?"

"I don't know," I said. "I thought maybe we'd just go mess around uptown."

"What?" she asked.

"I mean I don't know," I said. "Lucy Belle or something like that." I really couldn't remember.

"Jezebel!" she said. "Bette Davis. Yeah! I'd love to see it."

"Okay," I said. "Goodby."

The next day I avoided meeting Sara alone. In the line at cafeteria she leaned around two people and said to me, "That was you last night, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," I said.

She smiled and for a moment I was afraid that she was going to laugh but she didn't.

Friday night at eight o'clock when we were leaving Sara's house, Mr. Workman, who looked like John L. Lewis, asked, "Who's driving?"

"I am," I said.

"You got a license?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he hollered, as we went down the walk, "just see to it that you get Sara back here safe. And before eleven o'clock."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Eleven o'clock, Sara," he screamed.

She was embarrassed, but she hollered back, "Yes, sir."

At the theater we had to stand in line, and when finally we did get seats they were in the third row. My neck was hurting before the newsreel was over, but Sara didn't seem to mind looking straight up at the screen.

When the picture was almost over, she caught me looking at her. "Whatsa matter?" she whispered.

"Headache," I said. "I think it's from looking straight . . ."

"Shhhh . . ." she whispered. On the screen Bette Davis was risking death by yellow fever to be with her man and nurse him.

Sara was very quiet when we came out of the show. As we walked down Main Street, I said, "Do you think she should have stayed with him? She probably caught yellow fever, too."

"It's not a matter of what you should or shouldn't do," Sara said. "For when you love a man, nothing can tear you away."

"Good gosh!" I said. Above us a neon light flickered off and on and buzzed as though it would explode.

We stood in front of Shaeffer's drugstore for a minute. It was 10:15 then, and Sara was worried about getting home.

"Just something to drink," she said, "we haven't time to eat."

She ordered a chocolate milk, and I wanted one, too, but I thought it would look kind of sophisticated to order something for my headache. I couldn't remember ammonia and Coke, and so I asked the waiter what he had for a headache.

"Aspirin, epsom salts, litho-bromide, anything you want," he said.

"Bring me a litho-bromide," I said, trying to sound weary, "and a Coke."

"Still hurts?" Sara asked softly.

I smiled at her without answering.

John Bowerman and two other seniors came in and took the booth next to ours. All of the booths and tables were filling with the crowd from the movie.

THE waiter brought the order. My Coke was in one glass, two litho-bromide tablets were in the bottom of an empty glass, and there was a big glass of water.

I'd never taken a litho-bromide and I didn't know that the tablets were supposed to be dropped into a glass of water where they would fizz while dissolving. I just shook the tablets out into my hand, popped them in my mouth, and swallowed them one at a time as though they were aspirin. Then I drank half the Coke while Sara tasted her milk shake.

Before I had time to say anything, the litho-bromide started bubbling noisily in my stomach.

I drank the rest of the Coke and tried to pretend that nothing was happening. Sara put down her glass and stared at me, terrified. I sounded like somebody gargling under a barrel.

"It always does this," I said bravely. But by then the rumblings from the mixture were too ominous to be ignored by me or the people in the other booths. Everyone was staring at my stomach.

"Everybody's looking at you," Sara whispered. She was so red that I was afraid she was going to cry.

"Sounds like somebody churning buttermilk," John Bowerman said, coming around to our booth.

"He's effervescing!" the waiter announced happily to the astonished customers. "Just listen to him fizz!"

"Sara," I said, and I was going to tell her to get me out of there, but I was afraid to open my mouth to say anything else. The rumbling just sounded deeper when I did, like drumming on a hollow log.

"Doc Shaeffer!" John Bowerman called out when Sara told him what I had done.

Doc Shaeffer climbed over the prescription counter. "Stand back!" he said to the crowd that was gathering around our booth.

They stepped back as though they expected me to explode.

"It's nothing serious," Doc Shaeffer said. "Get his head lower than his stomach. Give me a hand with him."

"He says it always does this," Sara said.

"That's pretty hard to believe," Doc said, as John Bowerman and the two seniors picked me up and carried me to the prescription counter. They stretched me out and let my head hang off with my mouth open. A dogfight couldn't have attracted more attention. Doc Shaeffer brought a wet towel from the back of the drugstore. Sara stood beside me and rubbed my forehead with it.

"Sara," I said, and I suppose now I must have sounded rather melodramatic to the other people, "you won't leave me, will you?"

"Oh, my goodness!" Sara said. "What time is it?"

"Ten till eleven," John Bowerman said.

Sara dropped the wet towel in my face. "I've got to be home by eleven!" she said.

"I'll take you," John said.

I took the towel off my face in time to see them stopping by the booth for Sara's pocketbook. She didn't even look back at me.

The four or five people who were standing by me went back to their tables. I lay quietly on the counter and watched the light above swaying gently in the noisy room.

Gradually, two by two, the people left, and the noise of the dishes being stacked grew quieter and quieter. I watched the waiter turn the chairs upside down on the tables and felt sorry for him and for myself and for the whole pitiful world.

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a short short stor

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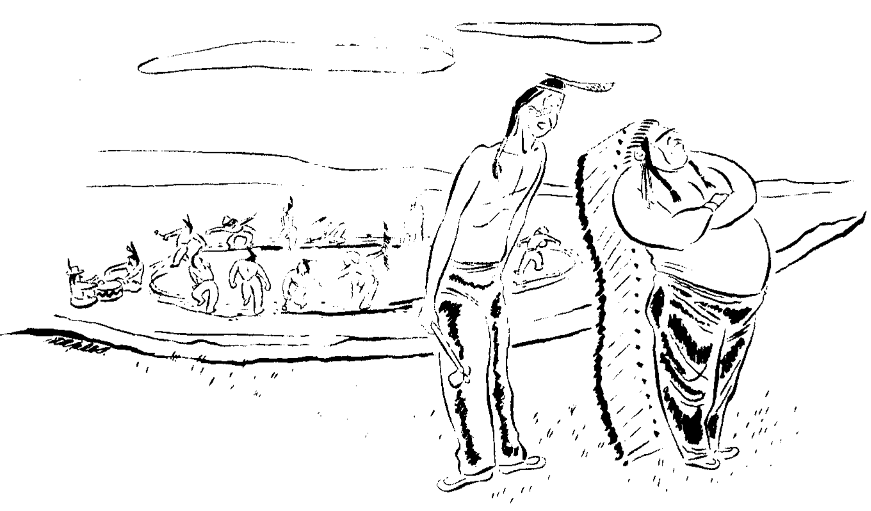
Cornfield Rockets

Continued from page 23

section planted largely to root crops which do not provide much pheasant food, but with other areas of concentration fully as heavy as in her sister state, estimated the 1944 bag at an even 2,000,000. Michigan with 1,400,000 and Minnesota with 910,000 brought the kill of these four Middle Western states to nearly 11,000,000. And still the figures soar! Twenty-four other states ranging from New Hampshire across to California helped swell the grand total to upward of 16,000,000.

The imported game birds had made history. They had, for one thing, contributed meat supplies equal to 50,000 head of steer beef. They had topped for the first time the combined seasonal kill of all kinds of wild ducks in the entire United States.

The native species of grouse made an even poorer showing against this lusty newcomer. Take the prairie chicken and the ruffed grouse; count in the sharptail, sage, spruce and blue grouse—the nation's bag for all of them in 1942 when last complete records were available was just under 3,000,000 less than half the number of pheasants shot during this past year in South Dakota alone. For good measure, throw in the wild turkeys and seven species of geese, toss in the railbirds and woodcocks; the total contribution of all these indigenous game birds to the sportsman's bag was still less than 25 per cent of that provided by the pheasants.



COLLIER'S "Care to dance?" CPL. ROBERT STAPLES

Only one group of American game birds equals it in numbers brought to bag. The quails, headed by the bobwhite, but also including the Western varieties, such as the blue-scaled, Gambel's, and the California mountain and valley quails, top the pheasant maybe 5 to 4 in numbers gunned to earth. But dress them out for the table and what do you get? You get a scant four ounces from the quail; a full two pounds from the pheasant. In the kitchen where it really counted last fall, the pheasant paid off better than 5 to 1.

The story of the pheasant's ascendancy over other game birds in the United States is an amazing one. Although there had been earlier sporadic attempts to stock it, it didn't gain a real foothold here until 65 years ago. The first importation appears to have been made by none other than George Washington, who, in 1789 brought a shipment of English blacknecks to his Mount Vernon estate. They didn't do very well, nor have the pheasants since learned to like the red earth of that region. We have to cross country and wait a hundred years before we find the pheasant really dug in here for keeps. It came about through the faith and persistence of one O. N. Denny, consul to China. In spite of several failures—once caused when the ship's crew decided to have roast pheasant for Sunday dinner—Denny started in 1880 and stayed with it until the great day came in 1892 when Oregon granted the first open season for pheasant shooting in this country.

It wasn't long before other states were going in for these colorful exotics. They were easy to handle on the game farms. They seemed to know an easy life when it was handed to them and became ideal subjects from a propagation standpoint. Unlike native grouse, which are monogamous and need to be separated into pairs before the breeding season, the pheasant is as polygamous and carefree in its love affairs as a domestic cockerel. The hens lay well in captivity, and there's a good hatch in the incubators. It soon became the prevailing fashion among state game departments not only to stock their covers with breeding birds but to supplement the natural increase with large numbers of half-grown birds from the hatcheries during the summer period. It is the only way in which many states keep abreast of hunter demands.

But in South Dakota the game-farm method was never employed. Conditions were so ideal for the birds that all they ever had to do was buy a few pairs from other game farms and turn the birds loose to fend for themselves. In 1911 the State Game Department purchased 48 pairs, and during the next seven years spent about $20,000 for pheasant stocks. That's about all. They live-trapped a few of their own wild birds to speed up distribution throughout the state, but never went into the hatchery business. As one of the officials up there put it, "We have about as much use for a pheasant farm as we have for a tumbleweed nursery."

Today, from that $20,000 investment, the state of South Dakota is reaping real dividends. During the last hunting season it sold 42,315 nonresident bird licenses at $20 each for a gross of $846,300. Purchasers came from every state in the Union, and from Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Panama and South America.

The license entitled each visiting hunter to take a season limit of 35 upland game birds. If that wasn't enough, he could buy 15 additional shipping tags at 25¢ each, thus permitting possession and shipment of 50 pheasants, or any equal number of miscellaneous upland game birds in which could be included grouse and Hungarian partridges. Did they go for these extra tags? The Department sold 401,842 of them. Combined with fees received from 85,359 resident bird licenses, the total income from bird hunting alone exceeded a million dollars.

One reason for the astonishing increase of the pheasant in this country rests with the bird's uncanny ability to adapt itself to man's way of life. It doesn't seek wilderness, but prefers to live close enough to farmhouses for the red-faced cocks to blend their raucous crowing with that of domestic fowl. It likes the food man plants in his garden, corn, wheat and barley, and pays for it by doing a good job on weed seeds, grasshoppers, potato bugs and other garden pests.

When the going is tough in winter, it is not at all backward about coming in to feed with the chickens. So long as the farmer carries a bucket in his hands the pheasant is most confiding, but let him come sneaking around the corner with a gun and the pheasants all vanish in a flash. They've been playing this old game of hide and seek with Old World farmers for a long, long time. They know all the tricks. British fowlers have pursued them for more than a thousand years; the Chinese for untold centuries.

Not all parts of the United States are suitable for pheasants. They do best in grain-growing belts, although food is not the complete answer. They must have plenty of places for hiding, nesting, and for windbreaks against the winter storms. Weed patches and swampy meadows where the grass is never cut are to their liking. They'll steer clear of so-called clean farmed areas where the natural wild cover is destroyed. Mostly, they're a northern bird. Mason and Dixon's line seems to set up an invisible barrier between them and the South, where they yield to the bobwhite. One Tennessee sportsman has said regretfully, "They don't seem to like the taste of our soil," as though it couldn't be possible.

New York and Pennsylvania in the East have surprisingly good pheasant stocks from which they take more than a million birds a year. Iowa and Ohio and the northern third of Illinois provide good shooting. In the West, Washington, Oregon and California produce another million pheasants annually. Even Alaska, bountifully blessed with three kinds of ptarmigan and four kinds of colored grouse, has gone in for them.

The pheasant that made the grade in our hunting fields comes largely from cool-weather Chinese and Mongolian stocks and has been somewhat haphazardly mixed with at least three other closely related varieties. In its present form it has become as typically American as an apple tree, which, as a matter of fact, originated in the same part of the Old World.

But the hunter's wife cares little about this. Mostly, she knows that when her gunning spouse brings home a pheasant, she has the makings of a company dinner. There is little of the gamey taste about a pheasant. No soaking in wines, brines and pickles to disguise the flavor; no parboiling. The cocks will weigh a good three and a quarter pounds, the hens almost two and a half pounds. Up in the Dakotas where they have learned a lot about these handsome birds, a favorite recipe is to disjoint the fowl and fry the floured pieces in butter until they are golden brown. Then a cupful of sour cream is poured over the cuts and they're allowed to simmer under a lid for another half-hour or so. The result is tender, juicy and mouth-watering.

When troop trains were moving through there last fall, many a G.I. feasted on pheasants donated by sportsmen and the game department, cooked and served at the railroad station by the best lady cooks in the prairie states.

Working Their Way Through Cornfields

Other servicemen, lucky enough to have furloughs, could be seen working their way through the cornfields, swinging their guns on these bazooka birds, getting a taste of the kind of outdoor recreation that hundreds of thousands of them will be looking for when they come home to stay. With the arrival of this jubilee period, the game-conservation agencies realize they are going to be faced with the greatest hunting pressure that this country ever knew.

They remember the 30 per cent increase in outdoor shooting that took place right after the first World War, and how licenses continued to be sold in ever-increasing numbers until we sent another and greater army overseas. They expect history to repeat itself and because a much larger number of young men have learned how to use firearms this time, they're figuring that the postwar increase in hunting may run as high as 50 per cent. For this reason every game department in the country is striving to build up its stocks of birds to the saturation point.

In this, the Dakotas are fortunate, because in spite of a record-breaking take of ringnecks in 1944, they're set to do it all over again this year. If they have had a fair break in weather up there, game heads expect to usher in the new season with the colossal inventory of 25,000,000 pheasants on hand!

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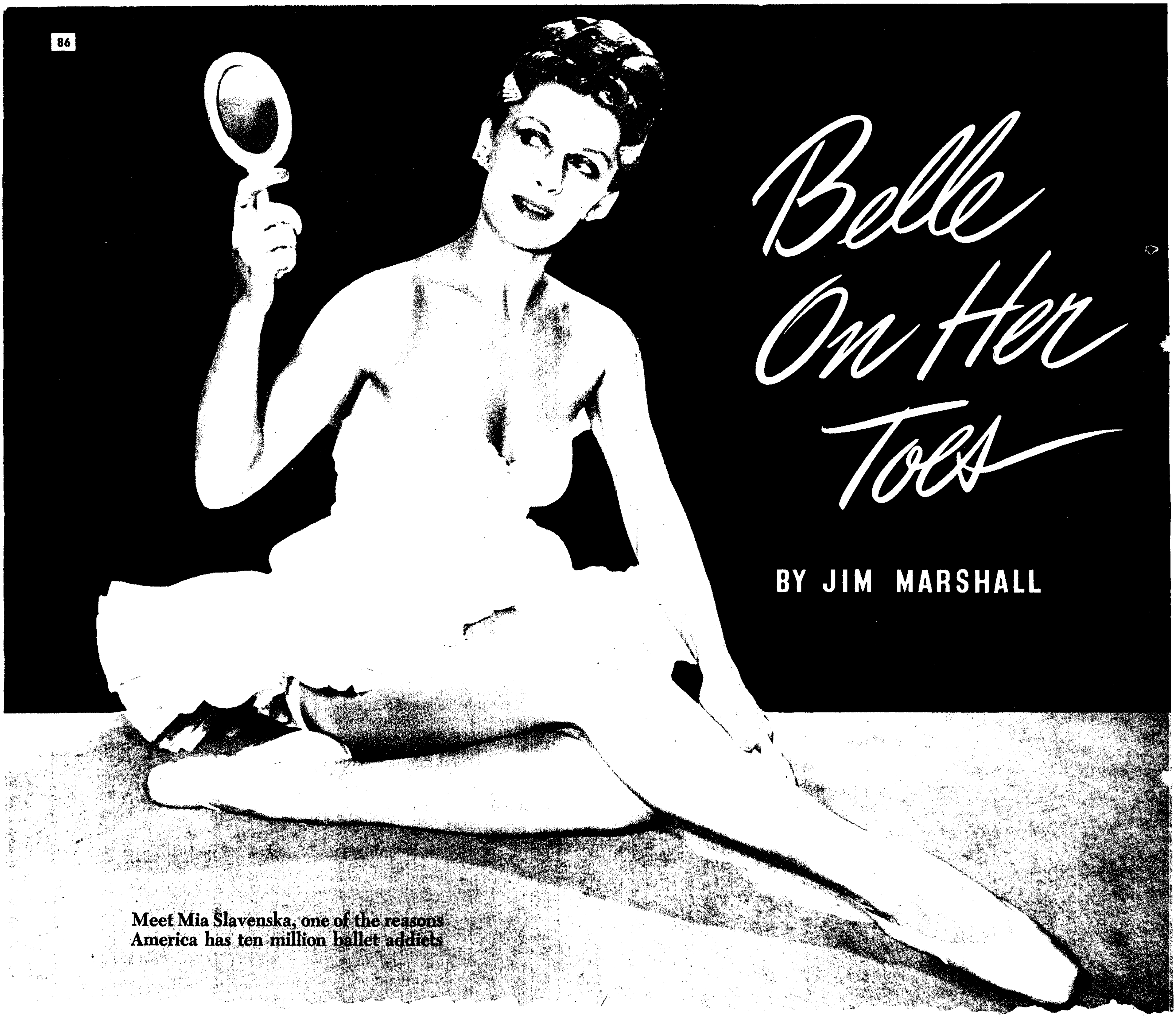
Belle On Her Toes

BY JIM MARSHALL



Meet Mia Slavenska, one of the reasons America has ten million ballet addicts

AMERICA'S first ballet dancer was a man named Daniel Boone. In 1754, Mr. Boone leaped nine feet in the air, cracked his heels twenty-seven times and strangled two wildcats before alighting in the Yadkin Valley, North Carolina. In modern ballet parlance this was an *entrechat,* but in Mr. Boone's day it was just high spirits and a dislike for varmints.

No one in North Carolina or in Kentucky—where he later continued his cavortings, finally working up to four wildcats and a painter—accused Mr. Boone of balleting. It was not, somehow, the thing to do. Mr. Boone would have taken umbrage at the thought, and at a period when umbrage was not as plentiful as it is today.

Today's ballet dancers are divided into traditional and modern groups, and the traditional ones take umbrage at the moderns. Mr. Boone probably would have been classed, even in the mid-eighteenth century, as a modern, being an informal performer governed more by whimsy than by tradition.

Today, if you ask any star of the traditional ballet how many really good ballet dancers there are in America he (or she) will say: "Four. The other three are . . ." They seldom agree, though, on the names of the other three. But the name that appears on most lists, including her own, is Mia Slavenska, a slim, redheaded Yugoslav girl who came here in 1938 as a star of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Stars of the ballet are known as prima ballerinas. Slavenska is a sort of prima prima ballerina of traditional, as distinct from modern, ballet.

There are three main rules for becoming a ballerina of note: Your folks must be nuts about ballet; you mustn't start to learn before you're about eight or nine; and you mustn't be a child prodigy. Slavenska broke all three of them. Her folks didn't care two cents worth about ballet; she started when she was three; and she was a child prodigy for a decade. She probably would not have started dancing except for the fact her parents moved from Slavonskibrod, a small village in northern Yugoslavia, to Zagreb, when she was two. Zagreb is an old university town and used to be the capital of Croatia.

"My father was a pharmacist in Zagreb," says Mia. "He was interested in the theater, but not in dancing. I was a scrawny brat, and Mother talked Father into letting me go to a school of the ballet instead of taking regular exercises in a gymnasium. I seemed to have a natural talent for ballet and I must have been a cute kid because Ivo Rajich, who was the John Barrymore of Yugoslavia at the time, used to carry me in his arms all over the place. He was the best Shakespearean actor in southern Europe. I didn't know this at the time, but when I grew up I became very proud of his friendship."

Slavenska went quickly to the top of the troupe in Zagreb and at nine had two ballets composed for her. Then she went to Paris to study and came back to the old home town at 16 to become *ballerina assoluta.* She was queen of the National Opera. Success followed success until she won the dance Olympiad at the Berlin Olympic Games, beating the stars of thirteen other nations. After that, she traipsed all over the world and at last joined the Monte Carlo Company as prima ballerina. She came to America in '38 and never wants to go anywhere else.

An Advocate of Tradition

Mia, a firm believer in tradition, hoots at much of the so-called modern ballet and fiercely denounces "those quacks" who charge high fees for teaching what they think is ballet.

"They learned about ballet out of a book," she says. "You cannot learn that way. You must learn from a master who learned from a master who learned from a master. . . ."

This narrows the teaching field considerably, because most of the present masters are busy all the time teaching various ballet companies.

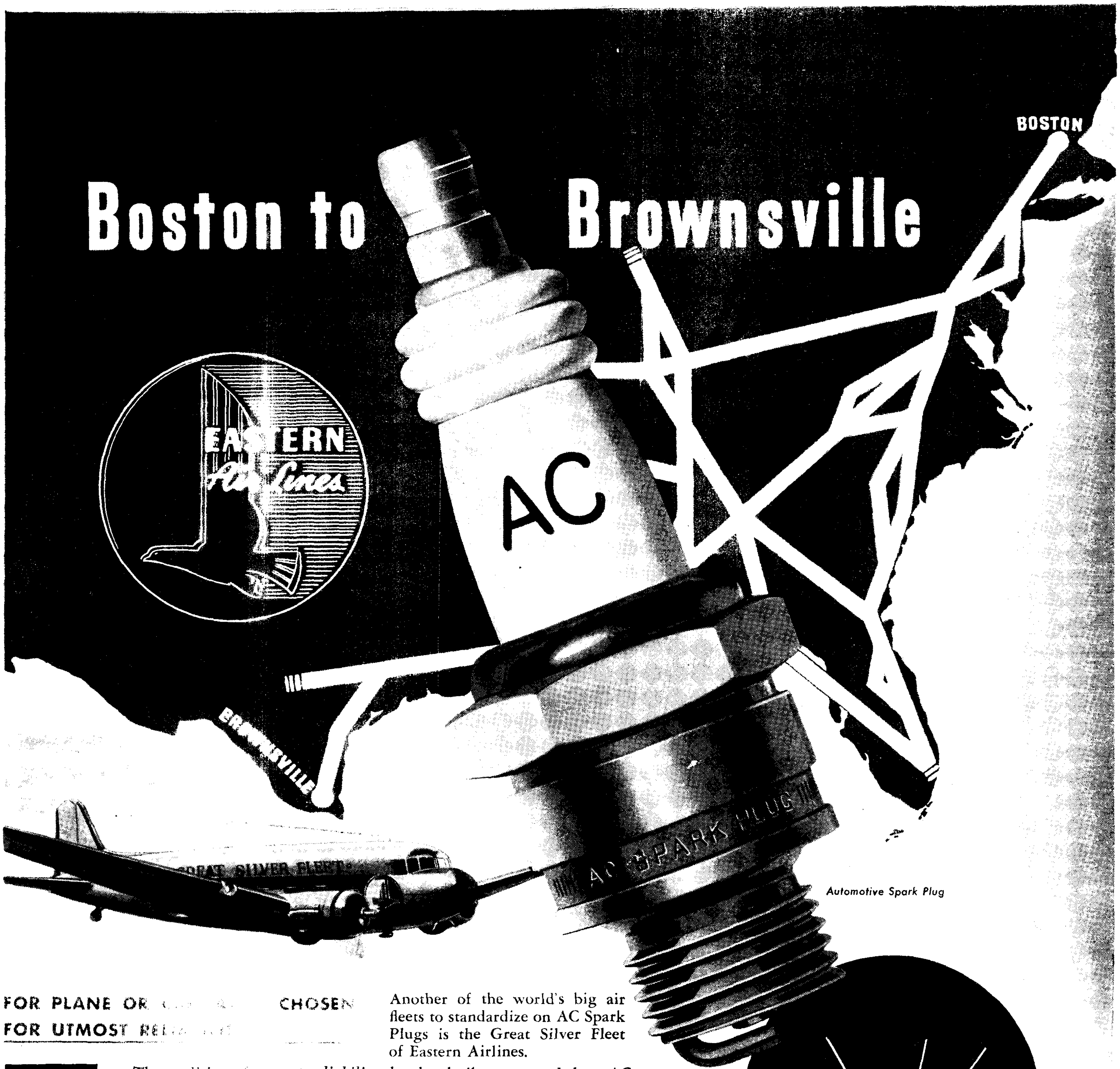
Ballet got a start in Italy in the 14th century, the general idea probably having been brought by travelers from the Orient where formal dancing, usually religious, had been going on for centuries. At first the ballets were performed at the courts of Italian princes; they were part of the pomp and circumstance by which a dime-a-dozen prince could impress the yokels. Since the more formal they were, the more important they seemed, the formality got to be pretty stiff.

The word ballet comes from the Italian *balletto,* a diminutive of *ballo,* meaning dance. In Italy the dances had no particular meaning, but when they got to France and acquired plots they were known as *ballets d'action.* Often, they were danced as interludes in opera performances and then they were called *ballets divertissements,* to divert the audience from the strain of looking at 300-pound tenors and sopranos.

During the reigns of Louis XIII and XIV in France, the ballet became the center of court spectacles. By the end of the 17th century there were more than fifty ballets,

(Continued on page 88)

Boston to Brownsville



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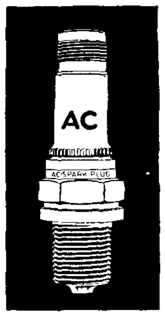

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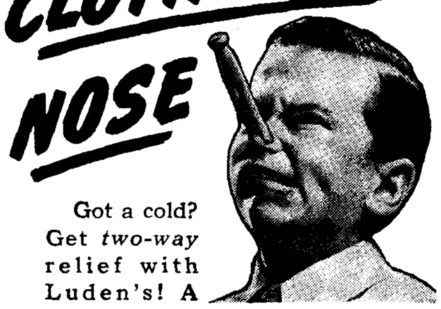

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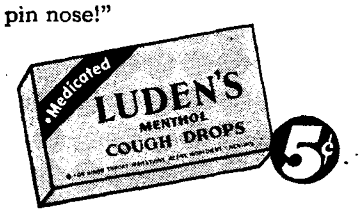

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Belle on Her Toes

Continued from page 86

most of them with sketchy plots. Since these plots needed male characters and since ballet dancers were traditionally women, this is where what is called travesty started. Travesty comes from travesting—the wearing of men's clothing by women, or vice versa. On the early English stage, women's parts were taken by men; in the ballet the reverse was true.

But ballets still were pretty stiff and formal, and it wasn't until along about 1760 that they became pantomimes telling a story. It was more than fifty years later that a Madame Carmargo, a prima ballerina of the day, introduced the fluffy tulle skirts that have become a sort of trade-mark of ballet. Curiously enough, it was an American dancer, Isadora Duncan, who tossed out the fluffy-skirt tradition and went back to Greek draperies. Fokine, the Russian star, was enchanted and introduced the fashion to the Russian Court Ballet.

The Russians under the Czars took the ballet very seriously, maintaining an imperial school to train dancers. When the Soviets took over, the ballet was one of the few things they didn't liquidate, and it still flourishes under state patronage, although it has become quite social minded and sometimes turns up as propaganda for the proletariat.

In the years gone by, ballet was pronounced "bally" by the cruder elements in America, rowdy members of which Bronx-cheered the sophisticates who called it bal-LAY. However, it is now safe almost anywhere except in a few backward mining regions of the Rockies to say bal-*lay*.

In Europe, ballet has been an all-classes favorite for centuries, but in America it had a hard fight, the sterner portion of the population regarding it as not quite in the Daniel Boone-Kit Carson tradition. Its themes—dying swans, the frailties of womanhood and such subjects—never seemed quite manly west of Teaneck, New Jersey. Thousands of people who now go to look at it have only a hazy notion what it is all about, but the number of patrons who understand the general idea is growing.

There have been several attempts to interpret American things in terms of the ballet. Agnes de Mille did Rodeo, a success; Jerome Robbins produced Fancy Free, which also made good. There was also one called Billy the Kid, which was supposed to portray the adventures of the Brooklyn gunman in the Lincoln County cattle wars. These were all American products and did right well.

When Massine Was Off the Beam

But when Massine, the great Russian dancer and producer, turned his hand to the American scene, the result wasn't so happy. The piece was called Union Pacific. It turned out to be a bit difficult for Comrade Massine to have his dancers convey a Russian impression of a redball freight blasting out of the Omaha yards for North Platte, Ogallala and Ogden. It was as if an American producer had gone to Russia and tried to portray the soul of the Trans-Siberian Railway with the help of Betty Hutton and twelve jitterbugs.

Two things usually bother new American ballet fans: How the dancers manage to stand on tiptoe and why they turn out their feet so far.

"That traditional tiptoe pose probably started from an attempt to make the dancer seem to be reaching for something—a star, maybe," says Mia. "Some people, seeing ballet for the first time, think the dancers bend their toes under, but, of course, they don't. If they did, they'd break their toes first time they came down from a leap. It's just tiptoe, carried to an extreme. Good dancers who have developed the right muscles can stay up there a long time without discomfort."

The American Indians got better balance by toeing in on the trail, but ballet dancers achieve the same thing by toeing out. This stance is supposed to give a more graceful balance to the body in movement and probably does. Students start to learn it very early, the hardest part being to make the hips swivel instead of the knees.

"If it is not done right," says Mia, "it makes you look bow-legged."

Ballet dancers who stick to the old traditional school do not care much for some of the innovations slapped together by American enterprisers. They say that these brash New Worlders invent ballets and steps and movements without any knowledge of basic ballet, and that the result, to the initiates, is painful.

"They do not know a thing about the fundamentals," says Mia indignantly. "It is like trying to build a house without a foundation."

In the old days, ballet and opera used to go along together, and ballerinas and sopranos grew fat together. Nowadays there still are fat sopranos, but the dancers all keep trimmed down.

"It's hard work," says Mia, "and there's no sense in carrying around three hundred pounds if you can get along on less than half that. Besides, you feel better and last longer."

A Diet of Suntan and Orange Juice

Slavenska herself gets up about eight, has some coffee, orange juice and toast, and seldom eats anything more until after the evening show unless she has a luncheon engagement.

When the company is out West she takes sun baths and is proud of the fact that she's the first suntanned ballet star. More often than not she goes through her evening show on the toast-coffee-juice of the morning. After the show, in the East, she likes to eat a steak. In Hollywood, where everyone hits the hay at 9 o'clock, she goes around to a drive-in and gets outside a two- or three-deck hamburger, with beer.

People who want their children to become ballet dancers should wait until the kids are eight or nine years old before starting them out, Mia says.

The usual result of starting too early is that the dancer tends to become fat in a few years. It's something to do with the glands, Slavenska thinks. And very young children find it hard to learn proper muscular control. If they don't, they become muscle-bound in a few years and wind up with knobby arms and legs, and movements that jerk instead of flow.

With the right training, a ballet dancer's body stays young. Mia, who is in her very early thirties, can leap more than twelve feet, taking off on the right toe and landing on the left toe, or vice versa. She does this when she gets a stage large enough to allow a running start; it's a sort of broad jump, but with grace. The American record for the running broad jump—not made in ballet slippers, is twenty-six feet, eight and a quarter inches.

Since the movements in ballet are exact, every good dancer has to keep working with a master. Otherwise, small errors creep in unnoticed and gradually become exaggerated. Mia works with Anton Dolin, a merciless sort of tyrant where ballet is concerned, but a pleasant enough personality at other times.

Beginners usually work on the bar, which helps them get their legs into the right positions. Every dancer warms up on the bar for twenty minutes or so before going on stage. Trying to dance "cold" results in stiffness and awkwardness.

There are more than ten million *balletomanes*—as the fans call themselves—in the republic today. They talk learnedly about point, *pas de bourrée, entrechat* and other esoteric aspects of ballet. But what would Ol' Dan'l Boone say about it all—Ol' Dan'l who could leap nine feet in the air, kick his heels together twenty-seven times and strangle two wildcats before lighting back in North Carolina?

THE END

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The Little Dog Laughed

Continued from page 15

only to emphasize. But he gave none of the customary indications of a rise in blood pressure. "You can speak English," he said. "I understand it like a shot. The answer is no."

"Oh," the girl said. "An American. Would you mind repeating your last remark?"

"I said the answer is no."

"That's what I thought you said. The answer to *what* is no?"

"The answer is no, I won't take you fishing."

The girl nodded slowly. Her hair glinted in the sun. It was forced upon Tony Greer's attention that her eyelashes were improbably long but unquestionably genuine. She said, "Do I want to go fishing?"

"Don't you?" Tony Greer said.

"The answer," the girl said, "is no." She used her lovely lips in a smile, but not warmly. "I have never in my life gone fishing and I have no reason to think I ever will. However, my curiosity is piqued. May I ask why you assumed I'd want to fish, and, especially, why I'd want to fish with you?"

"*Je vous demande pardon*," Tony Greer said, "and you will perhaps observe that I give the words their proper accenting, which I did not learn in a young ladies' finishing school." He transferred the jib from his lap to the deck, and stood up. He was tall too, and naked to the waist, and burned by the sun to the color of old copper. "This," he said, waving his hand to indicate the length of Tar II, "is a professional fishing vessel—a charter boat. I take tourists fishing. But only male tourists. Never women. They fall overboard. They get seasick. They hook themselves. Do I make myself clear?"

"Clearer than you think," the girl said, and smiled again, still not warmly.

"Sure," Tony said. "So when you interrupted me in my work, I jumped to the conclusion that you, like so many people, wanted to go fishing, which is a clean, healthful, outdoors sport. It can be construed that I owe you an apology for my hastiness. What is it you want to talk to me about?"

"A dog," the girl said. She raised a slender tanned hand, palm outward. "And before you wind yourself up, I assure you I'm not under the impression that you breed dogs, or sell dogs, or cure their diseases, or trap them for the city pound. No. I had a plain, uncomplicated question to ask you when I paused beside your boat—which, incidentally, could use a little paint. This question: Have you seen my dog?"

"I'll ignore the crack about the paint," Tony Greer said. He looked at the girl cautiously. "Describe the dog."

"Small. Brown. A mongrel. I bought her yesterday from a peasant up on the hill because she has a cute face, like a mongoose. This morning I took her walking—she wandered off, maybe ran away. A man up on the road told me he'd seen a small brown dog heading out on this pier." The girl paused. "True or false?"

"Quite possibly true. Some front teeth missing?"

"Exactly," the girl said. "Where'd she go?"

Tony sat down. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't notice." He picked up his sail and needle. "I have a charter party coming at one o'clock. I have work to do. Nice to have seen you."

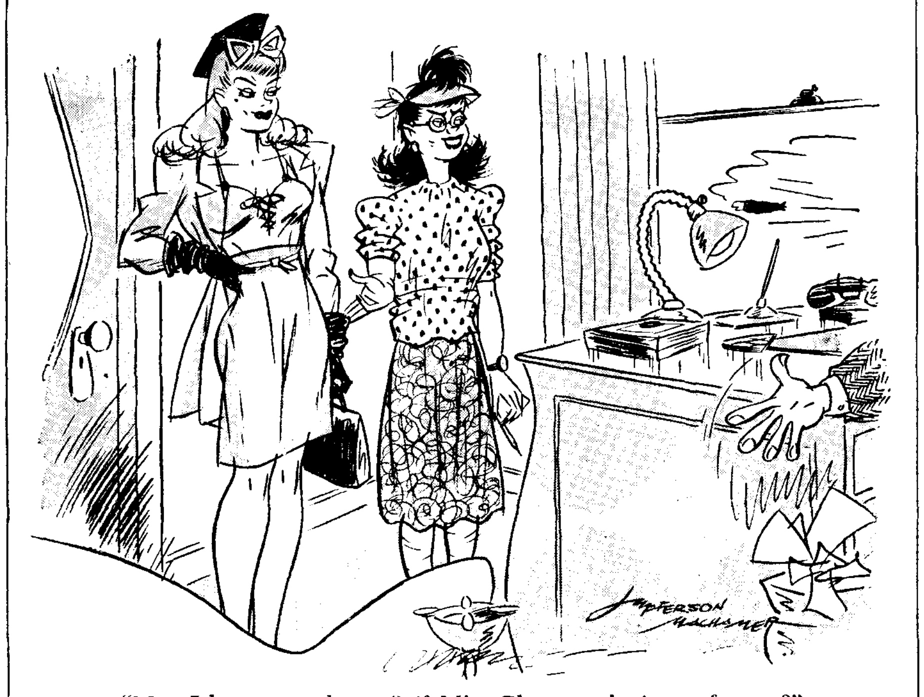
The girl made a faint, inarticulate noise signifying umbrage. She went away, walking fast, clicking her bright leather sandals on the rackety planks of the jetty.

THE engine ran almost smoothly. Tony headed Tar II through the dark amber patches of elk-horn coral on the shore reef and, outside, laid a course for the Pelicans. The sea breeze was good, and building up. After twenty minutes Tony turned the wheel over to Tibou, his Haitian man-of-all-work, and busied himself hoisting the mainsail, then the working and flying jibs, then the foresail. Tar II careened to the new power. Tony killed the engine; the ship, he observed with satisfaction, was running not less than six knots under sail. That was good.

He took the wheel again, stretched his long legs comfortably and lit a cigarette. His paying customers were seated on the low roof of the cabin, forward—three middle-aged gents, New Yorkers, excited by their outing. They were, Tony supposed, taking their first real vacation in a long time. He hoped they'd get a few fish, maybe a barracuda or two and a couple of lively kings. Not much chance for a tarpon or sailfish, of course. . . . Meditatively, Tony shook his head. The inadequacy of his equipment, the inadequacy of his ship, distressed him deeply in that moment. Working on a shoestring was no damned fun. He thought of Ed Beale's fast and beautifully fitted launch Helen, and the sweet Antilles of Marcel Derue. A swift surge of envy flowed over him.

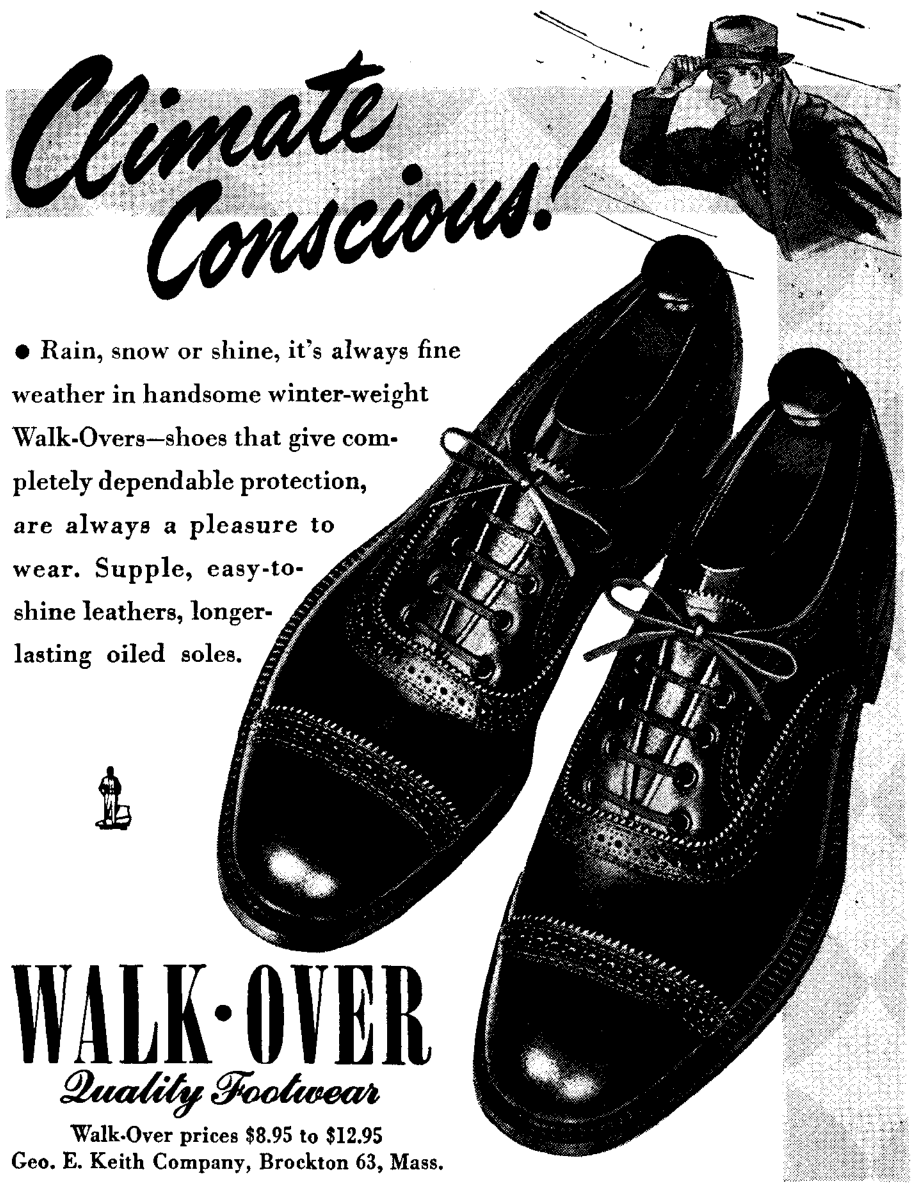
Beale and Derue were out this afternoon with the plush fishermen, the guys who could pay twenty-five dollars without thumbing through their traveler's checks. Tony got the scrapings from the lesser hotels, the ten-dollar boys; or the novices, to whom fishing was generally just a lark—

Of course, a beginning had to be made somewhere; the income wasn't glittering, but this was a good business, soothing for the nerves, unconfining. And Tar II had been a bargain, irresistible, and within the bound-



"May I have two days off if Miss Glamm substitutes for me?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER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aries of Tony's purse. When the Army had discharged him a few months ago, with a limp guaranteed to hang on for a while, Tony went to Miami. Two things happened to him there, one negative, one positive. He found no job that excited him; and he ran into a girl who played a piano in a Beach nightclub. The girl was magnificent to look upon, she took all his breath away, like a fast right to the stomach; but what she gave Tony—a full portion of the aloof and chilly shoulder—curdled his laughter and infused him with the conviction that women had no place in an equitable, constitutional, moral society. He hopped an airplane to Haiti, thinking to repose on a tropical beach and lick his wounds.

Instead, he found Tar II, gathering bottom weed at the Cotte-Plage jetty outside Port-au-Prince. She had nice lines, refreshing to the eye. And he observed that with the war over, a relaxing of travel restrictions was permitting a trickle of tourists which would undoubtedly grow larger as things settled down. He scrapped the cowardly thought of retirement under the lonely palms, which would have been, he saw now, an admission of defeat by a female piano player. Hell, yes—so he snorted loudly, bought Tar II and announced in the hotels that he was open for business as guide and conveyor to the fishing grounds.

IT WASN'T all roses and quick profit. He ran head on into competition too big to buck. Ed Beale, an American, and Marcel Derue, Haitian, who'd been in the charter-boat trade before the war, leapt to cash in on the return of the vacationists. Ed Beale brought his Helen over from Miami; Derue took his Antilles out of dry storage. These were too fast and fancy to give Tony Greer's auxiliary schooner a look-in; they were first-chop fishing launches, with the fighting chairs and outriggers. More, Beale and Derue knew the waters of the Gulf of Gonave with an intimacy that Tony would be a year or two acquiring. They had, out of long experience, learned where the fish might be found under any condition of weather. It wasn't to be denied that a serious fisherman got more for his money with Beale and Derue.

Tony grunted morosely and altered the course of his thoughts. Now, turning his eyes, he saw the white spire marking the shoal of Sand Cay on his starboard beam. Position roughly three miles off Lamentin lighthouse—he directed Tibou to flatten the jibs and take in a bit on the foresail. The outer edge of the long chain of Pelican reefs lay a couple of miles ahead, to the northwest, which called for sailing as close to the wind as Tar II could accomplish.

The customers were enjoying the experience of going under sail. One of them—a portly, but fairly agile fellow named Burton, connected with the business department of a New York newspaper—came aft and sat on the cockpit coaming.

"Seems to handle nicely," he said cheerily to Tony.

"She's all right," Tony said, letting the accent of pride creep in. "Say, would you like a beer? There's some in the ice chest, plenty cold by now."

BURTON said thanks, he could use a beer; Tony called Tibou to get a couple of cold ones from the cabin. In half a minute Tibou was back on deck, showing a large expanse of the whites of his eyes. He said, "We got a dog in the cabin."

"Dog?" Tony said, as if it were a new word in a foreign tongue. Then, emphatically, "Dog! Oh hell—*that's* where she went!" He paused. "A brown dog, skinny, brown all over?"

"Yes, sir," Tibou said. "He was shut in rope locker, in forepeak. I am looking for ice mallet—"

"Yeah," Tony interrupted crisply. "It's a *she*, if it's the one I'm thinking about. Bring her on deck."

To himself, irritably, he remarked that this was a damned nuisance. It occurred to him suddenly that he'd be under a kind of obligation to look up the girl with the long legs, the girl in the blue pants, and return her hound to her. Or—on the other hand—he could simply heave the beast back on the jetty when he tied up. Why not? An expression of sharp annoyance laid on Tony's features. Had the girl said her name, what hotel she was staying in? No—

Then Tibou came on deck carrying the dog. It was the small brown dog, the girl's dog, all right. The creature, completely relaxed in Tibou's arms, blinked a time or two in the bright sunlight, glanced slowly about, spotted Tony, and grinned. Broadly, warmly, cordially; the manner was precisely and ludicrously that of one old friend greeting another after a long separation.

"That's the mutt!" Tony snorted. "Confound the girl! Why couldn't she keep her hound tied up?"

"Sir?" Tibou inquired.

Tony shook his head. "Nothing. Put a line around her neck and make her fast." He indicated a cleat in the gunwale. Then to Burton he said, "Stowaway. Belongs to some American female tourist." And to Tibou, "All right—get us the beers and make it snappy. I want the sails down in a few minutes. We'll go on the engine."

Ahead, now, Tony could make out the light green areas of sea that announced the Pelicans. His program was to run in close to the reefs and cruise at varying speeds over depths ranging from two to twenty fathoms while the customers trolled. Tibou brought the beers. Tony, thirsty, finished his bottle in half a dozen gulps. He lashed the wheel and gave Tibou a hand getting in the mainsail. The engine came to life. "Okay," he said to Burton. "You fellows can run out your lines."

Then abruptly the dog barked.

Grinning furiously, so that now her lips curved almost in a snarl, the small brown hound stood at the starboard gunwale and barked. The sound was low, vibrant, somehow infused with a quality of terrific excitement. She was staring fixedly at a section of sea perhaps fifty yards off the quarter. Her body was stiff; no muscle moved; her tail projected like a poker. As Tony shifted himself to glare at her, she turned her head quickly toward him, relaxed her grin for an instant, and swung about again to gaze intently, rigidly, at the heaving water.

Burton tapped Tony's shoulder. "Well, looka there!" he said. "The darn' thing's pointing!"

THE dog barked again, once, deep in the throat, as if uttering a signal.

"Pointing!" Tony said, and laughed. "Pointing at what? That—that alley hound? No—"

"But look at her," the New Yorker persisted. "What's she see—or smell? Something's excited her!"

The brown tail twitched slightly. "Yeah," Tony said slowly, his head nodding agreement. "Maybe she saw a fish jump. Could be. Two of you come aft here and get your lines out."

Burton signaled one of his friends—Edwards, the name was, a stocky, lined, florid fellow—and they took their fishing positions port and starboard on the afterdeck. They were, at Tony's suggestion, using spoons. The lines hummed off the reels. Tony saw that the brown dog, frozen, motionless, still gazed off to starboard as if her life depended on holding the stance. . . . "All right," he said suddenly, half under his breath. "Okay, Runt. Why not?"

He swung the boat in a long, lazy half circle, bringing her gracefully about to run back over the area that held the brown dog's resolute attention.

What occurred now was a very strange thing. Two spinous dorsal fins cut the water briefly a hundred feet astern of Tar II; there was an instant's glimpse of racing white bodies just under the surface. Edwards shouted, "Got 'im!"—his rod jerked wildly and the line shrieked. Tony flipped the engine out of gear. "Reel in," he said to Burton. "Clear the way." Then the small brown dog, oddly caught Tony's eye for a moment. The creature uttered one shrill yap and relaxed like a punctured balloon. She dropped to the deck, put her nose between her forepaws and grinned slowly at Tony, as if casually to imply that she was pleased by his handling of the boat—a gesture of approval, the kind of deference one expert pays to another.

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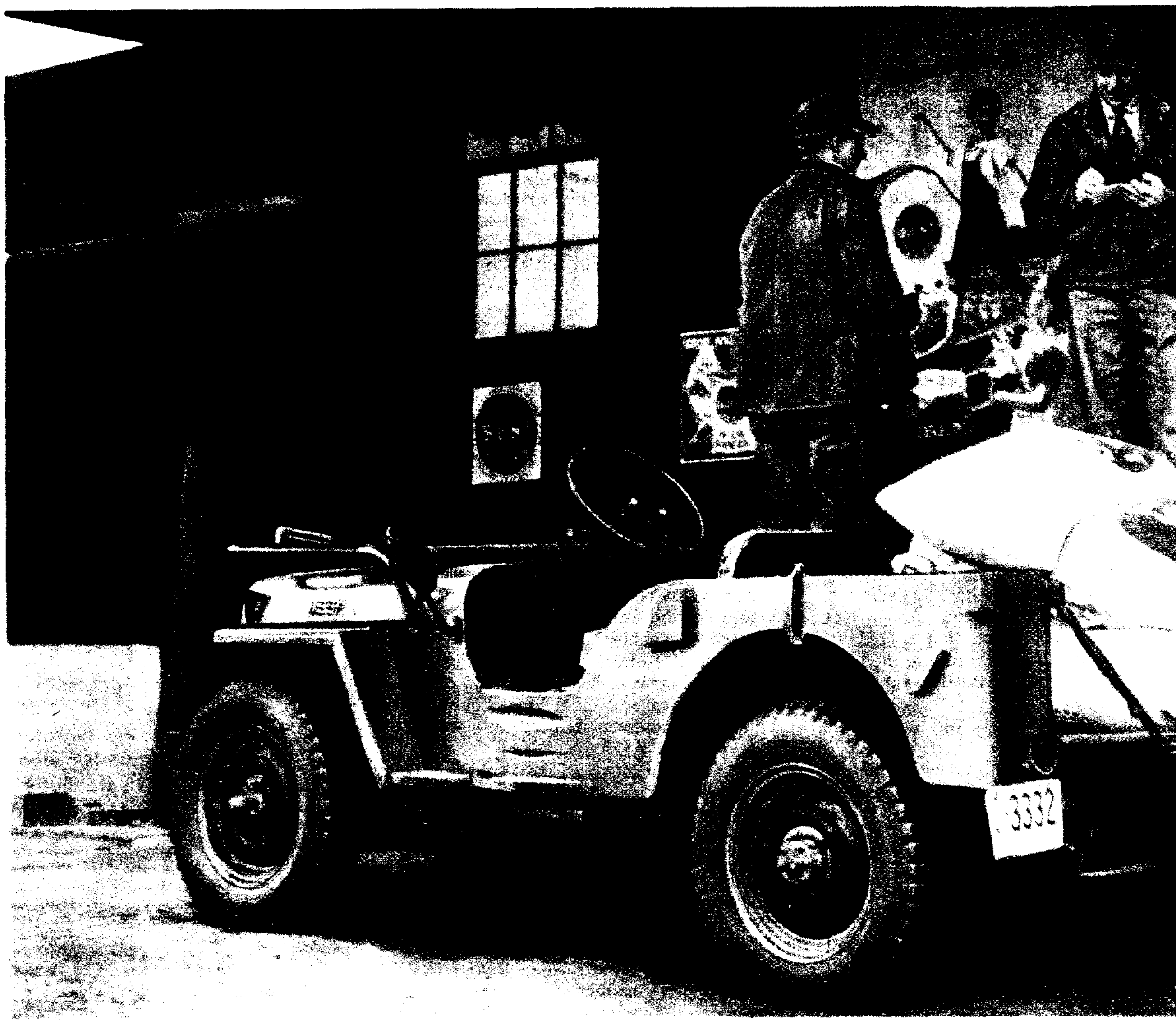

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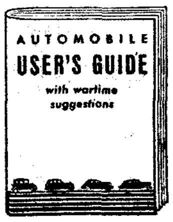

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Then her eyelids drooped and all her interest faded. She appeared to sleep.

What the New Yorker had hooked into was an amber jack: thirty-five to forty pounds of fighting amber jack. He sweated profusely in the bright sun and drove his aching arms to the limit of their endurance; but he made the best use of the breaks he got. The fish was gaffed and aboard in twenty minutes. Edwards sat on the cockpit coaming, puffing immensely. "I could do with a beer now," he said happily.

"Sure," Tony said, signaling Tibou.

"That brown dog of yours," Edwards said, narrowing his eyes. "You know, she smelled those amber jacks—"

"No," Tony said. "Stands to reason a dog can't smell fish under water."

"But she froze on 'em like a bird dog!"

"Yeah," Tony said. "At least, it looked like it. Maybe she saw one jump."

"Maybe. Anyway, by golly, she led us right to 'em." Edwards was enthusiastic. "By the way," Tony said, "she's not my dog. Belongs to some girl—"

THEY looked at the small brown dog stretched on the deck; it seemed that she sensed their attention, for she opened her eyes and stood up. Tony leaned and untied the line about her neck. For a moment she sniffed the air, swinging her sharp muzzle through the quarters of the compass, then walked over to scrutinize the amber jack. She displayed nothing more than a jaded, idle curiosity. She strolled forward into the bows.

"Self-satisfied critter—" Burton said, chuckling.

"The interesting thing," Tony said on another tack of thought, "is that I never heard of anybody taking an amber jack in this bay before. They're mighty rare." He considered the point for a minute, sunk in private contemplation. Then he started the engine. "We'll run toward the outer reef," he said. Edwards turned his rod over to the third man in the party, the man named Phillips.

The reef's extreme western tip, a forbidding expanse of elk horn and purple gorgonias, took form a half mile off the starboard bow, and Tony headed in. His intention was to close with the reef and circle it—fair chance there'd be barracuda lurking in the neighborhood. He reached for a cigarette, aware of a considerable elation: at least, they'd taken the amber jack. And it was worth a wager that nobody aboard Helen or Antilles would hook into an amber jack today, for all the fancy prices they were paying. There'd be talk in the town. Feather in Tar II's cap, Tony reflected pleasantly. He released the wheel and put a match to his cigarette. Then the small brown dog, still on the foredeck, barked shrilly. One bark. And froze.

"Hey!" Edwards shouted from the cabin roof, waving an arm at Tony. "Look!"

Tony looked.

The Runt was at the portside gunwale, braced against the slow roll of the boat, staring at a patch of sea roughly abeam of Tar II and a couple of hundred yards away, as nearly as Tony could tell from the tilt of her head. The water, wind-ruffled, pulled and stretched by a low regular swell, revealed nothing to excite attention. *Listen,* Tony said to himself, watching the sea, watching the dog, *bird dogs I've heard of, but fish dogs never. It's loony. There ain't no such animal. Right now I'll prove there ain't no such animal.*

He threw the wheel over and gunned the boat a notch, swinging to the left, away from the reef, into deep water. Burton and the man named Phillips murmured broken phrases of encouragement to each other, and their clutches tightened on their rods. Then Tony straightened her out; the brown hound shifted her body, tense as a wire, and jumped to the cabin roof. Tony held the course for two minutes . . . three, four. . . .

"Sailfish!" Burton said. He said it low, just loud enough for Tony to hear, and he said the single word as if it were an incantation. Tony whipped his eyes around. The two spoons were skittering on the sea straight aft, the purple dorsal fin sliced the water a few feet behind them.

"Hang on," Phillips said. "You take it—" and began to reel in fast. The sail submerged, came up again, submerged again.

"Oh baby!" Tony breathed. "A whopper. . . . Spoon won't get her. She wants a mullet on that hook—"

And then the sailfish charged and Burton's line sang off, and seconds later tightened, and the fish came out of the sea like a snapped whip—she hit, she bounced and Burton shouted, "Yowie!"

Later on, when it was over with, Tony conceded that for a ten-dollar customer—strictly an amateur, you might say, out for a lark—Burton worked the sailfish beautifully. He handled the wildcat explosions with a nice balance of give and take; what counted, he was steady. Inexorably he wound in, a foot here, five feet there. A mad grin a yard broad occupied his face, and his eyes looked frantic; but his arms and his hands were as steady as the parts of a smooth-working machine.

In half an hour the fish was on its side, whipped. Burton maneuvered it close to the boat. "Easy!" Tony shouted. "Easy. . . ." His hands, gloved, reached across the gunwale and gripped the bill and heaved.

The small brown dog strolled aft and sat on deck and watched with a somewhat weary, lackluster expression of eyes and sagging ears while Tony subdued the sail with his billy. Thereafter the dog took a perfunctory sniff of the carcass, as if to assure herself that this was nothing more than what she had thought it would be, and went forward again to relax on the coiled anchor hawser.

"That dog," Burton said, in a tone of deep respect, "—that dog has a share of pelican blood! I'm a careful man, but I don't mind saying it's miraculous. You've got a treasure there—"

Tony Greer grunted. "Like I told you before, it belongs to some girl."

"That's bad," Burton said. "Will she sell?"

"Listen," Tony said, "we're kidding ourselves. It was coincidence. It stands to reason dogs don't smell fish under water at two hundred yards."

"Maybe *ordinary* dogs don't," Burton said stubbornly.

Tony shrugged slowly. "Have it your way."

They circled the reef a couple of times, but nothing showed. Then Edwards brought aboard a small barracuda that offered less fight than a canary. The sun was on the decline now: two more hours of daylight. Tony put the helm over and moved away from the reef, heading in the general direction of the south shore, closer to home. The small brown dog wandered sure footedly aft, grinned at Tony, and sat next the cockpit coaming. She sniffed the air experimentally. Tony regarded her with mixed emotions. She confused him, unsettled him. *Coincidence,* he murmured inwardly, *can make a first-class monkey out of the rational processes of thought. It's crazy; get it out of your noggin.* Five minutes later the Runt stood up, barked once, and froze over the starboard gunwale.

By an action almost reflexive, without hesitation Tony pointed Tar II to the right, following the clear indication of the dog's muzzle. Abruptly Phillips' voice lifted in a shout; there was the high dry scream of line running off a reel. . . .

TWO hours later, in the brief twilight, as they neared the Cotte-Plage jetty, Ed Beale's sleek Helen, dark blue and discreetly lustrous, zipped up from astern and overtook them. Big Ed, at the top controls, throttled down for a minute and yelled across, "Any luck, son?"

Tony was matter-of-fact. "Not bad, Ed," he called. "How'd you make out?"

"Got three tarpon and a tuna—"

"Nice going, Ed! Us? Four tarpon, a tuna, two kings, and a barracuda—small one. Got a sail too, about seventy pounds. Oh yeah, I almost forgot—an amber jack. Maybe forty pounds. Ever see an amber jack in here before, Ed?"

"Nor nobody else ever has. Not in this bay."

"There's a first time for everything," Tony bellowed modestly. "You want to catch fish, Ed, just follow Tar II—"

What Ed Beale replied was, perhaps fortunately, lost in space as Tony Greer gunned his engine and slipped into the passage through the shore reef.

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"You didn't tell him about the dog," Burton said.

"Do me a favor," Tony said. "Keep the dog under your hat until tomorrow, will you?" His face was very serious. "Why, sure," Burton said, "if that's the way you want it," and the others nodded.

Tony showered. He clothed himself in white linen and sat to a hasty dinner on the gallery of his small house on the Turgeau hillside above Port-au-Prince. The filet of beef was fine, but Tony wasn't aware of it; the view from the gallery was fine too—lights of the city winking like stars in the velvety blackness five hundred feet below him—but Tony gave it no attention.

Excitement continued to mount in him. He took a long gulp of water. Suddenly he laughed aloud. *My friend,* he told himself, *you've collided head on with Old Lady Luck. Every tourist fisherman this side of Cuba will be scrambling to ride Tar II—when the word gets out—*

The word of the catch—the sail, the amber jack, the four tarpon—and the story of the fish-pointing brown ferret-faced mongrel would be all over town tomorrow, no question of that. Before then, he'd buy the Runt.

He said, "Runt, eat up. Nourish yourself. Have some more steak."

The small brown dog, seated contentedly beside Tony's chair, snapped up the cubes of steak and grinned appreciation.

Naturally the girl would sell the dog. Why not? For all she knew it was just another ordinary wizened hound, wasn't it? The most she could say for it was that it was cute. *Okay,* Tony assured himself. *Cute dogs are a buck a dozen. . . .*

HE FOLDED his napkin and stood up. "Come on, Runt," he said. He carried the dog into his bedroom, locked the door, put the key in his pocket. Then he backed his car out of the garage and rode down the hill into town.

No, the girl would not be unreasonable. What did she want a dog for anyhow? A whim, nothing more. She was a tourist, she'd not be staying long in Haiti. . . . In the back of his mind lay a kernel of regret that he had not been more cordial when she'd turned up on the jetty in the forenoon. He recalled that he had, in line with his policy toward young women, been cool, formal, perhaps even curt. Of course, the girl had reminded him (simply by being a girl, and shapely) of the female piano player in the Miami Beach night spot; and he'd been expecting an argument about his no-women rule aboard Tar II. Well, too bad. But very likely he was exaggerating this thing out of all reason. Very likely the girl hadn't really noticed his brusqueness.

At the first three hotels, the principal tourist hotels, they had no guest who met the description of the Runt's rightful owner. "So sorry," one room clerk said. "You make her sound beautiful, Tony."

"What?" Tony said. "Oh—beautiful. Now that you mention it, I guess she is. Nice face, as I remember it. But that's none of my business. I want to see her about a dog."

The clerk said, "Naturally, naturally." There was something very offensive about the way he screwed up his cheek and winked.

In the fourth hotel (he was getting distinctly weary of this) he repeated the description and added that he didn't know the girl's name, but—

"The name," the manager said, "is Fraser. Miss Ellen Fraser. Of Philadelphia." He craned his neck to look past a pillar. "She's on the gallery now, Tony. See?"

Tony looked: it was the girl. Miss Fraser of Philadelphia sat in a low reed chair at the far end of the tiled gallery, under a couple of ridiculous potted palms. She held a book in her lap; and suddenly, perversely, it occurred to Tony that reading was a dull occupation for a night of West Indian starlight. "Thanks, Charley," he said to the manager.

The girl glanced up as he approached.

"Remember me?" Tony said.

Miss Fraser appeared to be thinking it over with detachment. "Perhaps I could if I tried hard," she said finally. "But it seems a lot of trouble."

Spirit, Tony thought. *Got to handle her right. The light, impersonal touch. She could be balky as a mule.* He pulled up a chair and sat facing her. "Don't," he said, "be a mothball. My name's Tony Greer. I'm the guy who was rude this morning. I've come to apologize."

Ellen Fraser offered the cold smile. "I bear no scars. However, thank you. And now good evening."

"Is there a rush?" Tony said. "I've got news. I found your dog."

Then the ice melted. "Oh," the girl said. She sat straight. "Where? Where is she?"

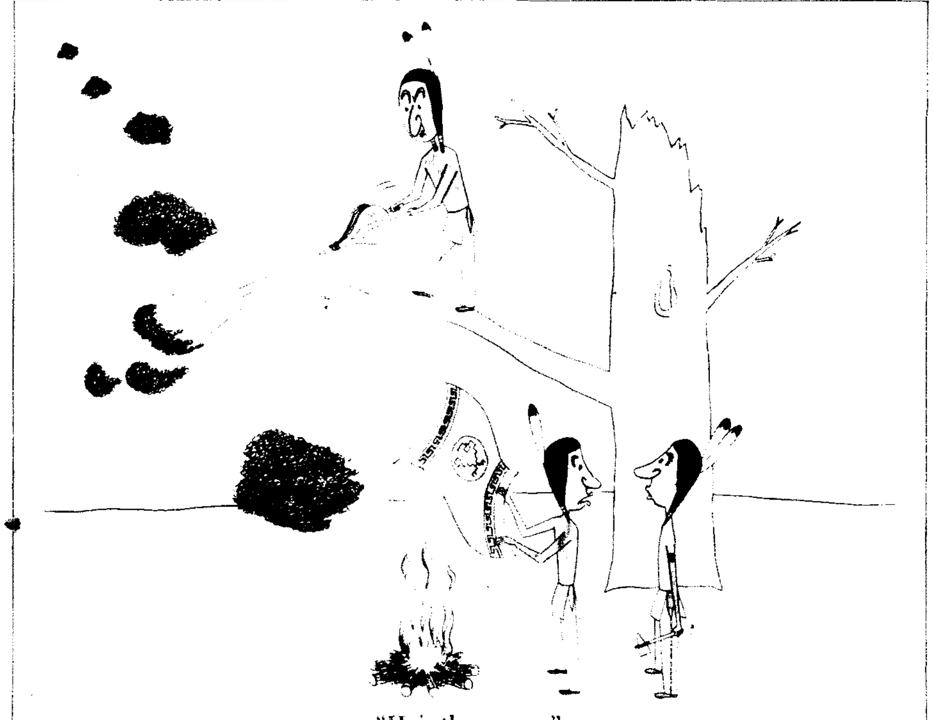
It couldn't be denied that Miss Fraser was pleasant to look at. A lovely mouth. And lovely eyes. *Snares, traps and pitfalls,* Tony reminded himself austerely. Yet for the first time since the last time—for the first time since the Freedom-From-Want sister at Miami Beach had taken the cash and let the credit go—he felt himself warming up inside. He resisted it firmly. He gave his attention to what the girl was saying.

"Where's my dog?" Ellen Fraser was saying.

"At my house," Tony said. "It's like this: She stowed away in the boat; this afternoon I found her aboard. When I docked this evening I took her home to feed her. I shall confess to you: I have become very fond of her. Sentimental attachment. I want to buy her."

"No."

"Don't be like that," Tony said. "What do you want with a dog? Living in a hotel. Hotel life isn't fair to a dog. Besides, you're a tourist. How long are you planning to stay in Haiti?"



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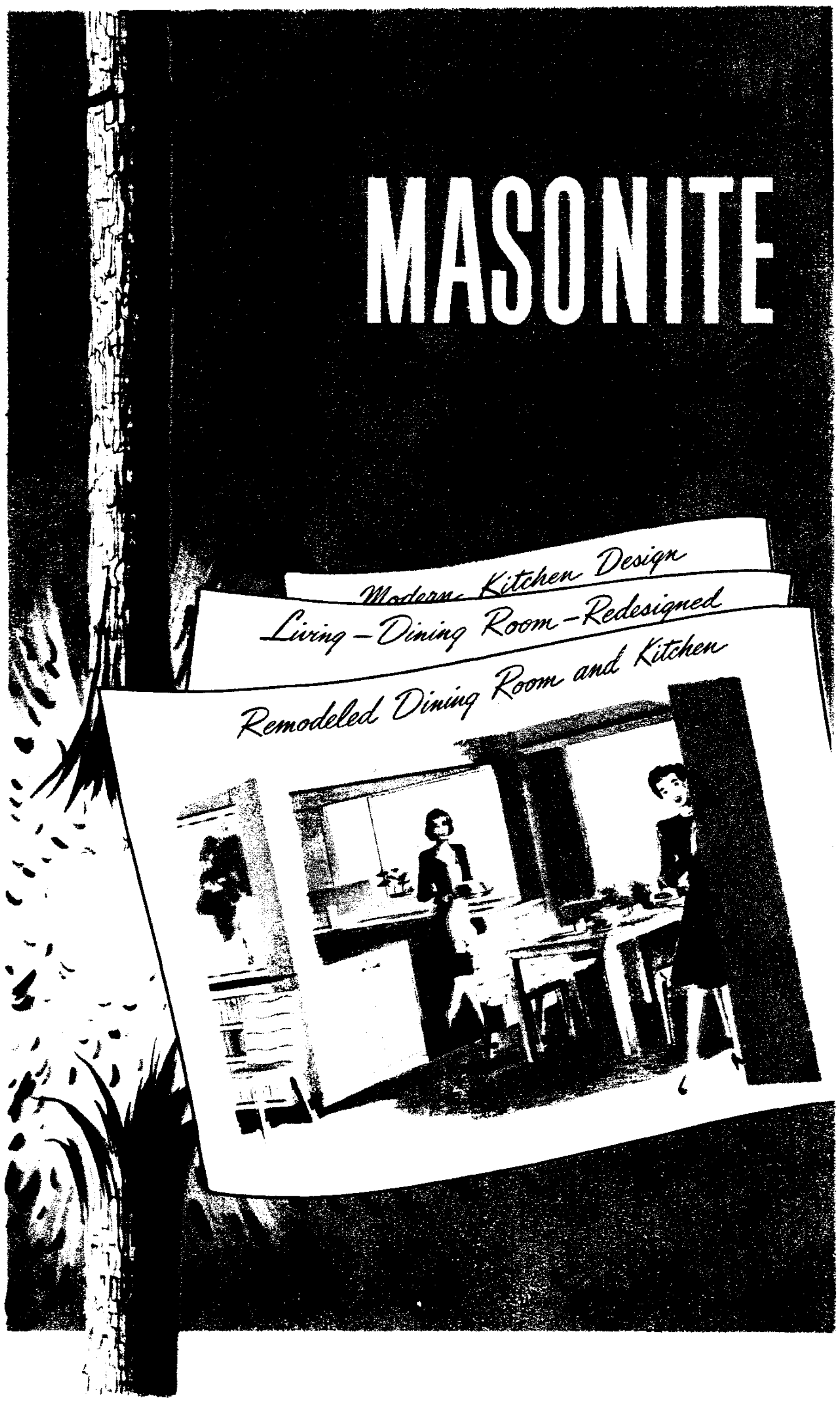
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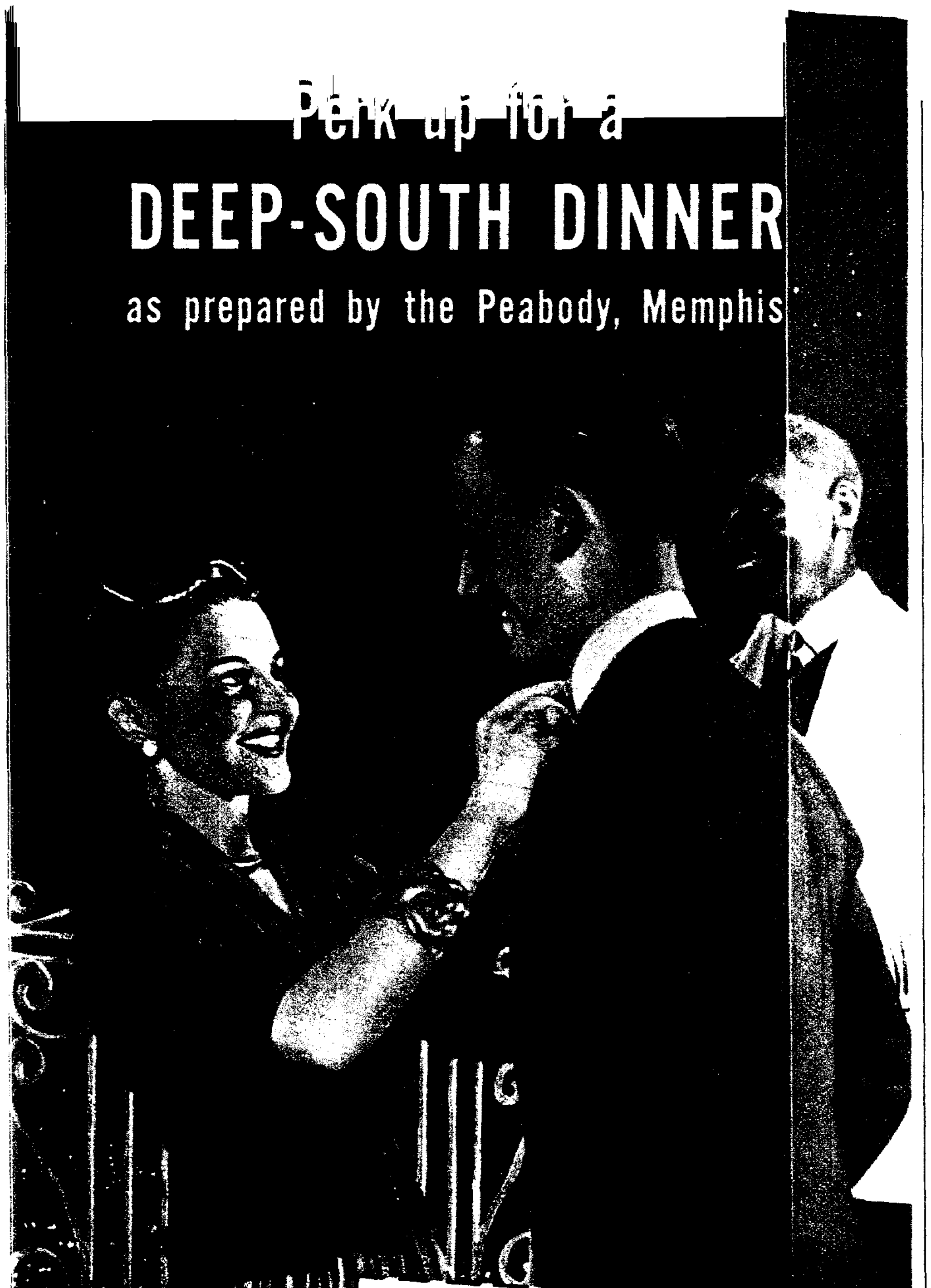
Perk up for a

DEEP-SOUTH DINNER

as prepared by the Peabody, Memphis



YOU'LL *put the Hotel Peabody's "Skyway" in Memphis, Tennessee, at the top of your list of places to go, after you try their recipe for:*

Old-Fashioned Chicken Stew
(To serve four)

1 four-pound hen
1 sprig of celery
1 carrot
1 onion
2 tbsp. flour
salt, pepper, Tabasco

Place hen in pot with two quarts of water. Cut celery and carrot into short lengths, slice onion and add vegetables to pot. Simmer slowly until chicken meat parts from bone (2 to 3 hours).

Remove chicken and vegetables from pot. Boil remaining liquid down to one pint. Skim off chicken fat. Stir two tablespoons of flour into two tablespoons of fat in separate container. Add liquid from pot, heat until thickened. Add shredded chicken, season with salt, pepper and few drops of Tabasco. Serve with plain boiled rice and baking powder biscuits.

When you serve this dinner, for the master touch include Goebel Beer. Goebel makes good food taste better.

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"The dog's not for sale."

Tony hitched his chair closer to hers. He ran his fingers through his hair, a gesture of impatience. "Do you mind telling me how much you paid—"

"I don't mind. One dollar."

"I'll give you ten."

"Sorry."

"You," Tony said bitterly, "should live so long. Twenty-five."

The girl regarded him intently. "I'm entitled to the truth," she said. "It's my dog."

Tony arranged a narrowed, puzzled expression of his eyes. It wasn't very convincing. "What do you mean, truth? I simply want to buy—"

"The dog may be worth a dollar," Ellen Fraser broke in, "but certainly not a cent more. As you very well know. What's the story?"

This was inflexibility, mulishness. The girl put her book to the floor, folded her hands in her lap and sat waiting. Suddenly, in spite of himself, Tony grinned; suddenly the annoyance, the impatience, drained away from him and—in spite of himself—the warmness flowed in again. He found himself succumbing to an urgent compulsion to confide in the girl with the radiant hair. *It's a weakness,* he said to himself; *I'm making a mistake*—but he told her. The words tumbled out of him. He told her how the Runt had, that afternoon, directed Tar II smack into the fish, by some especially subtle co-ordination of the senses, or by sniffing or seeing with particular keenness. "Hell," Tony said, his words running away with him, "it was incredible, it was wonderful—"

"I'd have to see it," Ellen Fraser said loftily. "But of course you don't allow women on your boat. They fall overboard. They hook themselves."

She leaned back. Her face was expressionless. A silence hung in the air, waiting to be shattered. Tony said, softly, "You win." He shrugged. "You're invited to come fishing with me tomorrow and see the Runt perform."

Ellen Fraser replied nothing at all; and Tony, watching her, waiting, was acutely aware of the effect produced by the wide eyes with the flecks of gold in them. *Wait a minute,* he told himself in alarm. *It could happen to me! With this girl it could happen to me*— He stood up from his chair. He could not, in that instant, remember the face of the girl in Miami Beach; he could not remember a single aphorism of Bernard Shaw. Neither had a particle of meaning for him. The cultivated cynicism faded. He would not have been able to recapture the light, mocking laugh if his life had depended on it. . . .

This was disturbing. Tony looked at his feet, and at the night, and at the girl. "To a fisherman," he explained very earnestly, "the Runt's worth money. Of course, maybe she's a flash in the pan. Maybe she can't repeat. But I want you to know—if it isn't too late—that I want to be fair—"

"I'll keep an open mind." Then Ellen Fraser smiled. Without the coldness. "Perhaps," she said, "we can work out some kind of partnership arrangement."

"Partnership?"

"Yes. Your boat, my dog. See?"

"H'mmm," Tony said. "That hadn't occurred to me."

"Think it over." Ellen Fraser stood up. With decision Tony Greer took her hand and shook it once, firmly. "Tomorrow," he said.

HE DROVE rather recklessly up the Turgeau hill, touching fifty miles an hour. The Runt, grinning affably, appeared delighted to see him. Tony dropped into a chair, conscious of day's-end weariness. He put out a hand and patted the brown ferret head.

"Sweetheart," he said thoughtfully, "it may be, it just barely possibly may be, that I've got myself involved in something with a long future. Yeah. And this will amaze you—it may be that I don't object—"

For a moment it really seemed that the little dog laughed. But the illusion of sound no doubt developed out of the roguish intensity of the grin.

THE END

SCIENCE LURCHES FORWARD

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Bella McClurkin, General Electric Laboratory	**An angry rattlesnake rattles with 75 decibels of sound**
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—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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It Tastes Expensive

Continued from page 21

beaten yolk of an egg. You need not be defeated by anything, you see, unless you haven't got a thing to eat in the house.

If you want to serve chicken and still not force your guests to wrestle with bones, what is the matter with Chicken Hamburger Walter Winchell? It comes by its name honestly, for Winchell orders it as faithfully as kids buy ice cream.

You bone an uncooked chicken, chop fine, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg and a little melted butter or margarine. Add enough cream or milk to permit you to shape the chicken into hamburgers. Roll in melted butter or oil, then in bread crumbs, and broil for 12 minutes until brown on both sides. Serve with tomato sauce and accompany with fried sweet potatoes and fresh green peas.

For a party luncheon we'd say chicken hamburger has it all over creamed chicken in patty shells, wouldn't you? Of course, it takes more chicken.

Now here's one that's maybe going to sound unlikely to you. It's a chicken liver and rice dish that maybe will make you say, "What? Rice and spinach mixed together? Uh-uh, not for me." But if you'll try it, you'll like it. At least, we did. First, the rice. Chop a raw onion fine, fry gently until golden brown. Add one cup of uncooked rice, some salt and one cup of consommé. Let it simmer on a slow fire for 30 minutes, or until done, adding more consommé as the liquid cooks off. The rice should be almost dry when done. Now add one pound of boiled spinach, chopped fine, a level tablespoon of grated Parmesan-type cheese, and a quarter cup of fresh or canned stewed tomatoes.

Now the chicken (or other poultry) livers. (Keep the rice hot on a low fire.) Sauté the livers in butter about three minutes on a fast fire, remove to a serving dish, add a very little water to the pan where they were cooked and pour the brown buttery gravy over them. Serve rice and livers side by side.

Now let's suppose you've been able to get hold of some beef, say two or three pounds for four people. If it's round steak, fine, but we'll settle for a nice piece of chuck or practically anything. We're going to make a superlative kind of stew called *Ragoût de Boeuf Bourguignon*, and since this is an overnight job, you'll have time to get good and beef-hungry. This, by the way, is one of the for-men-only specialties served in the Stork's Cub room, which is exclusively masculine at lunch time.

Cut the beef into stew-size squares, put it in a bowl with some cut-up carrots and onions and a bay leaf, and soak overnight—or not less than six hours—in enough red wine to cover. When you're ready to cook it, remove the beef from the marinade (which we hope you are Frenchman enough to know is the word for the wine it soaked in). Reserve the marinade for sauce.

Brown the beef in a little fat, remove the beef, drain off the fat and in the same pan cook two chopped onions to a golden brown. Sprinkle a level tablespoon of flour over the onions, add two cups of canned tomatoes, one crushed clove of garlic and a *bouquet garni*—that is, bay leaf, thyme, cloves. Now add the marinade you reserved a while back with a little stock, or broth, and bring to a boil. Put the beef back into the sauce and cook slowly for three hours or so, depending on the tenderness of the meat. Remove the beef, and strain the sauce over it. Test for seasoning.

Serve with separately cooked boiled carrots, boiled and braised onions, sautéed mushrooms and a little strip of salt pork, blanched and fried. (If it's any comfort to you, Beaumont's wife won't let him do the cooking at home very often—too many pans to wash.) In the men's noontime lunchroom, they take beer with the Bourguignon thing.

Let's get really fancy with the dish that helped Beaumont get a passport to this country in the tight-passport days after the first World War. The dish so impressed the American consul, who was a guest at the French embassy in Bern where Beaumont worked, that the consul cut red tape recklessly, the sooner to claim this supercook for America.

For this dish, Aiguillette of Duckling Santa Clara: Roast a five-pound duckling, cut out the breast, make a little stock from the bones.

In a casserole, make a thin cream sauce—one teaspoon of butter, one of flour, blend, add a cup of stock and cook. Then add a tablespoon of currant jelly and a glass (a little more than a half cup) of port wine and cook for three minutes. Put the breast of duckling on a serving dish and decorate with dainty strips of cooked sliced apple, pear, orange, pineapple and a cherry. Pour the sauce over the decorated duck, stick the masterpiece into the oven for a quick toasting, and serve.

Another Treat for Tomorrow

After a binge like the breast-of-duckling thing, you have legs of duckling left to deal with the next day. Here's how: Sauté the legs with half an onion chopped, add a little flour and stock to make a thin sauce. In another pan, boil pitted green olives for three or four minutes. Put everything together, and whether you call it *Canard aux Olives* or Duck with Olives, you'll have something that's very popular in Europe, but not so well known here, but good—you'll see—good.

Would you like to know about that *Pâté de Maison* we mentioned? Soak chicken livers in milk in the refrigerator for three days. Drain and fry for about five minutes in hot chicken fat with some thyme, a bay leaf, salt and pepper and finely chopped onions. Remove from fire, press the livers through a sieve, and add Madeira wine to make a paste. This, on little squares of toast, goes well at the beginning of any meal, with or without cocktails.

For another good starter, we give you a recipe which Beaumont has kept secret till now. It is Oysters (or Crabmeat) Remik—and he himself paid another chef $20 for the recipe. It is deceptively simple. The sauce: a cup of mayonnaise, a tablespoon of chili sauce, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a half teaspoon each of English (the hot) mustard, paprika and curry powder. Put the oysters, on the half shell, in the oven until hot. Take out and drain off the juice. Put a generous dab of the sauce on each oyster and put back in the oven for about two minutes.

With crabmeat, heat it on top of the stove first, mix a little sauce into it, put it into clamshells, dab liberally with sauce and bake about three minutes.

You should be well filled by now, one way or another. So, for the light and perfect dessert after a good meal, Beaumont suggests: Macédoine of Fruit, with liqueur.

Nothing to it. Cut up all the fresh fruit you can lay your hands on. Apples, peaches, pears, pineapple, oranges—or whatever. Add berries—any kind. A little bit of sugar. Now liqueur—again, of course, the best you can get, kirsch or Cointreau or white crème de menthe. Top this light and lovely dish with a ball of fruit sherbet—lemon or raspberry.

This, too, we promise you, tastes expensive.

THE END

URBAN LINES
TO SUBURBAN AUTUMN

In country lanes, commuters say,
The landscape's riotously gay,
For leaves are turning bronze and
red . . .
But here in town they're just plain
dead.

—Margaret Fishback

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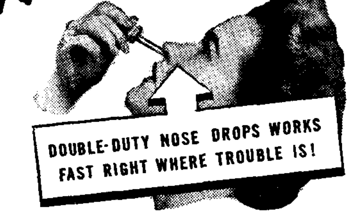

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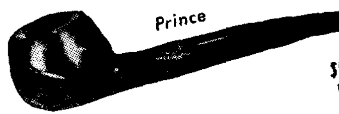

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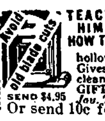

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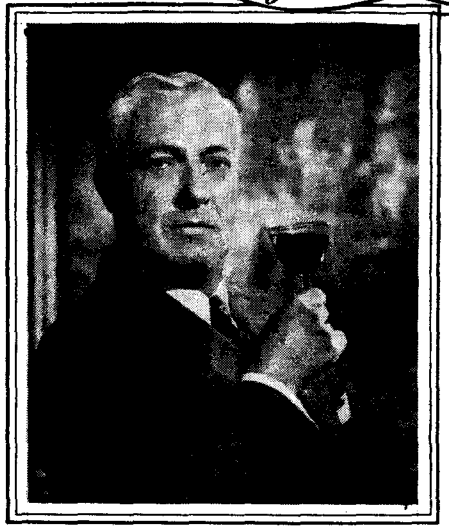

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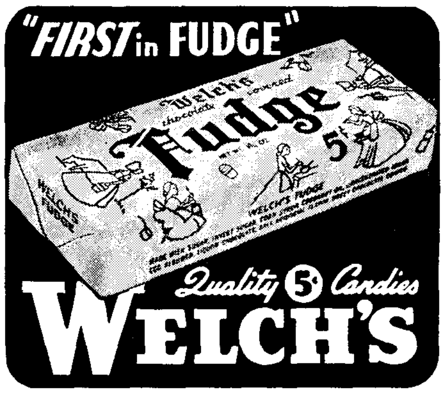

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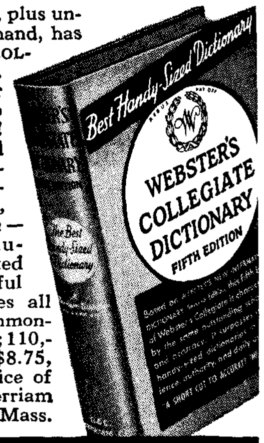

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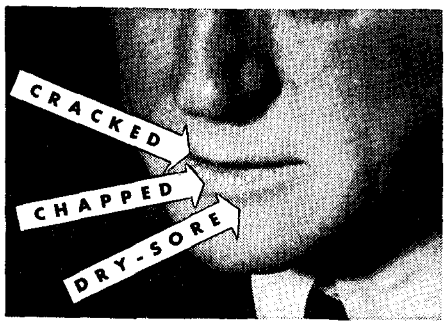

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The Week's Work

Betsey Barton

EDDOWES CO., INC.

THE theme of the short story, The Last Try, p. 50, is the theme of the life of its author, Betsey Barton. Like the hero in the story, Miss Barton had a long struggle before she triumphed over a physical handicap to the point where she could live a full and satisfying life.

When Miss Barton was sixteen, her back was broken in an automobile accident and she lost the use of her legs. From then until now—she is twenty-six years old—she has persisted in her efforts to rise above her handicap.

In her book, And Now To Live Again (Appleton-Century), Miss Barton has recorded her struggle, relating it to the problems of all who are handicapped, with particular thought for disabled veterans.

Coming from a family of writers—her father is Bruce Barton, author and advertising man—Miss Barton has earned her own place in the profession. Besides the book, she has written many articles for magazines. The Last Try is her first published work of fiction. But of first importance in her life is her rehabilitation work in hospitals.

William L. Chenery, publisher of Collier's, commenting on And Now To Live Again, said: "She built a rich life upon the wreck of the old. She learned patience, fortitude, audacity, peace and purpose for herself, compassion for all others who suffer. From them and their friends this moving book was written. I prophesy that vast numbers, now and many years hence, will take heart and hope from her."

William A. Krauss

FEW writers have so thorough a knowledge of China and Russia and their relationships as Owen Lattimore (Our New Frontier with Russia, p. 18). A native of Washington, D. C., Lattimore was taken to China by his parents when he was an infant. Until the age of twelve he grew up in Shanghai and in Paotingfu, where his father was a professor in China's first modern schools. He was sent to Switzerland and to England for further education, returning to China when he was nineteen for work of various sorts, including newspapering. A spell as a postgraduate at Harvard confirmed him in his determination to be a researcher and writer on the Far East.

Since 1926, he has done research in Manchuria and other Far East areas under auspices of the Harvard-Yenching Institute, the Guggenheim Foundation, the Institute of Pacific Relations. At the time of Pearl Harbor he was serving as political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, and he soon shifted to headman on Pacific operations for the OWI. He accompanied the then Vice-President Henry Wallace on his trip to Siberia by way of Alaska and down into China.

Lattimore speaks Chinese, Russian and Mongol, the latter language being as different from Chinese as German is from English. He now holds down a "waffle-bottom-chair job" at the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations, at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

ONE author, William A. Krauss (The Little Dog Laughed, p. 15) tells us how he found a paradise for writers.

"For ten years," he says, "since the day after I got married, my wife and I have been traveling up and down the West Indies, with one excursion into South America and a couple of quick looks at Central America. Five years ago we rented a house in Haiti, solemnly promising ourselves that we'd not accumulate so much gear that we couldn't, on the impulse, simply put on our hats and walk away from it. Well, five years have slipped by, and today we can't find our hats—they're buried under the heap of copper trays, four-foot colonial hurricane globes and pewter pitchers that my wife has dug out of native markets between Cap-Haitien and Aux Cayes. Someday we'll move, but for the present we are thoroughly contented. We have a comfortable thick-walled stone house on the sea's edge out of Port-au-Prince, with a family-size stand of oranges, avocados and papayas; and off our beach there's a good mooring ground for our boats. Food is attractive, plentiful, cheap; our servants are as conscientious and as competent as you'd want to ask, south of Sweden.

"I suppose I should explain that with the coming on of the war I offered myself to the Navy and the Army, and was briskly drummed out because I could not, without glasses, see far enough to please them.

"It has been pleasant during the past five years (in such free time as I've had) to write stories principally against a West Indian background."... A. P.

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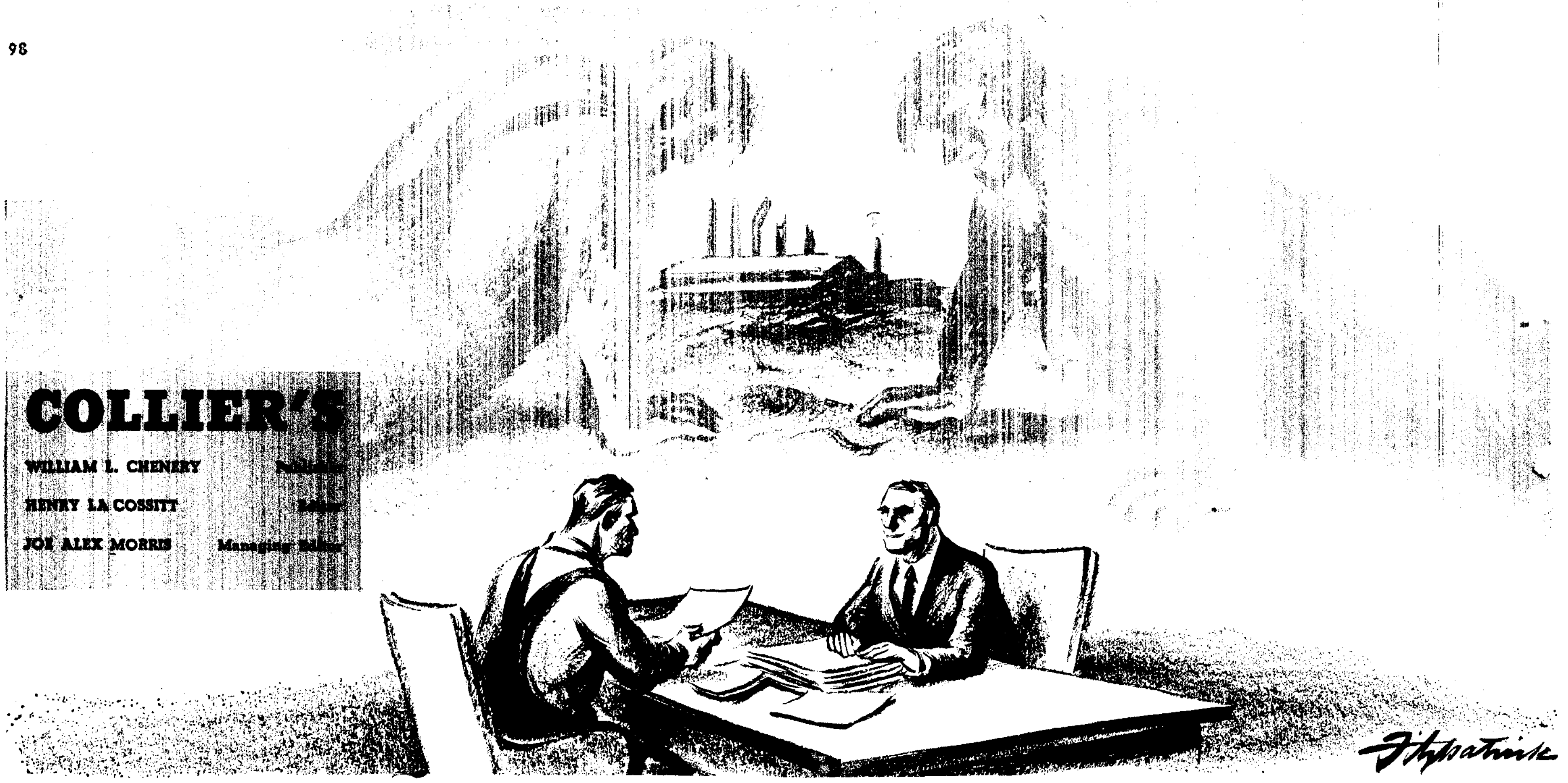

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TIME TO TALK INDUSTRIAL PEACE

THE forthcoming labor-management conference under government auspices, scheduled at this writing to begin November 5th, can be a most constructive and fruitful get-together, or it can be a flat and harmful failure.

V-J Day touched off, as long foreseen, a sort of atomic chain-reaction of explosions in the labor-employer field—strike threats, strike votes and actual strikes and lockouts in the oil and automobile industries, with many other community-wide disturbances.

All this is natural—a composite result of impatience with wartime restrictions and self-denials, of legitimate and illegitimate ambitions on the part of labor leaders and their followers, of obvious desire on the part of some employers for a showdown fight with union labor. A considerable percentage of it, we imagine, is plain exuberance and desire for some fun after sticking to war production so long and so faithfully.

You can overdo anything, though, and it is easy to overdo labor conflicts. It is true, by and large, and with exceptions duly noted, that nobody wins a strike. There is almost always a better way to settle the dispute.

If the management-labor conference is to be a success, it seems to us it will have to keep two principles at the forefront of all its thinking and deciding: (1) that efficient, low-cost, high-quantity production, getting more efficient and cheaper all the time, is the indispensable key to prosperity in an economic system based on profit; (2) that generous wages are not charity but a stark necessity in a profit system operating mainly in a big domestic market, because the workers must have enough money to buy the bulk of the goods they make.

The conference will do well, also, to keep in mind the examples of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Communist Russia and Falangist Spain as four lessons in how not to resolve capital-labor conflicts in a way acceptable to most Americans. If any good foreign examples are wanted, the conference might have a close look at Sweden.

A good deal depends, too, on the types of men who will direct the conference. It should be steered by forward-looking capitalists who know their way around in today's world, and by labor leaders who realize that probably the most important word in today's industrial relations vocabulary is the word "co-operation."

Among those not present, or kept firmly in the rearward seats, should be employers who come near to apoplexy whenever they think of labor unions; labor-hate and labor-baiters of all other varieties; preachers o class warfare, whether they be Communists, Socialist or disguised Fascists; known racketeers; old-time radicals who think every employer is a born robber; and all other kinds of extremists. These characters consistently mess up anything with which they become associated, and nobody that we know of ever profits from their activities except occasionally themselves.

Given some such guiding philosophy and some level-headed guides to pilot it, the labor-management conference can turn out to be the most important conclave on purely domestic matters in several years. All Americans interested in genuine progress toward solution of our main industrial problems will, we think, wish the conference the best of luck and lots of it.

ATOMIC BOMB BIOGRAPHY

THE reverberations of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic-bomb blasts had hardly died away when the book herein recommended rolled off the presses.

The book is Atomic Energy for Military Purposes, by Henry De Wolf Smyth (Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J., 1945; 264 pages, 11 illustrations, $1.25 paperbound, $2 clothbound; author accepts no royalties); Atomic Energy for Military Purposes is the full text of the official report on the 1940-45 development of the atomic bomb.

We don't say the book is light reading. Unless you're pretty well versed in nuclear physics, much of it will be over your head. Much of it certainly is over ours.

But the pages which tell all that can now be told about the formation and expansion of the atomic-bomb-development group of scientists, industrialists and military men, of the building of the plants, of the heartbreaking failures and the inspiring victories—these pages can stir anybody. Not the least interesting aspect of the book is its author's cool, matter-of-fact style, which to us seems to carry a heavier emotional wallop than the half-hysterical prose of some science popularizers.

And it is one of the landmark books of human history—comparable in that respect to Hippocrates' medical writings in the 5th century B.C., or Roger Bacon's scientific treatises of the 13th century A.D., or Sir Isaac Newton's Discourse Concerning Gravity and Its Properties in 1686.

Atomic Energy for Military Purposes also is a book to make one prouder than ever of living in a country which could mobilize such a phalanx of scientific and industrial brains as worked out this technique of atom splitting in time to clinch the victory in our latest war. Better not miss this book.

LAST LONG LOAN MILE

OCTOBER 29th to December 8th is the period set for the Victory Loan drive, the eighth and last of the great campaigns to induce Americans to loan money to the government for World War II.

The national goal is $11,000,000,000; the securities offered will be the same as became familiar in the seven preceding campaigns, except that no 1½ per cent bonds will be sold.

To Americans who tremendously oversubscribed every one of the seven war loans, it is not necessary to expatiate on the patriotic reasons for buying Victory Bonds.

It does seem in order, though, to point out the fact that here is another chance to take a punch at the still serious threat of postwar inflation. Civilian consumer goods, though coming back into the market rapidly, are not yet plentiful enough to satisfy demand. The OPA is frankly fighting a rear-guard action, though a brave one, against rising prices. It is still possible that a serious inflation, kindled by the friction of huge mass buying power against prices of scarce goods, may burn up large blocks of that buying power.

Anything that can divert some of this purchasing power from the consumer goods market will weaken the inflation menace. The Victory Loan, if it attains its goal, will divert $11,000,000,000 worth—and will divert it, into the bargain, into interest-paying investments.

As on previous occasions, we recommend purchase of these bonds to the limit of every prospect's ability.

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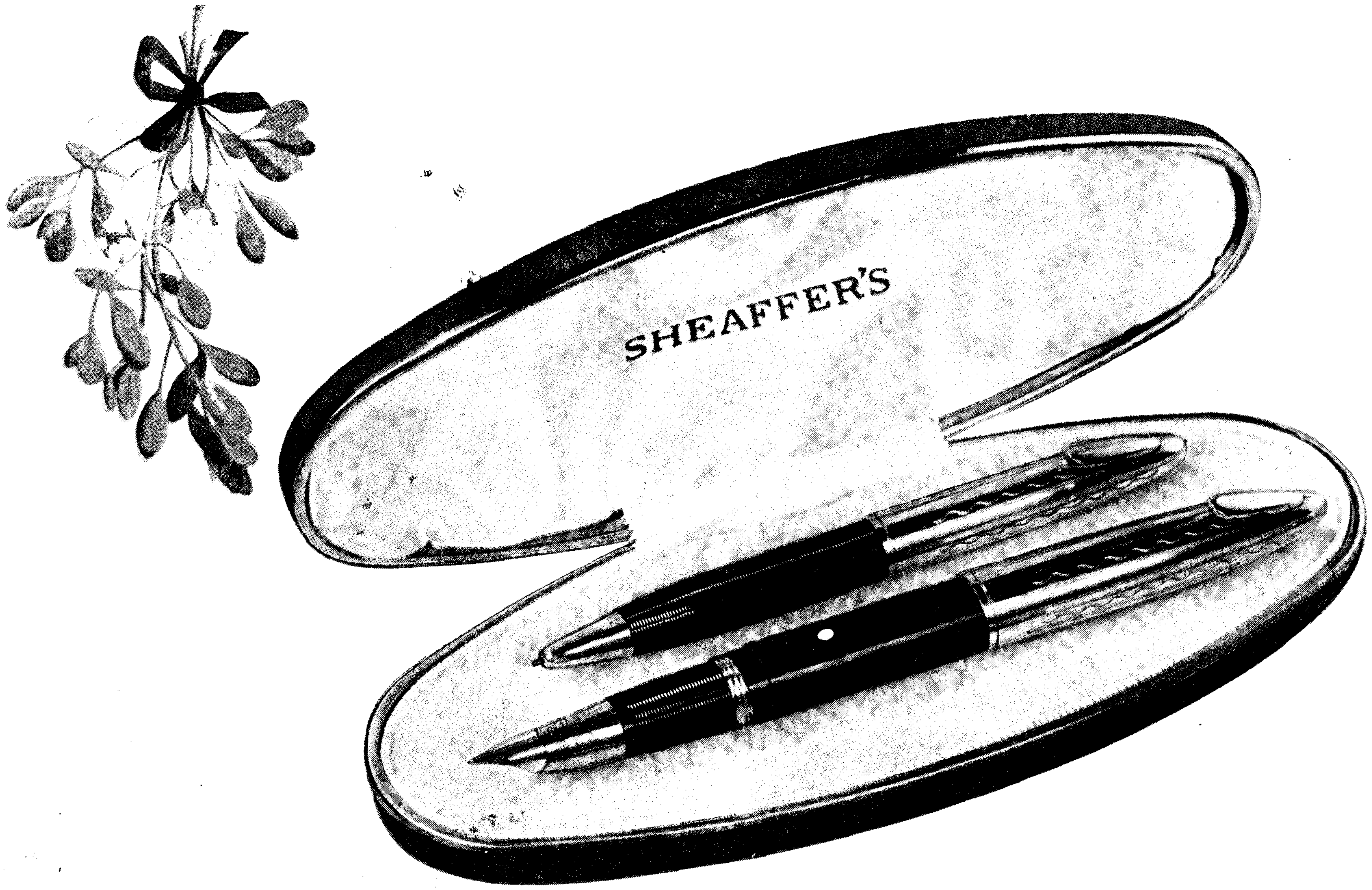

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CREST TUCKAWAY DELUXE pen, $17.50; pencil, $6; complete set, $23.50. Other sets, $3.95 to $150. Other pens, $2.75 to $100. Colors: Golden Brown, Marine Green, Carmine, Grey Pearl and Black. Federal excise taxes additional.

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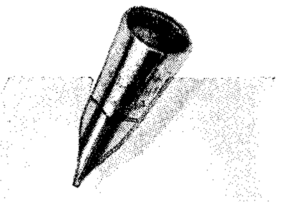

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